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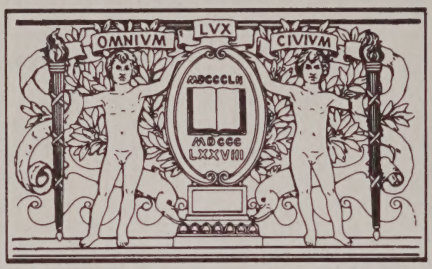

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXX.

JULY, 1833.

ART I.—*Madame de Staël.*

Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique.—Par M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

AMONG a variety of interesting articles contained in this volume, we find an Essay upon the Life and Writings of Madame de Staël Holstein. Although so much has already been said and written concerning the works of this celebrated person, her character is so remarkably and entirely apart from the general disposition of the period, that every thing which tends to throw light upon it, is deserving of attention. M. Constant, from his intimate relations with Madame de Staël, as well as from his own literary talents, had at once abundant opportunities and the necessary qualifications for judging of her both in her private character as a woman, and in her public capacity as an author.

His treatise is indeed little more than the eulogium of her life,—and his remarks upon her works are chiefly made with the view of pointing out their beauties, and of confuting the criticisms which had been passed upon them.

'It is not a biography,' he says, 'that I write; I do not collect anecdotes; I allow my thoughts to wander, as chance may direct them, over recollections which will remain for ever engraved in the minds of all those, who have had the happiness of knowing and of understanding Madame de Staël.'

Time is the touch-stone of genius. Centuries have passed away, and the Apollo Belvedere still remains a study for the connoisseur and the admiration of the unlearned. Centuries will pass away, and every fresh anecdote that is collected of Napoleon Bonaparte will be hailed with interest. Great works and mighty names cannot be obliterated even by the torrent of ages. On the contrary, as years pass on, and we find how little occurs in the progress of events that is worthy of more than a passing observation, we turn with increasing interest to those incidents and characters, which seem to connect our lowly human destiny with a nobler sphere.

These golden letters in time's calendar are few and far between. Some persons are elevated to a transient glory by popular favor or conformity to the predominant passion of the age,—but their memory soon decays, and they leave no permanent traces in history. There are others, who, in poverty and blindness and neglect, have produced works which will endure till time itself shall be lost in eternity. The age does them no justice, but posterity avenges them, when the tyrant circumstance has lost his transient but despotic power.

Notwithstanding the various opinions which have been formed of the works of Madame de Staël, and the variety of judgments which have been pronounced upon them, it is probable that an impartial portrait of her has never yet been traced. As friendship or envy has held the pencil, the various features of her character have been by turns embellished or distorted. 'The latest posterity,' says Lord Byron, 'for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice of the decision.' Truth is the offspring of time; and the public voice never fails to become correct in its judgments, when the violence of party spirit has passed away, and when individuals have ceased to find an echo in the multitude.

Dante, driven ignominiously from his native city, and even condemned to be burned alive for his attachment to a defeated party, and still more for his 'freedom of speech and haughtiness of manners,' was, half a century after, the object of almost divine honors; and it was not until the lapse of two centuries had sobered the national judgment, that the *Divine Comedy* was permitted by the Italians to be classed among human productions.

The subjects on which Madame de Staël wrote, rendered it impossible that an impartial examination of her works should be made during her life-time, or for many years after the great political tempest which had agitated the world, had begun to subside. And even now, those who differ from her in political sentiments, or in philosophical principles, have scarcely sufficient generosity to admire the nobleness of mind, the grandeur of thought, and above all, the uprightness and rectitude, and the sincere love of truth, which distinguish her productions perhaps above those of every contemporary French author.

The advantages of her position, both as regards her public and private relations, were incalculable, whether we consider her birth, the character of her parents, the education which they bestowed upon her, or the society in which she moved. Madame Necker appears to have been a person of a firm and rigid character, possessed of great abilities, an unceasing spirit of observation, and of learning beyond the usual sphere of woman. Observing society as a study, she had little of that ease of manner peculiar to French women, and little indulgence for those errors or foibles in others, from which she was herself exempt. Necker remarks of her, that perhaps nothing was wanting to the perfection of her character, but to have committed some fault which required pardon.

The system pursued by Madame Necker in the education of her daughter, was one which induced a constant and progressive improvement in her intellectual faculties. Her amusements, as well as her studies, were an unceasing exercise of her reasoning powers. At the age of eleven, she is represented as sitting on a low foot-stool by the side of her mother's arm-chair, listening to philosophical discussions, metaphysical arguments, and conversations upon subjects apparently above her comprehension; or replying with ease and grace to the remarks made to her by the most distinguished men of the age; such as the Abbé Raynal, the Baron de Grimm, and Marmontel.

From her father, Mademoiselle Necker inherited that lively imagination, which, repressed in the statesman, constituted one of the chief charms of his daughter; though in her later years it enhanced her sensibility to the real evils of life. He transmitted to her those ardent feelings, that passion for all that is great and beautiful, for glory, liberty, and virtue, which characterized her through life. Though very young when the

revolution broke out, she was in the best possible situation for unravelling its causes; while the time that elapsed before she wrote upon the subject, during which she exercised her admirable spirit of observation, enabled her to combine her ideas in one luminous whole, and prevented those false and hasty judgments which the heat of the moment might otherwise have induced. In no favor with Marie Antoinette, she was untainted by the influence of a courtly atmosphere, and emancipated from that tedious observance of etiquette, which throws its Lilliputian bonds alike over the superior and the frivolous. Her works are accordingly free from the blind and servile adoration of kingly power, from which the writers of the French Augustan age were seldom exempt. 'Racine was the prince of poets;'—said a Frenchman to Lessing. 'At least,' replied the German, 'he was the poet of princes.'

For upwards of two centuries, the superior cultivation of French women had placed them more nearly on an intellectual level with men than those of any other country; and the tone of conversation in the drawing-rooms of Paris had assumed a form less frivolous and more brilliant than elsewhere. Men of letters, scholars, and authors, mingled with the polite world; and the most profound doctrines of philosophy were discussed freely in general society. Madame de Staël's unrivalled talents for conversation rendered her house the focus to which the literary and distinguished of every party rallied,—and her eloquence seems to have exercised an almost magical influence over her hearers. She especially shone in argument, and seldom failed to defeat her adversary; though conducting the dispute with a grace and playfulness of manner, which prevented his self-love from being wounded; and above all, with that simplicity and total absence of affectation, for which she was remarkable. 'If I were a Queen,' said Madame de Tessé, 'I would order Madame de Staël to talk to me all day long.'

To form a correct judgment of Madame de Staël's private character, it would seem that we should only need to read her portrait, as traced by the hand of friendship, and to be aware of the devoted enthusiasm with which her memory is still cherished by her family; or, should such testimony be rejected, as partial, to listen to the details of her generous devotion in the cause of humanity, during the frightful anarchy of the revolutionary period, when she seemed to become the very spirit of benevolence in action;—when the unfortunate of all parties

found in her house an asylum, in herself a protectress,—her talents at their command, her fortune at their disposal. But it is not so. As the brilliant words which charmed her hearers have passed away like a forgotten melody,—so those generous actions are cancelled by ingratitude, though registered before a higher tribunal. It is by her works alone that she must now be judged.

Two causes have contributed to the false estimate which has frequently been formed of the writings of Madame de Staël. The first is, that her critics have not always sufficiently discriminated between the different eras at which she wrote,—between that period of her life when, borne away by youthful enthusiasm, she was guilty of various extravagances of style and sentiment, and viewed through a false medium what her maturer judgment enabled her to re-consider in a truer point of view. The second is, that the nature of the subjects which she discussed involved the most delicate and important questions; brought her into contact with the most inveterate prejudices, and led her to the display of opinions, in religion, philosophy, politics and literature, directly opposed to the taste and opinions of the age in which she wrote, and of the country in which she lived.

It was remarked by a distinguished writer, that every year of Madame de Staël's life was of greater moral value than that which preceded it, as each of her works was regularly superior in style and substance to any one that she had written before. The three tales which she published before the age of twenty, show that love of great effect, strong emotion, and tragic situation which is usually discernible in the works of a young artist, before he has learned to distinguish the various shades of color necessary to form a perfect whole. There is as great a difference between these and her maturer productions, as between the first and last styles of Raphael,—or between Lord Byron's 'Hours of Idleness' and his 'Childe Harold.' In the latter case, however, we may remark this important distinction;—that whereas in the first effusions of the poet, which were unmercifully pronounced to 'belong to that class which neither Gods nor men are said to permit,' there are various proofs of kindly and moral feelings that were afterwards lost in bitterness,—in the works of Madame de Staël, on the contrary, we may trace the influence of religion gradually growing stronger in her mind, and keeping pace with the progress of her talent.

Her defence of the unfortunate queen, where eloquence seems overpowered by agitation and anxiety to attain its object, was a noble effort in the cause of humanity. It was indeed a voice but feebly heard in the storm, like the music of the Alpine horn, which she describes in her Germany, as sounding amidst the pauses of the thunder, like angel-voices pleading for guilty men.

The exaggerated sentiment and false morality of Delphine are perhaps attributable to the revolutionary period at which it was written,—when violent situations in real life suggested corresponding situations in fiction,—when social ties were broken ;—but, above all, when glaring instances of cruelty, meanness and egotism, had shocked the noble minded of every class, and exalted their imaginations to an opposite extreme. Her first works resemble the flight of the young eagle, which gazes on the sun, yet is unable to penetrate the mists that envelop its mountain-dwelling.

Two pamphlets, written by Madame de Staël soon after the fall of Robespierre, were remarkable for the maturity of judgment displayed in them, as well as for the bold indignation therein expressed against all political crimes. Some of these remarks were afterwards quoted by Charles Fox in one of his parliamentary speeches.

Her work entitled *The influence of the passions upon the happiness of individuals and nations,* is full of more serious and solemn feeling than is to be met with in her preceding productions. We see that her mind is troubled, that her hopes are deceived, and that she has flown for refuge to study, for consolation to the exercise of the private virtues. Amidst the various beauties of this work, the chapter upon Crime is perhaps the most remarkable, from the deep knowledge which it evinces of the human heart in its worst condition ; of that terrible internal ferocity, so fearfully illustrated in the progress of the revolution, which like an invisible power seems to drive on the guilty man who has entered on the path of evil, to the commission of fresh enormities,—until he becomes intoxicated with a thirst for blood, and is constantly drinking deeper to drown remorse. Still, the consolations of Christianity are unknown to the writer. The subject of religion is introduced rather for effect, than with the intention of exciting a lively and practical belief in its great truths. It is not until four years afterwards, when she published her work upon

'Literature considered in its relations with social institutions,' that we mark the happy change which took place in her sentiments, when reflection had sobered her judgment, without impairing the warmth of her feelings; when misfortune had purified her soul; when the vague theories of a poetical faith were no longer sufficient to satisfy her heart; and a firm belief in the truth of Christianity could alone afford her consolation. She here analyzes the thinking faculties of our nature with infinite skill, and traces with a masterly hand those delicate links which connect the state of society with that of religion and philosophy. Although the system which she here endeavors to establish, has since been carried to greater perfection by M. de Châteaubriand, yet the state of religion in France at the period when Madame de Staël wrote this work, and the ridicule at that time every where thrown upon the most sacred truths, entitle her to the highest praise.

It is probable, that had Madame de Staël been more fortunate in domestic life, she would have been less exclusively devoted to literature, and would have sought for happiness in the true destiny of a woman. 'Most women,' she says, 'whose superior faculties have inspired them with a desire of renown, resemble Herminia clad in warlike armor; the warriors see the helmet, the lance, the glittering plume. Expecting to meet with equal strength, they attack violently, and the first blow reaches the heart.' Perhaps a sentiment somewhat similar inspired Schiller, when he represented the heroic maid of Orleans as falling a victim to her love for the English knight.

The exile of Madame de Staël, which she deplored so bitterly, was a fortunate circumstance in her literary career. The conduct of Napoleon on this occasion was certainly a greater proof of his penetration and sagacity, than of his humanity. 'If we reflect,' says Benjamin Constant, 'that the only crime of this woman whom he rendered so unfortunate, was a lively and brilliant conversation; and that he who pursued her, disposed of an unlimited authority;—had eight hundred thousand soldiers at his command,—was absolute master of thirty millions of subjects, and forty millions of vassals,—we cannot avoid a feeling of indignation mingled with pity, for a power so violent on the one hand, and so timid on the other.' But can a tyrannical government proceed in any other way? Or was it to be expected, that in the progress of the great game in which Napoleon was engaged, an individual should

be considered in any other light than as a trifling obstacle, which interrupted the smoothness of the ground? The pebbles were thrown aside, that the surface might be level over which the victorious chariot-wheels were to pass. Bonaparte had conversed personally with Madame de Staël, and was aware that her general ideas were unfavorable to his views; that her house was a rallying point for the disaffected; and that the discussions which took place there tended to preserve that love of liberty which it was his object to extinguish. 'She speaks neither of politics, nor of me, as they affirm,' said he,—'yet I know not how it happens,—those who have seen her, always like me less.'

To understand the wounded feeling which Madame de Staël carried with her into exile, it is necessary to consider her love of France and of French society, and the numerous and devoted friends, by whom she was there surrounded. Above all, we must recollect that Paris was at that period the theatre of events, which held the world in breathless suspense, —even those who could not chime in with the patriotic sentiment, *Hors Paris, point de salut.*

In 1803, Madame de Staël paid her first visit to Germany. Here she found her literary reputation established. Men of genius hailed her arrival with transport, and sovereigns disputed the honor of her society.

It has been observed, by one well acquainted with Madame de Staël, that though fully aware of her own talents, no one was more ready to do homage to genius which she considered as superior to her own. It was with these feelings that she regarded Schlegel, with whom she formed a friendship which lasted till death.* But in the midst of her triumph, and of the joy with which her cordial reception in Germany inspired her, a sudden blow was given to her happiness. Her father, in whom all her affections were concentrated, who was at once

* Madame de Staël had no affected modesty with regard to her own merits. It is related by a contemporary and friend of hers, that upon one occasion, having gone with the beautiful Madame Recamier on a pleasure-excursion on the lake of Geneva, a sudden storm came on, and the party narrowly escaped being drowned. 'What a paragraph,' exclaimed Madame de Staël, 'this might have been for a newspaper.' With what effect the Editor might have said,—'The most beautiful woman in the world, and the most talented woman of the age, have perished at the same moment!'

the object of her respectful veneration and tender love, was taken from her by death. Her affection for him was her ruling sentiment through life, and the hope of rejoining him softened in after days the pangs of death. From this period her piety became of a more active nature, and religion was more entirely predominant over her. In speaking of the sketch of her father's private character, prefixed by her to a collection of his manuscripts, which she published, Benjamin Constant observes,—'I know not if I am mistaken, but it appears to me that these pages are better calculated to command for her the admiration and love of those even who have not known her, than all her most eloquent and forcible writings upon other subjects. Here her mind and her talent are perfectly delineated. The clearness of her views, the astonishing variety of her impressions, the warmth of her eloquence, the strength of her reasoning, the truth of her enthusiasm, her love of liberty and justice, her passionate sensibility, the melancholy which often characterized her even in those productions which are purely literary, all are here consecrated to throw light upon one single subject, to express one single sentiment, to make us partake one only sorrow.'

The delightful climate and soft air of Italy, to which country the wanderer bent her steps, after having paid the last tribute to her father's memory, had at length a happy influence over her wounded spirit. She became interested and absorbed in the study of the fine arts; and as the works of Madame de Staël seem always prompted by the super-abundance of her ideas, she gave vent to her feelings in the composition of Corinna. From the moment of its publication, her fame was established from one end of literary Europe to the other. As political discussions were wholly banished from it, it created fewer enemies than her other works, while her talents were forgiven in the sympathy which she excited for herself, under the character of her heroine. It was, besides, more evidently the production of a woman, and its superiority therefore the less likely to be contested.

The faults and beauties of this work have given rise to an infinity of discussion among the literary men of all countries. The criticism of Schlegel, considering his devotion to the author, is extremely impartial. He condemns the plan of the work, which, uniting a romance with a picture of Italy, is neither complete as a book of travels nor as a novel. He considers

the character of Lord Nelvil as so complete a failure from the commencement, that nothing, he says, but his knowledge of the author's talent could have induced him to read farther. He even denies all poetical merit to the songs of Corinna. But he does ample justice to the innumerable merits and beauties of the work ;—and especially to the brilliant and faithful descriptions of Italian scenery, as well as to the intimate knowledge of the fine arts, evinced throughout.

Nothing indeed is more remarkable than the happy facility with which Madame de Staël identifies herself, as it were, with the people of every country which she describes,—enters into their feelings,—understands their prejudices,—penetrates into the causes of their imperfections,—or sympathizes with the excellences of their character. Even where her ideas are borrowed, as in her opinions of Winkelman and other German authors, they have all the charm of originality. Her description of the Carnival was written with Goëthe's Carnival Scene in Wilhelm Meister open before her,—but her mind seems to have been more calculated to receive solemn than gay impressions, and a vein of sadness runs through her most lively descriptions.

She is one of the few authors who fully appreciated the merit of Dante, and penetrated the secret of his wonderful powers; especially that extraordinary art, with which, by a few mysterious words, like the deep low toll of a bell startling us from slumber, he brings before our eyes a whole picture of terror and despair.

The Germany of Madame de Staël was not liable to the same objections as her Corinna. The soft impressions which the mind receives from the scenery of Italy ;—its music, paintings, and statues,—its orange groves and fountains,—its cloudless skies, melodious language and pompous religion,—all were fitted to adorn a tale of love and romance. But it was not so with the colder North. Here plain narrative was necessary, and here the object of the author was of a higher character.

But in order to appreciate the moral courage of Madame de Staël, and the salutary influence likely to result from such a work, it is necessary to consider the state of society in France, —the opinions, both religious and philosophical, which prevailed there at that period,—and the deep-rooted prejudice which

had long existed throughout the nation against the German character and literature.

The distinguishing characteristics of the French nation, since the regency, were immorality and incredulity. Society was equally remarkable for its brilliancy, and for the ridicule which was thrown by its witty and accomplished members upon the noblest feelings of humanity,—upon religion, enthusiasm, and virtue,—upon every thing, in short, except egotism, which, from its very nature, is placed beyond the reach of irony. No weapon was so formidable as ridicule to those who spent their days in public, and who lived upon the opinion of society. There was no devotedness of attachment, no sympathy for suffering, between the most intimate friends. No one blushed to avow that self-interest governed all his actions, and that, in attaining his object, he considered the end as sanctifying the means.

Perhaps there is no character more illustrative of the state of society then existing in France, than that of Madame du Deffand; or more deserving of attention, from her intimate friendship with such men as D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Henault, and others. La Harpe relates that, upon one occasion, having lost a friend whom she had known intimately and loved for twenty years, she went on the evening of his death to a brilliant supper-party at the house of Madame de la Marchais;—and that, upon receiving some compliments of condolence, she replied,—'Alas! he died this evening. If he had not, you would not have seen me here,'—whereupon, adds her biographer, being *trés gourmande*, she forthwith ate an immoderate supper. 'What is faith?' says the same lady, in a letter to Voltaire. 'A firm belief in what we do not understand. Do not deprive the lower orders of their prejudices. They are resources for them in misfortune, and in this respect I should be too happy to resemble them.'

The system of philosophy which prevailed in France had gradually undermined every sentiment of religion and morality. It was a system destructive of all moral responsibility. Deduced from Locke, perhaps through misconception, and carried to a fatal extent by Condillac,—propagated by the Encyclopedists,—by men of talent, such as Diderot, Helvetius and D'Alembert,—illuminated by the inexhaustible wit and mockery of Voltaire,—its progress could be checked by no feeble hand. The mind itself was considered as a mere machine,—the

material world as the only form of existence,—man as an animal of a somewhat finer organization than the beasts of the field. 'If man were formed like a horse,' said Condillac, 'he would have but the sensations of a horse.' One philosopher defined thought as a material product of the brain! Since the belief of an active intelligence in the human mind, and that of a God in the universe, are inseparably connected, absolute atheism was the natural consequence of these opinions. Two periods should be distinguished in the history of French philosphy. During the first, the influence of England was observable. To this belong the writings of Montesquieu. In the second, the same system was carried to a destructive extent by Raynal and others, who, in their search after truth, madly seized the torch which should have guided them, to set fire to the building. Voltaire, by his writings upon universal toleration and freedom of thought, belongs to the former period; but his mockery of religion rendered him in a manner the personal representative of the latter.

A strong reaction naturally grew up against these revolting doctrines, and those who took the lead in it, may be considered as the benefactors of the age. It commenced with Rousseau. This writer, in his poetical enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and in the elevation of his sentiments, bore some resemblance to Madame de Staël. As finished compositions, his works are more perfect than hers; but he had less generosity, and was less calculated to do good. He had visions of an ideal and perfect nature, but he had not the same ardent love for the living and thinking beings by whom he was surrounded.

The German philosophers, beginning with Leibnitz, had boldly opposed the doctrines of the materialist philosophy, but Voltaire had erected against Leibnitz his whole battery of wit in his Candide, where, like a mocking demon, or like Nero, exulting over the ruins of the Imperial City, he laughs at the misery of his own species.

Besides, the antipathy existing in France to everything appertaining to Germany was so strong, that, until its literature and the character of the nation were better known, it was impossible to penetrate the triple wall of vanity, self-interest and national prejudice, with which France was surrounded. Nor was there perhaps any period, when the national vanity was at a greater height. Though the dearly bought fruits of the Re-

volution were gradually perishing, the glory attached to their victorious arms consoled the nation in general. If enslaved, they were led out to battle, and their chains were wreathed with laurel.

The opposition between the French and German character had remained as strongly pronounced, as in the first periods of their history. Tacitus describes the ancient Germans as worshipping the Supreme Being in the deep silence of the forests, and disdaining all human emblems of the Divinity,—while the Gauls are represented by Cæsar as a gay and superstitious people, governed by fanatical priests, and adoring God in temples, under the form of images.

'Upon the small surface of our little Europe,' says M. de Villers, 'Nature, in one of her caprices, has taken pleasure in bringing together by the boundaries of their territory two nations, which she has placed by their genius and character at the two extremities of the intellectual line, which it is given to man to traverse. These are the French and the Germans. Though some shades of resemblance are common to both in the present modification of the European character, they offer in their general ideas, and in the views which they take of life, such contradictions, and such total opposition, that it appears as if all means of understanding one another were impracticable, and all efforts to do so, superfluous.'

He goes on to explain the causes of this difference, by the ingenious but fanciful theory adopted by a modern school of philosophy, to account for the different organization of plants and animals, which it refers to the combined action of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. According to this theory, the plant is a portion of the centrifugal, planetary or terrestrial force, attracted externally, and retained there by centripetal, astral or solar forces. The animal, on the contrary, is a portion of solar force, surprised and enveloped by a terrestrial one,—a spark of Divinity immured in clay.

According to M. de Villers, the solar force has in the French nature been equally combined with or spread through the terrestrial element, whence arise the irritability and mobility of the whole mass, its exquisite powers of perception, and the vivacity of its communications with the external world;—while in the German nature, the celestial fire is condensed into one pure flame, burning in the intellectual sanctuary. Hence the German is less strongly attracted by objects affecting the senses, but is

capableof an internal strength of meditation, that occasions his intellectual irritability to be greater, and gives him a totally different sphere of enjoyment.

Solitude does not suit a Frenchman, even in sorrow. His disposition is sociable, and he must have some one to whom he may recount his griefs, and who may admire the philosophy with which he supports them. The woods and the rocks are not fitting echoes for a *bon-mot* or an epigram. He prefers a city life, with agreeable companions, to whom he may talk of the charms of solitary meditation. Madame de Staël in her lively description of the *fête* of Interlaken, observes that she met various parties of Parisian *elégans* in the streets of Unterseen, listening to the roaring of the waterfalls in the Swiss valleys, and endeavoring to secure a sufficient portion of *ennui* amongst the mountains, to enable them to return with a fresh zest to the gaieties of Paris.

The Germans live in a world of their own, which consoles them for the bleak world that environs them, as well as for the nullity of their political existence. One of their most distinguished writers remarks, that 'the English have the empire of the sea, the French of the earth, and the Germans of the air.'

In their ardent desire to see nature restored to her moral rights, the Germans were carried too far; and while the French materialized mind, they spiritualized matter. Thus, while one of these schools of philosophy renders us unworthy of heaven, the other unfits us for earth. But the German philosophy at least is the faithful ally of religion, while in France they stand at opposite sides of the barrier, like rival knights prepared for mortal encounter.

It required all the genius of Madame de Staël and all the celebrity attached to her name, to obtain even a patient hearing from the French public, when she undertook to unveil to them the riches of German literature, and the superiority of German philosophy. It required a grace and tact peculiar to herself, to make her way through a host of difficulties; and we cannot but admire the clearness with which she penetrates the German character, apparently impenetrable to a French understanding.

It may be remarked, that in describing shades of character, in seizing with tact and clearness the foibles and follies of the individuals composing society, in drawing particular por-

traits, many female writers, such as Miss Edgeworth, and Madame de Sevigné, have equalled, perhaps surpassed Madame de Staël,—but in her power of considering *en masse* the character not only of one nation, but of the most opposite nations,—in taking a philosophic and general view of the state of society, and of the remote causes of present events, she is unequalled by any writer of her own sex, in any age or country. She did not glide with the current, nor fall in with the opinions of the day. She dared to judge independently, and seems to have raised herself to an eminence from which she could view with a calm, unprejudiced, penetrating, and yet kindly eye, the great conflicts which were taking place in the field of life. Thus, as Creech says, in his translation of Lucretius,—

> 'But above all, 't is pleasantest to get
> The top of high philosophy, and sit
> On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it;—
> Whence we may view deep, wondrous deep below,
> How poor mistaken mortals wandering go.'

It was this faculty, so rare in a female writer, which enabled Madame de Staël to appreciate the virtues of the German character, without being blinded to the defects either of their philosophy, literature, or institutions. It is true, however, that the character of the nation assimilated much more closely with her own, than that of her countrymen, and that the principles which she found established in Germany, perfectly coincided with her own previous views. There, genius was hailed as a heaven-born gift. No trammels were imposed upon imagination,—no drag-chains upon feeling,—no limits marked, up to which thought might go, but no farther. The empire of society being unknown, ridicule was a pointless weapon.

Madame de Staël now endeavored to show the benefits of this intellectual freedom, as she had before proclaimed the blessings of political liberty. Her description of the first aspect of Germany, of her sensations of sadness on experiencing the severity of a sombre climate,—and of the singular effect of music on a dark winter morning as she passed along the snow-covered streets, is equally striking and natural. Her sketches of German literature, of the spirit of society and government in the different German states,—and of the dullness of conversation, are drawn with a masterly hand. The Germans received

her criticisms with good-will,—they had indeed reason to be more flattered than offended. The French listened to them with a feeling of wounded vanity.

Being personally acquainted with the great founders of a literature still in its infancy, she was well qualified to give the particular description of the German authors, which occupies the second portion of her work; yet we are astonished to see how effectively, in her translations from their dramatic writers, she is able to transfer the original spirit of the author, without lessening the grace of her language; especially the deep, bold and singular genius of Goëthe, whose eccentric sallies, so essentially German, sometimes remind us of the wildest strains in the music of Weber. Madame de Staël's admiration for Schiller was unbounded, especially for his perfect simplicity of character, which, when united with transcendent genius, seems to offer the nearest approach to a divine nature.

Her observations on the extreme difficulty which French dramatic writers have to encounter, and on the unfavorable effect which the severity of the laws imposed upon the drama, and the rigid attention to classical form, must produce upon strong and poetic imaginations, are well worthy of consideration,—and her prophecy, that romance will finally become the only theatre for the development of strong emotion, appears gradually to approach its fulfilment.

In entering on philosophical discussion, in a work of this general nature, it was a difficult matter for Madame de Staël to find the right medium between the pedantry on the one hand, which would have disgusted the mass of general readers, and the superficial views on the other, which would have excited the contempt of the learned. The subject of abstract metaphysics was little suited to the habits of Parisian literature, and it would have been an equally difficult task to induce the experimentalists of the Institute to abandon their physics, and the brilliant literary assemblies of the French capital to commence the study of *pure reason* or *transcendental æsthetics.*

As her object was to give a general idea of German philosophy, and rather to point out the way, than to explain the localities of the territory, she has not carried her researches into any great detail; nor entered upon discussions, which would have involved herself and her readers in an endless labyrinth. She has preferred clearness to the love of displaying her knowledge, and has avoided as much as possible the use of

technical and scientific terms.—Among the most forcible passages of this work, is the indignant refutation of the doctrine of morality founded upon personal interest.

But amidst a thousand beauties which cannot within our present limits be even enumerated, it is impossible to pass over the latter part which treats of religion and enthusiasm; and which, had the author's fame rested on no other ground, would have descended to posterity as a fragment of the most splendid poetical genius. 'She seems,' says a German critic, 'to have written it with her soul. Never was poetry spoken of with more poetry, or religion and enthusiasm with a more religious enthusiasm.' She takes infinite care to draw a strict line of demarcation between enthusiasm and fanaticism; between the most sublime of human feelings, and the foolish exaltation of a *tête montée*.

It is certain that no human sentiment, perhaps no vice, has occasioned greater alarm than enthusiasm. In the days of Cervantes, such strictures might have been necessary, but surely this is not the period in which we need to dread its progress. The day of romance has long since gone by. That of machinery has succeeded, of steam-boats, rail-roads, and all those inventions by which human talent has mastered the elements, and rendered the uncertain sure. Every thing has become real and tangible. Man has laid the ghosts of past ages. He has conquered distance, and even time itself. He has brought the extremities of the globe into contact, boldly penetrated the mysterious depths of the ocean, and ventured into the regions of the air with as much security, as the timid navigators of old performed their voyages along the sea-coast. Wealth has become the object of universal pursuit. Mammon is the shrine at which every knee is bowed; and golden calves are worshipped, though not in the wilderness. Justice, as she holds aloft her scales, measures the merits of mortals by the weight of their money-bags. In this sense, the age of gold may be said to have returned. That of chivalry is well nigh forgotten,—and Burke, were he now living, could imagine no nobler effort of gallantry than ten thousand purses leaping from the pockets of their respective owners.

Nothing is more easy than to throw ridicule upon enthusiasm, chiefly because its counterfeit so often passes current;—but the base coin may be detected by its very brilliancy, while

the true is enshrined in the heart in dim religious obscurity, and shrinks from coming into contact with the world.

Madame de Staël explains enthusiasm according to its proper definition, *God within us.* In the noblest sentiments and affections of the human heart,—in glory, talents, music, poetry, love, —she finds this divine flame purifying the gifts of Heaven, and enabling us to enjoy them. If capable of more intense grief, she shows us of how much more exquisite delight the heart is susceptible, which can carry this sentiment even into misfortune, and find in itself a shelter, when the world has denied it all outward consolation. 'And blessed be God,' says Madame de Staël, in speaking of the final struggle between the soul and the body,—'for the consolation which He has prepared for us in these last moments. Our words shall become uncertain, our eyes shall no longer see the light, our thoughts, once so closely linked together, shall now wander in lonely sadness over the dim traces of the past;—but enthusiasm shall not desert us. Its brilliant wings shall hover over our funeral couch;—it shall raise the pall of death,—it shall bring back to our memory those moments, when, full of energy, we felt that our minds should never perish,—and our last sigh shall be like a noble thought re-ascending to Heaven.'

It has been remarked with truth, that Madame de Staël had no genius for poetry. The mechanism of French versification requires more study, than in all probability suited the vivacity of her ideas. The severe laws of French criticism with regard to poetry, render their prose the only vehicle of original thought. There is also a sort of pomp in the language, which, in attempts at poetry, is apt to run into declamation, as may be observed in the imitators of Corneille. The *Essais Dramatiques* of Madame de Staël are of no great value, yet there are sketches of character in her French Revolution, which show the strongest marks of a dramatic genius.

After all, the works of Madame de Staël are not those of the imagination. Even in Corinna, her intention is to display, by means of individual personages, the general features of the Italian, French, and German characters. The story in itself has little merit, and the heroine is merely designed to represent a superior intelligence, struggling with the laws of opinion and the prejudices of inferior minds.

In works purely fictitious she by no means excelled. She required living subjects for her pencil, and if, like Raphael,

she invested them with ideal excellence, she had always some real object before her mental vision, as we discover, under the divine halo of his Madonna, the features of his earthly love.

It is for this reason, that the 'Considerations on the French Revolution' is perhaps the most perfect of her works. She may rank among authors, as an historical painter does among artists. Her talent was neither for individual portraits, nor for ideal and visionary excellence. Her knowledge of politics had commenced with her political education, and the personal as well as general interest, with which she had marked the different phases of the Revolution, was strengthened by her travels throughout Europe, and her keen observation of the countries through which she passed,—especially by her residence in England, where she found her theory of freedom reduced to practice,—and where her discussions with the most distinguished statesmen of the age, had corrected and matured her judgment.

It is in this work that we see the combination of philosophic genius and dramatic talent. Her sketch of Mirabeau, for example, *tribun par calcul, et aristocrate par goût*, is a masterpiece. The vivacity of the whole work plainly shows it to be written by one who has felt and suffered through every scene which she describes, while the depth of thought and calm deliberation which it evinces, could only be the result of after reflection.

To form a just estimate of an author's merits, we should consider in what manner we are influenced by the perusal of his works. When, on rising from the study of Voltaire, we perceive that increased knowledge of the human heart brings but increased dissatisfaction; that the author has probed the depths of our spirit only to wound it; that the most splendid talent has been employed in throwing doubt and ridicule upon the most sacred truths,—when we turn from his pages with a cold and bitter contempt for ourselves and for our fellow-creatures,—we feel that all the knowledge we have acquired has been dearly purchased.

If, on the other hand, we gaze on the terrible maternal grief of the *Niobe* with hearts saddened but exalted;—if, after listening to the *Miserere*, we feel, though the feeling be transitory, a deeper conviction of the vanity of all earthly pursuits, and if our thoughts have been carried heaven-ward by that sublime and affecting music;—if the contemplation of the star-

ry firmament fill our minds with adoration of a superior power, then these noble sights, these solemn sounds are beneficial to us. They make us pause for a moment in the career of life. They induce us to take a more general survey of the whole prospect,—of the journey we have performed, and of that which still remains for us to travel. 'I should become a better man,' said Goëthe, 'had I always before my eyes the head of the Jupiter Olympius, which the ancients admired so much.'

Considered under this point of view, the works of Madame de Staël are deserving of the highest praise. We feel, after the perusal of her pages, that our minds are filled with noble ideas, with lofty sentiments, with warmer affection for our kindred and friends,—with more general benevolence and good-will towards our species, and with greater hopes for its amelioration. We feel that virtue is more than a name; that the world is better than scoffers have represented it; that our lives may have a higher object than the gratification of self-love and personal interest. We have also entire confidence in the sincerity of the author, and the more so, that we find her ready to make a public avowal of her errors, and, as in her eloquent essay upon Suicide, to recant them.

> "One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
> Another, out of smoke, brings glorious light."

Art. II.—*Education of the Blind.*

1. *Essai sur l'Education des Aveugles;* par M. Hauy, Paris. 1786.
2. *Coup-d'Œil D'un Aveugle sur les Sourds-Muets.* Par Alexandre Rodenbach, *Membre du Musée des Aveugles de Paris et de plusieurs Sociétés savantes; Auteur de la Lettre sur les Aveugles faisant Suite à celle de Diderot,* &c. &c. Bruxelles. 1829.

It has long been to us a matter of surprise that the blind have been so much neglected. Our age, compared with those that have passed away, is truly a humane one; never has more attention been paid to individual man than now; never has the imperative duty of society to provide for the wants of those

whom nature or accident has thrown upon its charity, been more deeply felt, or more conscientiously discharged. Philanthropy has, in fact, been pushed almost to folly, and well meaning enthusiasts, in their eager zeal to find new objects, seem half disposed to create suffering for the sake of relieving it; or, at least, would relieve one class at the expense of another; like the good Las Casas, who, in his blind enthusiasm for the Aborigines of South America, tore thousands of Africans from their homes, and made them slaves, that his darling Indians might go free, and walk upright in lordly indolence. England and the United States are peculiarly characterized by associations for aiding the cause of humanity. Every infirmity, every misfortune, every vice even, has a phalanx of philanthropists to oppose its effects: every rank of society, every age, from the cradle to the grave, is provided with associated aiders and supporters. They begin before the birth of the object by the preparation of lying-in hospitals, and sometimes even rescue the victim from the grasp of death, as is seen in the admirable, and not unfrequently successful labors of the Humane Society.

That this spirit of humanity has not always been well directed; that extraordinary efforts and great expenses have been lavished upon one class of unfortunate persons, while others more deserving and afflicted have been left neglected, is apparent in the case of the blind, who have been almost entirely overlooked in the general and eager search after new objects of philanthropy. The very efforts which have been made to lighten the burden of their woes, have only added more weight to it; and those whom nature has bowed down under a load of affliction, have been farther crushed by a sense of humiliating dependence. The cry of the blind has not been merely for bread, it has not been for alms; these are not their only wants; but they claim our sympathies and our patient assistance, to enable them to exert their own faculties, to develope their own powers, and to do something to break the listless inactivity, which constitutes for them the *taedium vitae*. But instead of administering to their wants, instead of striking at the root of the evil, and preventing blindness from necessarily entailing misery on the sufferer, men have increased its ill effects by diminishing the incentives to action; and the hand of charity has wounded, while it soothed the sufferer. The post of the blind has always been

by the highway, in the humble attitude of the beggar; their dwelling place has been the almshouse; where men try to hide and perpetuate much misery, which, by patient attention and resolute perseverance, they might entirely remove.

Discouraged by the apparent incapacity of the blind, men have only endeavored to administer to them physical comfort in the shape of food and clothing. Even the philanthropist has shrunk from the task of endeavoring to combat the ills which blindness entails upon the sufferer; and until within a few years no establishments existed in Europe, where the blind played any other part than that of listless drones and melancholy dependents. It is a little curious, that a Pagan nation should have set a good example to enlightened Christians in this respect. It is said that, in Japan, the blind were long ago made to fill a comparatively useful sphere. The Government keeps a large number of them in an establishment, and their business is to learn the history of the empire through all the remote ages, to arrange it systematically by chapter and verse in their memories, and to transmit it to the young blind, who are to hand it down to the next generation, and thus form a sort of perennial walking and talking library of useful historical knowledge. It would be singular and interesting to enter this library of living books, and consult these breathing archives: to go up to a man, instead of pulling down a folio; to hear him repeat his index, and then to turn over the tablets of his memory like the leaves of a volume, until he comes to the matter in question.

We shall touch but lightly in this article on the physical and moral effects of blindness upon its victim, but confine ourselves to a practically useful view of the subject. We shall discuss the question of the capacity of the blind for receiving such an intellectual and physical education, as will enable them to fill useful and ornamental places in society; we shall notice the system pursued in the different European Institutions, and point out the changes and improvements which, in our opinion, may be introduced in the treatment of the blind.

The effects of blindness upon the physical man, whatever they may be upon the intellectual, are decidedly pernicious; not directly and necessarily, but, nevertheless, almost inevitably. The mind is not called into action, the muscular power is not developed by exercise and labor, the sufferer dares not run

about and play with his comrades; he cannot work in the open air, nor get the healthful movement which is necessary to bring the frame to the temper, that will enable it to wear well in after life; and it consequently soon wears out. Hence we see so many of the blind, who were comparatively intelligent and active in childhood, gradually drooping through youth into premature old age; becoming first inactive, then stupid, then idiotic, and finally going down to an early grave with the light of intellect completely extinguished, and enveloped in both physical and intellectual darkness. This is purely the effect of physical inaction; and this inaction always must have this effect; hence so few strong men are found among the blind,—hence so many weak and helpless ones.

The development of some of the particular powers seems also to be affected by blindness: this is particularly observable in regard to the sexual propensity, which, while it is particularly strong in the deaf, is weak in the blind; and for the very obvious reason that the imagination is fed in the one case by the sight, and in the other is not. The same principle which causes the physical inability of the blind, contributes mainly to the perfection of the senses which they possess, for these are called into strong and continual action. The touch, the hearing, and the smell of the blind, sometimes become so acute that they differ as widely from the same senses in the state in which we possess them, as does the scent of the spaniel from that of the greyhound.

It is a popular, but unphilosophical saying, that when 'we are of one sense bereft, it but retires into the rest.' The blind man does not hear any better, merely because he has not the sense of sight; but because his peculiar situation and wants oblige him to cultivate his ear; just as the sailor acquires a power of descrying vessels at a distance, which is unattainable by the eye of a landsman. Few men are aware of the nature and extent of their own powers; few are aware that they are endowed with senses capable of almost unlimited amelioration. When we reflect upon the astonishing change which culture and attention effect in the physical powers, we are inclined to believe stories like those of 'him who of old could rend the oak.' We once knew a man, who had served for thirty years as a sort of telescope and telegraph for the island of Hydra; he used every day to take his post with a glass upon the summit of the island, and look out for the

approach of vessels; and although there were over three hundred sail belonging to the island, he would tell the name of each one, as she approached, with unerring certainty, while she was still at such a distance as to present to a common eye only a confused white blur upon the clear horizon. We hardly dare recount some of the feats of vision performed by this man, or give the number of miles at which he could distinguish ships, for it would seem incredible to those who are accustomed to see through our heavy atmosphere 'as through a glass darkly;' it convinced us however that the old Athenians might have been able, as is said of them, at twenty miles' distance from their city, to discern the point of Minerva's spear as it glittered from the Parthenon, the loftiest point of the lofty Acropolis.

The blind are obliged, both from inclination and necessity, to pay as much attention to the cultivation of their senses as our telescope of Hydra, and the result is still more astonishing. The hearing is the sense which seems to us the most changed in the blind, although we are aware that many people, and even many of the blind themselves, say it is the touch. May we not, however, call all the senses mere modifications of the sense of touch? What is *touch*? Lexicographers call it the sense of feeling; now this sense of feeling is inherent in a greater or less degree in every part of the surface of the body; in the lips it is very acute, in the ear it is still more so, and the undulations of the air, striking upon the apparatus of hearing, are felt, just as the pressure of a hard substance is by the rest of the body. Is not the power of vision, too, dependent on the touch? The rays of light strike upon the *retina*, and we *feel* color. The taste is decidedly a modification of touch, though we are not aware that it is capable of such change by use as the other senses. The power of distinguishing the physical qualities of bodies by the lips and tongue is very striking in the blind, and the notorious fact, that they can pass a thread through the eye of a fine cambric needle, is much less surprising than some others which we shall have occasion to adduce: but, as we said, we do not know that the *other kind* of *touch*, which we call *taste*, is sensibly improved. Perhaps, however, it arises from the fact of the generality of mankind tasting so much, and drawing so much pleasure from the use of the sense, that the blind cannot outdo them. This at least is certain, the blind are not often *gastronomes*.

Diderot, in his ingenious dissertation, remarks, that 'of all the senses the sight is the most superficial; the ear the most dainty;* the smell the most voluptuous; the taste the most whimsical and inconstant; the touch the most profound and philosophic.'

But we will leave metaphysical discussion, and consider the improvement of the senses, in the light in which it has the most direct bearing upon the situation and the education of the blind.

And first, of the hearing: people are not generally aware of the powers of the ear, and instances which we may quote of it in the blind may at first appear incredible; we have known blind men, for instance, who could not only ascertain the shape and dimensions of an apartment by the sound of their voice, but who could, on entering one with which they were familiar, tell by striking their cane on the floor, and listening to the echo, whether any of the large articles of furniture had been removed from it, or shifted from their usual places. What seeing person would think it possible with his eyes bandaged, to tell which was the tallest, and which was the shortest of a number of speakers, merely by the direction in which the sound came from their mouths to his ear? Yet many blind persons can not only do this, but can ascertain very nearly the ages of the persons. We have made this experiment in more than fifty instances with the blind, and in the great majority of cases they came as near the mark as we did, aided by the eyes. There is no doubt that the voice is changed with every changing year; we seize only upon the extremes of the chain; we can tell the shrill scream of the child, from the rough firm voice of manhood, and the trembling tones of old age; but besides these,—besides the difference in the volume and pitch which exists between the voices of different persons, there is another produced by the course of years; and time stamps his impress upon the voice, as surely as upon the face. The blind man tests these by his practised ear, and not only can ascertain with tolerable correctness the age of the speaker, but pronounce upon his height, the dimensions of his chest, and so forth.

Nor is this the most extraordinary part of the discriminating

* Diderot often used words for mere euphony, and sometimes for—he could not tell what; this was probably the case when he talked about an *oreille orgueilleuse.*

power of some blind men, who seize upon the slight variations of the intonation of the voice, as we do upon the changes of the countenance, and judge by them of what is passing in the mind of the speaker. We all of us wear at times a mask upon the countenance, and draw the curtain of hypocrisy over this window of the soul, to conceal what is going on within; but we seldom think of the voice; and it is upon this that the blind man seizes, as upon a thread, to direct him to the seat of the passions. Hence it is, that some of them can ascertain on so short an acquaintance the disposition and character of persons: they are not imposed on by the splendor of dress, they are not prejudiced by an ungainly air, they are not won by a smile, nor are they dazzled by the blaze of beauty or led captive, as many are wont to be, by the fascination of a lovely eye. The voice is to them the criterion of beauty, and when its melodious tones come forcibly stamped with sincerity from the soul, their imaginations at once give to the speaker a graceful form, and a beautiful face. It is recorded of the father of Fletcher the novelist, that he was long continued in the post of Judge in the Police Court of London, after he became blind; and that he knew the voices of more than three thousand of the light-fingered gentry, and could recognise them at once when brought in.

The ear of some animals is surprisingly acute, and there is no doubt that it is improved by blindness; we know of a horse who, after becoming blind, evidently had his hearing very much sharpened, for when feeding in the pasture with others, far from the road, he would hear the sound of hoofs, and raise his head and whinny out his salute, long before his companions betrayed any consciousness of the approach of the passing stranger.

So with the blind man, when he is walking along the street he can tell whether it is wide or narrow, whether the houses are high or low, whether an opening which he may be passing is a court closed up at the end, or whether it has an outlet to another street; and he can tell by the sound of his footsteps in what lane, or court, or square he is. He goes along boldly, seeming to see with his ears, and to have landmarks in the air.

The accuracy of the ear gives to blind persons a very great advantage in music; they depend entirely upon it; and hence they harmonize so well together, and keep such perfect

accord in time, that Paganini, after listening to some pieces performed by pupils of the Institution for the Blind in Paris, declared that he never before had an adequate notion of what harmony was.

The touch is capable of being equally perfected, and many remarkable instances are given of this. Saunderson, the blind Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, in England, became such a connoisseur of ancient coins, that he could detect the modern counterfeits, even when good eyes were puzzled about them. There lived a few years ago a blind man in Austria, who executed very good busts by feeling the faces of persons, and imitating them; and there is now a bust of the late Emperor, executed by this blind man, and preserved in the Museum in Vienna, which is considered a very good likeness. Persons who have witnessed exhibitions at the Institutions for the blind, have been surprised at the ease and fluency with which they can read books printed in raised letters, by passing the fingers rapidly over them: this, however, is by no means so extraordinary as many other instances which are notorious, though not well understood. A blind man, for instance, when walking in a perfect calm, can ascertain the proximity of objects by the feeling of the atmosphere upon his face; it would seem at first that the echo given back, were it only from his breathing, might be sensible to his ear; but we have ascertained by experiment, that a blind man with his ears stopped, could tell when any large object was close to his face, even when it was approached so slowly as not to cause any sensible current of air.

It is a common supposition that the blind can distinguish colors, but after much research we are convinced that this is impossible; all the blind, whom we have consulted on the subject, have replied that they had no such power, and they did not believe that any blind person ever had it. Indeed what tangible quality can there be in a substance so ethereal, that it passes unobstructed through dense glass? There was an instance of a girl in England, who was generally believed to have this power; and the trials and tests which she successfully underwent somewhat puzzled us, until an explanation of the difficulty offered itself in the chemical properties of the different colored rays of light. She could ascertain the colors of different pieces of cloth by applying them to her lips in

succession; and she must have learned that some colors radiate heat more rapidly than others, so that she could tell white from black by the different degree of warmth which it imparted to her lips. This is perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of nicety of touch which can be quoted. The same girl used to astonish incredulous visiters by reading the large letters of the maker's name, written in their hats, while they held them behind her back.

We shall not dwell upon the changes which take place in the sense of smell, great as they are, particularly in those unfortunate beings who are both deaf and blind; nor upon those of the taste, for neither of these senses are much depended upon by the blind in the acquisition of knowledge.

We have been thus particular in showing the superiority of the senses of touch and of hearing in the blind, because it is this superiority which compensates them in some measure for the want of sight, and puts them more nearly upon a par with seeing persons, in the attainment of knowledge: a subject which we shall now consider. And first, we shall endeavor to establish the position, that there is hardly a subject in the whole range of science, which may not be mastered without the aid of the sight; this fact, if it be not deducible from a consideration of the nature of the senses, may be established by numerous instances in history of blind men having raised themselves to eminence in various professions. How little do men in general learn by the sight, that they could not learn without it! How vast and varied is the knowledge of some men, who seldom go beyond the bounds of the city in which they were born, and whose knowledge is obtained from books! But cannot the same knowledge be obtained by hearing books read by another? Nay! does not the mind grasp it more firmly, and hold it more tenaciously? The very facility with which we can glance over a page, and the ease with which we can refer to it, causes us to be negligent and inattentive; the eye often travels listlessly over sentences, while the mind is travelling elsewhere; and sometimes, even when performing two simultaneous operations of reading and repeating aloud, we may be thinking of something else. But the blind man has the greatest inducement to attention; he knows that he cannot refer to the passages he hears, and he therefore arranges and stores them away in his mind with the greatest order, and can refer to them with ease.

The knowledge which we obtain from books, however, will not be long beyond the reach of the blind man, since ingenuity is fast bringing to perfection a system of printing for his use; but even if it were so, there is a still more vast and valuable mine of knowledge which is to be explored by conversation and intercourse with the world; and to this the blind man has free access: there are a great many shrewd and intelligent men in the world who are as blind to books, as he is, and who can hardly sign their names.

How did Malte Brun acquire his knowledge of the geography of the countries about which he wrote so fully and so well,—was it by visiting them? No! it was by a process of study which he might have followed as thoroughly, though not quite so easily, had he been deprived of sight. How do we learn the geography, the history, the language, the manners and customs of different countries which we never saw,—is it not by means which are perfectly within the reach of a blind man, provided the necessary pains are taken with him? In mathematics, do we not close our eyes, the more completely to shut out external impressions, and the more intensely to bend our faculties to the contemplation of the question? And in every mathematical calculation whatever, has not the blind man an immense advantage over us, provided he be furnished with the means of putting down his results in a manner to be read by himself? Now we shall see that such means are provided for him, and that he can go through arithmetical and algebraical calculations with greater ease than seeing persons. All kinds of problems may also be solved by the blind, since tangible diagrams can be prepared for them.

The languages, the classics, the long range of history, the wide field of letters, are all open to the blind man: we see no obstacle at all in the way of his becoming an able counsellor at law, or occupying the pulpit with ability and advantage. As for music, and her sister poetry, it would be an idle waste of words to try to prove that the blind can become their successful votaries,—for there stand a long array of sightless bards, headed by the 'blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,' whose verse has charmed every age, and been repeated in every tongue. In music, the names of Stanley, Gautier and Chauvain are already conspicuous.

But, after all, the best argument in favor of the capacity of the blind for receiving a high degree of education is to be

found in the number of those who have raised themselves to eminence. Ancient history abounds with them; the names of Didymus of Alexandria, Eusebius and Aufidius are well known; and Diodotus, the master of Cicero, who lost his sight, still pursued his studies with great success; his illustrious disciple says of him, 'Is vero, quod credibile vix esset, cum in philosophia multo magis assiduè, quam antea versaretur, et cum fidibus Pythagoraeorum more uteretur, cumque ei libri noctes et dies legerentur, quibus in studiis oculis non egebat, tum, quod sine oculis fieri vix videtur, geometriae munus tuebatur verbis praecipiens discentibus, unde, quo, quamque lineam scriberent.' Achmed Ben Soliman, one of the most beautiful Arabian writers and poets, was blind from his infancy.

But we need not go back to distant ages to find examples of men who have raised themselves to eminence, in spite of the obstacles which nature has placed in their way. Saunderson, who flourished in the last century, and filled so ably the professorship of mathematics at the University of Cambridge in England, had lost his sight in infancy, as is known to every one. He published a volume called the Elements of Algebra, an extraordinary work, filled with singular demonstrations which a seeing person would not perhaps have hit upon. But the most wonderful of Saunderson's performances were his dissertations upon optics, light and colors, with which he used to delight and astonish his audience.

The Rev. Dr. Blacklock, too, gave extraordinary proofs of the power and correctness of the imagination, for though he never saw the light, he has left us some most beautiful delineations of nature, in the volumes of poems which he published: as in his Wish,

> On rising ground the prospect to command,
> Untinged with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
> In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
> Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.
> Oft from the neighboring hills and pastures near
> Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear, &c.

And again,—

> Let long lived pansies here their scents bestow,
> The violet languish and the roses glow;
> In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
> Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
> Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
> And tulips, tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

Contemporary with Blacklock was Dr. Henry Moyes, the eloquent professor of philosophical chemistry in Manchester.

'Though he lost his sight in early infancy, he made rapid progress in different sciences; he acquired not only the fundamental principles of physics, music, and languages, but he plunged deeply into the most abstract sciences, and displayed a minute knowledge of geometry, of optics, of algebra, of astronomy, of chemistry, and in a word of most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy. Every time he entered into society, he first passed some minutes in silence: the sound enabled him to judge of the dimensions of the apartment, and the different voices of the number of persons present. His calculations in this respect were very exact, and his memory was so faithful that he was seldom mistaken. I have known him recognise a person the instant he heard him speak, although more than two years had elapsed since they had met. He could ascertain with precision the stature of persons by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable hits at their character and disposition by the tone of their conversation.*

The instances which we have quoted are but a small portion of those which may be adduced in favor of the facility of giving to the blind an education. These were men who were endowed with genius; but great as were their powers, their minds would have been left in darkness as total as their bodies, had they not been fortunate enough to possess friends of a philosophic turn of mind, whose affections prompted them to great efforts to overcome the obstacle of blindness. The zeal of the subjects more than requited them.

We will now adduce one example of astonishing powers of another kind, in a blind man, who was entirely neglected in his youth: it is that of John Metcalf, about whom ample evidence and information may be obtained from the transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, and from the Memoir of Mr. Bew. Metcalf was a native of Derbyshire, in England, and he early became so well acquainted with the roads, that he took up the trade of a teamster, driving his cart from one place to another. During very dark nights, he used to act as guide to those who had eyes, but could not see: in this, however, he was not entirely singular, for there is a well known

* Memoir on Blindness, by Mr. Bew, of the Philosophical Society of Manchester.

instance of a blind guide in Switzerland. But Metcalf gradually rose in the world, and having acquired a most exact knowledge of the situation, size and shape of every hill, rock, and tree about the Peak, he undertook to correct the direction of the routes; and having, by the help of a compass, laid out several plans, which were adopted,—he took up the business of a surveyor.

Mr. Bew says, 'he is now occupied in projecting and laying out roads in mountainous and almost inaccessible districts. I have often met him with a long pole in his hand, crossing roads, clambering precipices, descending into valleys, and feeling out their different dimensions, their forms and situations, so as to be able to make out his designs most correctly. He makes his plans, and estimates by a peculiar process which he cannot communicate; nevertheless, his talent is so decided, that he constantly finds occupation. Most of the routes on the Peaks of Derbyshire have been changed in consequence of his suggestions, principally those in the neighborhood of Buxton. At this moment he is employed in planning and putting in operation a new road between Winslow and Congleton, so as to open a communication with the great London road, which will obviate the necessity of crossing the mountain.*

It will require that a person shall have reflected much upon the nature of the senses, and known some instances of the astonishing increase of their powers in the case of the blind, to give full credit to the statements about Metcalf; but for our part we have no hesitation in believing them, for we have had personal knowledge of some of the blind, whose powers were almost equally great. We have known young men who rode fearlessly on the high roads on horseback; who could wind their way with speed and certainty through the streets and alleys of large cities; and who could mingle in society,—and waltz with ease and grace. There is in our own neighborhood a young man who accomplishes, every year, long journeys on foot and alone; going from Massachusetts to Maine. There are in the Institution for the Blind in our city, several persons who go freely about alone; and one, who though but six months resident here, will go readily to any street or house to which he

* We have not been able to procure an English copy of Mr. Bew's Memoir,—and are obliged to re-translate it from a French copy.

has once been led; and can even find a house which he never entered, provided he is told on which side of the street it is, and how many doors from the corner. His manner of finding his way is singular, and affords a striking proof of the delicacy of his senses; for he does not go groping along with a cane, and feeling of the houses and corners; but marches with head erect, avoiding persons whom he hears approaching. When he comes to an opening, he measures its sound with his ear to ascertain if it be the one down which he is to go, and if not, turns short on his heel, and marches until he comes to another opening. When he has arrived at the street in which is the house where he wishes to go, he either counts the doors from the corner, or goes on until he judges that he is near it, and then, finding some object which he knows, for a landmark, he makes up to the door and rings.

Now we say, it is strange, that, notwithstanding the obvious facilities which are given to the blind for the attainment of knowledge, in the superior acuteness of their remaining senses, so little has been done for them; and that, from examples such as we have quoted, a favorable inference was not sooner drawn in regard to the whole class. But such men as Saunderson, and Moyes, and Metcalf, were regarded as prodigies, and people paid them the passing tribute of admiration, without reflecting that they were members of a large class who were left in utter ignorance and neglect.

The benevolent and enthusiastic Haüy, who has generally been considered the inventor of the apparatus for educating the blind, established the first school for them in his own house at Paris, about forty-five years ago. He does not, however, appear to have done so much in the way of inventing apparatus as has been generally supposed, for, according to the report of the commissioners of the French Academy, 'his system resembles that of the blind man of Priseaux; his method of teaching geography is about the same as that of Mr. Weinemburg; and Mr. Hamoroux had formerly invented tangible musical characters.' The Abbé Haüy, however, merits the endearing title which has been given him of 'the father of the blind;' a reward richer than a crown,—a title more truly glorious than that of conqueror. He invented a method of printing for the blind, by pressing the type strongly on sized paper, so as to produce a bold relief in the shape of the letter upon the reverse of the page, which relief the blind feel with

the ends of their fingers. He produced a great sensation in the French capital by exhibitions of his pupils; all classes of society became interested; and it was for some time an absolute rage; each one strove to outdo the other,—donations poured in, and upon the strength of this passing enthusiasm, an institution was got up and filled with young blind persons. But in a short time the enthusiasm of the public subsided, (as it ever will,) the institution could not be continued on the scale upon which it was commenced, the pupils were in want of even decent clothing,and the establishment was at its last gasp,—when the Constituent Assembly of the Revolution took it up. It has since been supported at the expense of the Government.

The good Abbé Haüy however knew how to keep up public enthusiasm, by applying the torch in another place, when the combustible matter was exhausted in the first, and he had the satisfaction of being summoned by the Autocrat of Russia to found an institution for the education of the blind in St. Petersburgh: thither he repaired with one of his accomplished pupils; and having raised there a second monument to his own glory, and that of humanity, and a third in Berlin, he returned to Paris, and was gathered to his fathers. The generous impulse which he had given was communicated to other countries, and Institutions for the education of the blind were got up in Amsterdam, Vienna, Dresden, London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and even in Madrid. Some of these schools were founded in a moment of passing enthusiasm, but like seed thrown upon the rock, they found no genial earth and have sadly dwindled; those at Amsterdam, St. Petersburgh and Madrid are in this situation; and even the others, though planted in a propitious soil, and watered by copious showers of patronage, have not attained that lofty and luxuriant growth, which their nature seemed to promise them.

We propose to examine the system of education followed in these different seminaries; and if our remarks shall appear to be in a tone of severe criticism, let it be understood that, in making them, we have in view the good of those institutions which are rising in our own country; that we wish them to avoid the dangerous error of copying every thing from the European schools; that we wish them to consider the latter as beacons to warn, rather than lights to guide; and finally, that while we find much fault with the details of the foreign system, we pay our sincere tribute of admiration to the humane spirit

and generous philanthropy of those, who are interested in these Institutions.

L'Institution des Jeunes Aveugles (formerly styled *Les Aveugles Travailleurs*,) is sometimes confounded with the Hospital of the *Quinze Vingt:* but this is a very different establishment, and one of the proudest monuments of humanity of which France can boast; it was founded by St. Louis on his return from the East, for such of his soldiers as had lost their sight; as its name imports, it receives and supports *fifteen score* or three hundred adult blind persons: but no attempt is made to educate them or administer other solace than that of food, raiment, and a comfortable home.

The Institution for the young blind, however, is intended solely for their education, and none but children between ten and fourteen years of age are admitted: there are one hundred of these interesting beings in the establishment, and a more delightful spectacle cannot be imagined than a view of its interior. You see not there the listless, helpless blind man dozing away his days in a chimney nook, or groping his uncertain way about the house; but you hear the hum of busy voices,—you see the workshops filled with active boys, learning their trades from others as blind as themselves,—you see the school-rooms crowded with eager listeners taught by blind teachers. When they take their books, you see the awakened intellect gleam from their smiling faces, and as they pass their fingers rapidly over the leaves, their varying countenances bespeak the varying emotions which the words of the author awaken:—when the bell rings they start away to the play ground,—run along the alleys at full speed,—chase, overtake, and tumble each other about,—and shout, and laugh, and caper round with all the careless, heartfelt glee of boyhood. But a richer treat, and better sport awaits them,—the bell again strikes,—and away they all hurry to the hall of music; each one brings his instrument, and takes his place;—they are all there,—the soft flute, and the shrill fife,—the hautboy and horn,—the cymbal and drum,—with clarinet, viol, and violin;—and now they roll forth their volume of sweet sounds, and the singers, treble, bass, and tenor, striking in with exact harmony, swell it into one loud hymn of gratitude and joy, which are displayed in the rapturous thrill of their voices, and painted in the glowing enthusiam of their animated countenances.

Such is the scene which presents itself to the delighted

visitant of the Parisian Institution for the young blind; and he comes away with a feeling of unqualified admiration for that spirit of humanity which, guided by science, is there accomplishing so much in defiance of the apparently insurmountable obstacles of nature. But he who goes again, and again, and examines not only the foliage and the flower, but waits for the season of the fruit, finds his admiration dwindling into doubt; and feels at last the painful conviction, that all this display is of comparatively little good, and that not one half the benefit that might be derived from such splendid means ever accrues to the unfortunate inmates. He asks the question, How many of those who leave the institution at the expiration of their time are enabled to gain their own livelihood,—and is startled at the answer of 'not one in twenty.' What then? Must they relapse into their original inanition? Must they take their places by the highway, and beg at the corner of the streets, with the pangs of dependence sharpened to torture by increased sensibility? Alas! it is almost as bad as this with many. And how is it proposed to remedy this evil; how do they hope to prevent the glimmering which the blind here catch of happiness from being followed by a futurity doubly dark and wretched? Why, instead of looking for the cause of the evil, instead of suspecting the system, and correcting that, they propose to establish a place for the permanent reception and support of those who come out from the institution, and who cannot provide for themselves. This is very like educating men for the almshouse.

We were painfully affected by this conclusion, which seemed like the destruction of one of the fairest fabrics that ever blessed the dream of the philanthropist; and were led to examine again and again the system in detail, until we discovered, or thought we discovered, most apparent causes for the meagre harvest of good, which is reaped from such a promising soil. We looked in vain for the improvements which ought to have been made in the apparatus of Haüy, during the thirty years which had elapsed since his death;—we looked in vain, for none existed. A narrow and illiberal jealousy; an attempt at secrecy and reserve met our endeavors to examine the nature of this apparatus: and when we inquired whether some obvious and simple changes might not be made for the better, we were repelled by the sapient and reproving answer, that surely if any improvements could have been made, such great and

good men as the Abbé Haüy, and his successors, would not have overlooked them.

But before exposing the faults of the system of education pursued at the Institution for the Blind at Paris, we ought, perhaps, to explain it as it now exists. Pupils are admitted from the age of ten to fourteen, and are expected to remain there eight years. During this time they receive a very good intellectual education; they have much attention given to the cultivation of their musical powers; and are taught also many kinds of handicraft work. Their library consists of about forty different works, which have been printed in raised characters, and are legible with the fingers; among them are Latin, English, and Italian grammars; Extracts from Latin, English, and Italian authors. They have maps constructed by a very expensive and clumsy process; they paste the map of any country upon stiff pasteboard, then, having bent a wire into all the curves of the coast, and laid it along the courses of the rivers, and in the line of the boundaries, they sew it down to the pasteboard, and taking a second map of the same dimensions, paste it immediately over the first, and pressing it down all around the wire, leave its windings to be felt. Here it is obvious to any one, that common ingenuity could devise material improvement. Some have in fact been devised and put in operation at the Institution in our city, where the maps, made at one tenth of the expense of the Parisian ones, present the most obvious and important advantages over them.*

They have also in Paris music printed in the same way as the books, that is, by stamping the notes through the paper and producing their shape in relief on the opposite side. It is not found very advantageous, however, to print music in this way, for the memory of the blind is so tenacious that they can learn very long pieces.

Mathematical diagrams are made in the same way as the maps, but in defiance as it were of common sense, they retain the old ones of Haüy, which are very large and clumsy;—so large, that the hands of the pupils must be moved about in all directions to feel the whole outline of the forty-seventh propo-

* The improvement consists in having a metal plate engraved with all the lines, elevations, boundary marks, positions of towns, &c.; from this plate impressions are struck in pasteboard, which produce a perfect embossed map.

sition of Euclid,—whereas the smaller the diagram is made, the more easily is it felt and studied, and the less does it cost. The blind are indebted, we think, to the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of York, in England, for a plan of embossing mathematical diagrams:* but even his are larger than they need to be, and many of the problems would be more rapidly learned by the blind student, were the diagrams so small that he could feel the outlines of them with his fingers, without moving his hands.

The children are taught arithmetic, not merely orally, but the use of the slate is supplied to them by a very clumsy contrivance similar to that of Saunderson: a board is filled with numerous square holes arranged symmetrically; and into these holes types are made to fit, on the ends of which are the shapes of the figures of the units,—as one, two, three, &c. so that when the learner wishes to put down 25, he searches among the types for the one which has the figure 2 upon the end; this he places upright in the square hole so that the figure is above the surface of the board, and then he searches for the figure 5, which he places in the hole to the right of it, and then, feeling of both, he reads 25. And thus any number or any combination of numbers may be put down, and any arithmetical process may be performed. This method, however, has been much simplified by a contrivance of one of the pupils in the Edinburgh school, where they use but two types instead of ten. There the types, instead of having the form of the figures at the end, have a point on one corner; and if the type is placed in the square hole, in such a way that this point is felt on the left hand corner of the upper line, it signifies *one*,—if the type is turned, and the point is on the right hand corner of the upper line, it signifies *three*, if on either of the other two corners, it signifies the other two odd numbers: thus we have four figures with one type. Now there is on the other end of this type a point in the middle of one of its edges, instead of being on the corner, and this, turned to one or the other of the four sides, signifies one or the other of the four even numbers—two, four, six, eight; thus we have four odd and four even numbers with one type turned to different

* The Diagrams of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, arranged according to Simpson's Edition, in an embossed or tangible form, for the use of blind persons who wish to enter upon the study of that noble science. By the Rev. W. Taylor, Vicar of Bishop Barton. York, 1828.

sides of the square hole. Then there is a second type which has a point in the centre of one end, to signify, *five*, and which is smooth on the other end to signify *zero*. Now suppose one wishes to express 5073; he searches for the type with a point in its centre, and puts it into the square hole, so that the point is felt above the surface of the board; he then finds another type of the same kind, and putting it into the hole, the other end first, he has the smooth end of the type above the surface, which is zero, he then has down, 50; now he takes one of the other kind of type, and feeling for the point at the corner he places it in the hole, so that the point is felt in the right hand corner of the lower side, or the side towards him, to the right of the zero, it then reads 507; then taking another of the same kind of type, he puts the other end down and leaves above the surface the point in the middle of the upper side, in the situation in which it signifies 3.

Now it is evidently a very great advantage to be able to work with only two kinds of type, instead of selecting from ten; but the Parisians never dream of adopting the Scotsman's improvement; and perhaps the Scotsman will be as slow in adopting an improvement of his method by an American, but which is as evident as his improvement of the Frenchman's. It will be perceived that in running the fingers over the surface of a number of types, it may be difficult to ascertain whether the point is upon the corner, or in the middle of one edge of the type; and a mistake in this respect will ruin the whole process. In the Institution in this city, this is obviated by having an entirely different mark on the end of the type; instead of distinguishing the sign 3 from the sign 4 by its being on the corner instead of the middle of one side of the type it is marked by two points on the surface of the type; and the figure for 5, instead of being marked by a type which differs only from the rest by having its point in the centre, instead of on the corner, is marked by a sharp line drawn diagonally across it, so that the types differ from each other not only by their position, but by such a marked difference in the feeling of them, that they cannot be confounded. The arithmetical board itself has been improved by being made much more compact, by the holes being brought much nearer together, and the bulk and weight of the whole apparatus considerably diminished.

Printing for the use of the blind is carried on in the establishment at Paris, and the composition, the press work, the

stitching and the binding are all performed by the pupils, with very little assistance from *les clairvoyans.* In setting up and distributing the types, they are very expert, and though in the first, they require to have a seeing person to read to them, (unless they reprint from a page in relief,) yet in the latter they work perfectly well without any assistance.

The books printed by the blind have attracted much attention, and excited much observation; but to us it is really astonishing, that so little should have been done towards improving them; indeed we cannot perceive, that they are in any respect superior to those issued from the press in the very infancy of the art. It is a beautiful and most valuable invention, which enables the blind

> 'to look
> Along the pages of a book;'

but our admiration is qualified by regret, when we think of how much improvement they are susceptible,—to what a comparative degree of perfection they might be brought, and reflect that nothing has been done towards it. The books now used are exceedingly bulky and expensive,—and the New Testament would be extended to at least ten volumes of folio size, if printed entire for the blind. The French seem to have been arrested in the progress of improvement, by a blind adherence to the false maxim established by the Abbé Haüy, that in all things, '*il faut autant que possible rapprocher les aveugles aux clairvoyans;*' hence, say they, we must make their books resemble those of seeing persons, and print them with the same shaped letter. Now this is a foolish adherence to the letter of the rule, without regard to its spirit, even were the spirit of it correct, *which is not the case.* It is not possible, as it respects their books, *de rapprocher les aveugles aux clairvoyans:* because a blind man never can read the books of seeing persons, and seeing persons never will read those of the blind, be they printed ever so like his own: it is therefore ridiculous to adhere to our clumsy and ill shaped letters in printing for the blind. They are quite aware of this in Scotland, and Mr. Gall of Edinburgh, with a praiseworthy zeal, and at great expense, has made many experiments, and succeeded completely in avoiding the error of the French, by running into one on the opposite extreme. He has succeeded in bringing the lines much nearer together, and saves something in space on each page; but he founds his principal claim for improvement, upon the change in the shape of the letters,

which he makes entirely angular; and distinguishes one from the other by the different positions of the angles,—for instance, a triangle with the acute point turned to the left, shall signify one letter, and the same shaped triangle, with the point turned to the right, shall signify another letter. Now in this way Mr. Gall overlooks what we maintain to be an indisputable maxim in printing for the blind,—viz. *make the letters to differ as much as possible from each other in shape, and do not let the difference be in position merely;* and for this obvious reason, that if an acute-angled triangle shall signify *a* when its angle is turned to the left, and signify *b* when it is turned to the right, —then you require two mental processes to be carried on in the mind of the blind man before he can tell *a* from *b;* first, he has to feel the shape of the letter,—he finds it is an acute angled triangle,—and having ascertained this, he must feel whether the acute angle is turned to the right or to the left, before he knows whether it is *a*, or *b*. Now it is true that the operation is carried on in an inconceivably small space of time, but nevertheless it is a space of time, and if it be multiplied by the number of letters on a page, it amounts to something; the principal objection, however, is the double mental operation which is required. Mr. Gall asserts that he has tried the experiment upon blind children, and found that they could learn his system of letters much quicker than the common shaped ones; this may be, and still his system may be a very imperfect one; but we do not place much confidence in such experiments, unless they be tried upon great numbers, and with most marked results. We have also tried the two systems, and the children who learned only one each, seemed to learn them with equal rapidity, while those who learned both, declared that they learned them with equal ease. Let us grant, however, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Gall's angular characters may be more easily learned; this by no means proves that they should be adopted. It by no means lessens the regret which every enlightened friend of the blind feels, that so much expense has been incurred, and so much pains taken to introduce a system of printing, so manifestly imperfect, since this is an objection to changing it; and we think the persons connected with the Edinburgh Institution were right in withholding from Mr. Gall their countenance and support to his plan of printing the New Testament for the blind, in a character which supplied none of the *desiderata.*

Another system of letters has been devised by Mr. Hay, a blind man, teacher of languages in Edinburgh; but there exist as powerful objections to it as to that of Mr. Gall, viz. the size and similarity of the characters; his may be called the right lined system, while Gall's is the angular one.

But the clumsiest and most uncouth system which ever was devised, is that practised in the Glasgow Asylum; where they have letters made by different kinds of knots tied on a string, which of course must be wound up in a ball, so that the pupil must unroll the whole ball, before he comes to the part he wants. A chapter of the Testament makes a ball as large as an eighteen pound shot; and the whole Bible would require a store room as large as a church.

The art of printing for the blind is a most important and interesting subject; and there is nothing on which the man of science and ingenuity can turn his thoughts with more hope of accomplishing a desirable end, and bestowing an immense benefit on an unfortunate class of persons. The principal objection to the books now in use is their bulk and consequent expense, and the grand *desideratum* is to condense them; now this can only be done by throwing away our common letter entirely, and adopting a system of stenography. In this system three principles must be kept in view; *first*, to make the letters differ from each other as much as possible in shape; *secondly*, to adapt those figures or shapes which most resemble each other, to letters which do not often come together in writing, as *p*, *q*; *thirdly*, to express the letters which occur most often, as *a*, *e*, *i*, by those signs which occupy the least space, as a point.

We look confidently for the time when books may be printed for the blind in the stenographic system, which shall be nearly, if not quite as commodious and portable as those designed for our use; and we would earnestly invite the attention of those who are so nobly and so eagerly engaged in putting the Scriptures within the reach of the benighted heathen, to the claims of hundreds and thousands in our own land, who are denied the privilege of reading the Word of God, and whose situation is much more forlorn than theirs. It may be said, that the blind can have the Scriptures read to them, and therefore that they have not so much need of having them printed for their own use; but such an excuse comes with an ill grace from those who object to the Catholic religion, for the reason that it does not put the Scriptures within the reach of every

one, and who believe that the welfare of an immortal soul may depend upon the construction of a few sentences. But besides the importance of allowing every one to read and judge for himself, let it be considered what a treasure a copy of the Bible in raised letters would be to a blind man; how, deprived as he is of other books, he would pore over it, and study its every line and every precept; how it would be the companion of every solitary moment; how its divine and consoling doctrines would cheer and illuminate the dark night of his existence; and how he would bless and pray for those, who had kindled this beacon to throw a light across his dreary path. The lowest estimate must give more than five thousand blind persons to these United States, and surely it is as much an object and a duty to print the Scriptures for these unfortunate beings, to whom any book would be a treasure, as to print them for the heathen. As yet, only St. John's Gospel has been printed for the blind; although many attempts have been made in France and England to get the means for printing the whole New Testament; let it be then for America to effect this; let her bestow this inestimable blessing upon the blind, and their prayers will be her rich reward.

But there is another powerful motive for printing the Scriptures in tangible characters, and that is, that there are many people, who, from age or some affection of the sight, are unable to use their eyes; to such persons, a copy of the Scriptures, which they might read with their fingers, would be an invaluable blessing, especially as they may learn to read it in a week.

But we have wandered insensibly from our subject, which was a consideration of the causes which operate to prevent the French Institution from accomplishing the object proposed in educating the blind. In enumerating all of them, we might dwell upon the faults in the detail of their apparatus; but these are of minor consequence,—there must be more important causes; and one of these is the uniformity of the system, which is applied to all, without taking into consideration the disposition, talents, or the station in life of the pupil. Among an hundred who are admitted, there may be some who might make excellent mathematicians, but can never excel as weavers; there may be others who can become fine composers of music, but who never will make good baskets; on the other hand, we may see some who would become very expert at different mechanical arts and handicraft works, but who never could learn, and teach the

languages. Little regard, however, is paid to this, and as little to the pecuniary circumstances, and station in life of the friends of the pupil. If a boy is taken from the highway, where he had been a beggar; and if at the end of eight years he is sent out of the Institution with a tolerable knowledge of music, mathematics, and general science, and a superficial acquaintance with four or five different kinds of handicraft work, but without a decided dexterity and excellence in any one; if, we say, such a youth be without friends, then his situation is more desolate and miserable than when he was in a state of ignorance and indifference. He has drunk at the fountain of knowledge long enough to create a painful thirst for its waters, which cannot be gratified; he has lived in ease only long enough to make penury doubly dreary; and his mind has been so elevated, as to make a feeling of dependence the source of wretchedness. If, however, he had spent the most of his time in musical, or mathematical or classic studies, he might have attained such an excellence as to have taught them successfully; or if the tenor of his mind had been unequal to this, he might, by devoting himself wholly to some *one* handicraft work, have become so expert at it as to compete successfully with his seeing rivals. But neither in the Parisian, nor in any other European Institution that we are acquainted with, is this principle properly regarded. At Paris, they class the pupils without any regard to it; all are obliged to study a certain number of hours a day, to work a certain number, and to give the rest of their time to music; and if they have no ear at all for it, they must study it without an ear.

Then, their time is frittered away by an extremely minute subdivision; they give half an hour to one study,—and then they are called away by the bell to another class room, whence, after losing fifteen minutes in arranging themselves, and fixing their minds upon the subject, they are summoned in less than an hour to a third, and to a fourth.

Another great fault is, that they all devote five hours a day to handicraft work; now, this is a great deal too much for a blind man, whose object is intellectual education, and it is far too little for one who means to live by the labor of his hands. But what is worse than this, they are obliged to try to learn so many different kinds of work, that they succeed in none; they devote a few months, or a year, to making whips, another similar term to weaving, a third to net-making, and a fourth to

braiding; so that in learning how to braid, a boy forgets how to weave. Now if men, with all their senses, must give their undivided attention for seven years in order to learn any art or trade, how much more necessary is it for a blind man so to do?

We would apply the same remarks to most of the European Institutions, with the exception of that of Vienna, which has not fallen under our notice. But we have yet a word for the Parisian School; and we feel constrained by a sense of duty to say it, with the hope, that considering the absolute dearth of any publications about the education of the blind, this paper may fall under the observation of those who are interested in the welfare of the Institution in Paris. There pervades that establishment a spirit of illiberality, of mysticism, amounting almost to charlatanism, that ill accords with the well known liberality of most French Institutions. There is a ridiculous attempt at mystery,—an effort at show and parade, which injures the establishment in the minds of men of sense. Instead of throwing wide open the door of knowledge, and inviting the scrutiny and the suggestions of every friend of humanity, the process of education is not explained, and the method of constructing some of the apparatus is absolutely kept a secret! We say this from personal knowledge. The same spirit leads to ungenerous treatment of those pupils who leave the Institution, who cannot procure the books which are for sale there without paying an enormous advance on the cost,—while those who remain, be their age or character what they may, are not allowed to go into the city to give lessons in music, the languages, or in any thing else. We have known some of them to study the English language secretly in their leisure hours, because those having the direction of the establishment had in their wisdom discovered, that it was an improper study for the blind!

With regard to the rest of the European Institutions, we shall not enter into a minute examination of the system followed in them; a few general remarks and criticisms will apply to all those on the continent. Before making them, we would again pay our most sincere tribute of admiration to the benevolent individuals engaged in these establishments. Their zeal and labors have been productive of immense benefit to the blind. But they have had much to contend with; they have been laboring in a new and unbroken pathway to usefulness; and it is in the hope of profiting even by their errors, that we point

them out. What they have done well and successfully, will serve us as models and guides; in what they have erred or failed, they will serve us as warning beacons.

Those Institutions, endowed and supported by the governments, in general aim too much at show and parade; their object seems to be to teach the pupils to perform such feats at the exhibition as will redound to the credit and glory of the government, rather than to their own good: there is an attempt to make them obtain a smattering of many things, rather than a thorough and useful knowledge of a few. The Institutions at St. Petersburgh and Amsterdam have dwindled into mere Asylums, and that at Madrid, if we mistake not, into nothing at all.

Those establishments, which are supported principally by the zeal and humanity of individuals, thrive much better. The one at Berlin is under the direction of Professor Zeun,—a liberal and enlightened man, who is however cramped in his operations by the prejudices of others: he believes, for instance, that the blind, when educated, make the best teachers of the blind; but he is not allowed to employ them as he would.

The Institutions in England are not under the direction of scientific men, nor is their object a scientific or intellectual education of the blind: the one in London is merely for indigent blind, and they are taught only handicraft work, and a little music; no books are used in the establishment, and no intellectual education is given. The one in Edinburgh is less objectionable in this respect, but the Liverpool and Glasgow Institutions are conducted on the same principle. It is alleged that the pupils, being all indigent, must depend solely upon the labor of their hands for a livelihood; but we maintain that this is a false view of the subject, and we shall endeavor to show that, on this principle (which has been followed hitherto in all the Institutions,) fewer blind persons will be made competent to their own support, than might be by following an opposite one. The great obstacle to the successful competition of the blind with the seeing man, for a livelihood, is the want of sight. What is the occupation then in which sight is least wanted? Is it handicraft work? Decidedly not. Can a blind man ever work so fast or so well at any trade as a seeing man, *caeteris paribus*? By no manner of means; but he may become, to say the least, as good a musician, as profound a mathematician, as thorough a linguist; and he may teach

these branches of knowledge as well. If then the pupil has a decided talent for music, for mathematics, for languages, let him apply himself with all his might, and during the whole season of his youth, to these studies; let him be assured that he will be more likely to attain excellence, and gain a livelihood by them, than by making carpets or rugs,—though he make them ever so well.

Manual labor should be considered as the *dernier resort*, the forlorn hope of the blind, and such only should be put to it, as cannot expect to attain excellence in the occupations we have already mentioned; when, however, it is resorted to, let it be with constant attention, and let not this attention be distracted by a variety of callings. There are some kinds of work in which a blind man can nearly compete with a seeing one, as in weaving; but unfortunately for him, he has not man alone as a competitor, for machinery here defies competition. There is, however, the coarse rug-weaving, and the making of mattrasses, both of which are carried on successfully in the Asylum for the Indigent Blind in Edinburgh. The mattrasses, mats, and baskets, which are manufactured in the establishment, have quite as good an appearance as any made in the city; and, enjoying a well merited reputation of being stronger and more durable, they command a higher price in the market.

The Institution in Edinburgh is decidedly of a higher order than any other in England; and it is one of its merits, that the fabrication of the articles we have just mentioned chiefly occupies the attention of the inmates. In London they attempt to teach the pupils to make shoes; and they do make them strong and well; but it is an occupation by which very few blind persons can earn even half the wages of a common journeyman; and as common journeymen in England can hardly get wages enough to keep soul and body together, it is easy to conceive that their situation must be very uncomfortable.

One word more, and we have done with the European Institutions. The blind are there treated too much as mere objects of pity; they are not taught to rely with confidence upon their own resources, to believe themselves possessed of the means of filling useful and active spheres in society.

It will be perceived, from what we have said, that the European Institutions fall far short of what should be the aim of the philanthropist in educating the blind, viz. *to enable them to pass their lives pleasantly and usefully in some constant occu-*

pation, which shall ensure to them a competent livelihood. But far be it from us to despair of this great result; there are innumerable difficulties in the commencement of every establishment, which perseverance and well directed experiments may remove; the subject is new even in Europe, and most of the Institutions are but in their infancy.

In this country, however, not only will our Institutions reap the full advantage of all the experiments in Europe, but they will have much less to contend with. In Europe, the gains of the laboring man are so small, that he would starve if they were diminished one third; but here, thank God! the sweat of the poor man's brow does not all go to increase the wealth of him who is already rich; and if a blind man were to gain a trifle less than his neighbor, he might still procure not only the necessaries, but the comforts of life.

In Europe, too, strange as it may seem in this age, the blind man has to struggle against stubborn and cruel prejudices; people are so accustomed to consider the blind as ignorant and degraded dependents, that if two organists, equally well qualified, should apply for a place in a church,—and one of them be blind, he would probably lose it. Here, it is to be hoped the misfortune of the claimant would be the strongest argument in his favor.

Of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, the first is well known; and the second is remarkable as being the production of a blind man, the author of *Lettres sur les Aveugles faisant suite à celle de Diderot.* Alexander Rodenbach, member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, and one of the most active and conspicuous patriots of the last revolution, lost his sight in infancy, and was one of the pupils of the Abbé Haüy, who engrafted upon his bold and original mind an excellent education: he has a ready wit, and a happy delivery, and he forms one of the principal supports of the democratic party in the Chamber, which he often makes to ring with his original and eloquent speeches.

The title of his book is a singular one, *A glance by a blind man at the condition of the Deaf and Dumb;* and we might make many amusing extracts from it, were space allowed us. The most interesting chapter is that on the comparative situation of the blind and the dumb. Is it a greater misfortune to be blind or to be deaf? It is as remarkable as fortunate, that each class decides this question in its own favor;

but it appears to us evident, that abundant reasons might be given why blindness is the less evil, were this not rendered unnecessary by the well known fact, that the blind are generally much more happy and contented with their lot than the deaf. We would recommend this book to those engaged in the education of the deaf and dumb; they will find in it some proofs of the imperfection of the system in common use,—some allusions to the quackery that has been imposed upon the world, and from which the Abbé de l'Epée was not entirely free. We fully agree with Mr. Rodenbach on the importance of teaching the deaf to articulate sounds, and we are sorry that this plan has been abandoned in the Hartford school,—which (otherwise) is one of the best in the world. We have known deaf persons in Germany, who could express their thoughts by articulate sounds, so as very easily to be comprehended by any one; and when we reflect that the world will not learn their system of signs, and that they are often placed in situations where they cannot write, it becomes to them a matter of moment to make themselves understood by speech.

While on the subject of the deaf, we may observe that, strong as are their claims upon humanity, those of the blind are still stronger; for the blind are much more dependent; a deaf boy can learn any kind of handicraft work or trade, while a blind one can learn nothing, without a system of education entirely adapted to his situation.

The efforts of human ingenuity to overcome the obstacles which accident has placed in its way, are no where more visible, than in the successful attempts of the blind and deaf to converse together. As the blind cannot perceive the signs of the deaf, nor they hear the words of the blind, each must seek a new language, and they communicate their ideas by tracing the forms of letters on the palms of each others' hands. When more familiar, the deaf may be seen teaching the blind the language of signs by holding up their hands, and placing their fingers in the position for the signs; and when the blind have learned the signs, they read those which the deaf make, by feeling their hands and fingers, and ascertaining the position in which they are placed.

In writing this article, we have been insensibly led from one subject to another, so as to have lost sight of the arrangement we had marked out, and have already occupied so much space, that but little remains for a consideration of the moral effects of blind-

ness upon the sufferer. The blind have been considered in all ages as of necessity cut off from participation in the business and pleasures of life; they have been made the *parias* of society,—and although the hand of charity has ever been open to their cry,—yet men have shrunk from an attentive examination of their situation. They have often been accused of a disposition to atheism,—but we think without sufficient reason: surely the increased sense of dependence must be conducive to a feeling of reverential awe for a Power, about whom the imagination is ever busy. That many eminent blind men have been atheists, is certain; but it is certain too, that their skepticism arose in a great measure from the improper light in which they have been regarded. The dying Saunderson said to his clergyman, 'you talk to me of the wonders of creation, but how often have I heard you express your wonder at my performing things which are to me perfectly simple; how then do I know that your wonder is more reasonable in the one case, than in the other?'

With regard to what are called feelings of modesty,—the blind possess them in a very high degree, the speculations of Diderot and others to the contrary notwithstanding; they are from their situation led to be particularly scrupulous in their regard to *les convenances* of society. They are exceedingly orderly, as well in the arrangement of their ideas as of their property; hence, perhaps, their horror of theft, and their respect for the property of others.

The method of classification which they adopt, enables them to bring the memory to a very high degree of perfection; hence the astonishing instances which we have of blind men retaining several thousand words, without meaning, and without connexion. It is related of Dr. Moyes, that he would recognise by their voice, persons with whom he had had but a slight acquaintance, and whom he had not met for more than a year.

The want of sight makes the blind insensible to the infinite variety of beauteous aspects which nature puts on, when she comes forth blushing with the hues of morn, or arrays herself in the silver mantle of moonlight, or decks herself out in the gorgeous robes of sunset. If, then, all the grandeur and glory of nature are lost upon them, how much more insensible must they be to the ridiculous display of human pomp and pride; and how much ought this circumstance to influence our treat-

ment of them ! The necessity of this may be understood from the anecdote related by Diderot of the young blind man who was brought to trial for having thrown a stone, which struck another person in the head, and for various misdemeanors. 'He appeared before the judge as before his equal; nor could any threats intimidate him. "What can you do to me," cried he to M. Herault?—"I will cast you into a dungeon," answered the magistrate.—"What then?" returned the blind man,—"I have been living in one all my life time." What an answer! What a text for a man who loves to moralize! We take our leave of the world as of an enchanting spectacle; the blind man goes out of it as from a dungeon; if we have more to enjoy in living than he has, at least he has less to regret in dying.'

But Diderot here (as is very common with him) displays more ingenuity than observation: the blind do not die with less regret than we do; the love of life is not lessened by the want of one sense, any more than it is in the case of the poor by the want of wealth; many blind men possess high moral courage; some display a degree of independence of character, which at times degenerates into obstinacy, and excessive egotism; but they are seldom possessed of much physical courage.

Nor is the world to them a less enchanting scene than it is to us,—provided they have occupation. Blindness is not the sole, nor the principal cause of the unhappiness of the blind; and, were they not continually reminded of their inferiority by our officious and unnecessary expressions of sympathy and compassion, they would not feel it. They cannot conceive how the sense of sight can be the source of any positive pleasure to us, otherwise than as it enables us to ascertain the physical qualities of objects at a greater distance than they can by the feeling. Hence they look upon the want of it as a loss of advantage, and not of enjoyment. There is a great deal of philosophy and of good sense in the answer of a blind man to the question, Whether the possession of sight would not increase his happiness? 'I cannot conceive that it would,' said he, 'in a very material degree. I suppose your eyes serve with you the same purpose that my hands and cane do with me; that is, to ascertain the shape and other physical qualities of bodies. The only advantage you have, is the ability to do this at a greater distance than I can; now if I were to choose, it would be rather to have my arms so

constituted that I could reach any object which you can see, than to possess what you call vision.' Hence it is that we seldom find those who are born blind repining after sight; but we do see them sitting bowed down under a sense of humiliating dependence; with their faculties undeveloped by action, and their minds gradually degenerating into imbecility, from the monotonous torpor of their existence.

With regard to the number of the blind, we have no means of knowing it very accurately in this country, for no correct census has been taken; but from researches made by the Trustees of the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind, it is quite evident that the returns made by the general estimates are far too low. The only document we have met with is one lately published in Philadelphia, apparently taken from the general census, in which the number of the blind in every State is given, and which makes the sum total a little over five thousand.*

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* TABLE *showing the number of Blind persons in the United States; also the relative proportion to the population, &c.*

STATES.	BLIND.			Proportion to whole population...1 to	Proportion of blind whites to whole white population...1 to	Proportion of colored blind to whole colored population...1 to	Proportion of colored to the whole population.
	White.	Colored.	Total.				
Maine	159	1	160	2497	2505	1177	1 in 339
New Hampshire	105	0	105	2565	2559	~~~~	1 443
Massachusetts	218	5	223	2737	2768	1409	1 86
Rhode Island	56	8	64	1518	1672	447	1 27
Connecticut	188	7	195	1526	1540	1152	1 30
Vermont	51	0	51	5503	5485	~~~~	1 317
New York	642	82	724	2650	2918	547	1 43
New Jersey	205	22	227	1413	1464	734	1 16
Pennsylvania	475	28	503	2680	2758	1369	1 35
Delaware	18	11	29	2646	3205	1741	1 4
Maryland	147	124	271	1649	1980	1257	1 3
Virginia	355	438	793	1527	1956	1180	1 2
North Carolina	223	161	384	1922	2120	1647	1 3
South Carolina	102	136	238	2442	2528	2377	1 2
Georgia	150	123	273	1893	1979	1789	1 2
Alabama	68	48	116	2668	2800	2482	1 2
Mississippi	25	31	56	2439	2817	2135	1 2
Louisiana	36	77	113	1909	2485	1640	1 2
Tennessee	176	37	213	3201	3044	3950	1 4
Kentucky	169	83	252	2729	3064	2050	1 3
Ohio	232	6	238	3940	3993	1596	1 98
Indiana	85	2	87	3942	3887	1816	1 94
Illinois	35	4	39	4037	4443	596	1 66
Missouri	27	10	37	3796	4251	2566	1 5
Michigan	5	0	5	6327	6269	~~~~	1 108
Arkansas	8	2	10	3038	3209	2358	1 6
Florida	3	16	19	1828	6128	1020	1 2
District of Columbia	11	8	19	2096	2506	1534	1 3
	3974	1470	5444	2363	2650	1584	

It is impossible, however, to form any estimate of the proportional number of the blind in sections of the country so small, as those in regard to which the writer of this paper attempts to do it; nor do we agree with him in the causes which he as-

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This table bears inaccuracy on the very face of it,—for example, Massachusetts is said to have 223 blind persons only,—whereas the imperfect statement, made several years ago by order of the House of Representatives, gave 245 blind, although only one hundred and forty towns, out of more than three hundred, made any return. It was ascertained that no returns were made from some towns where blind persons were known to exist; and Mr. Loud, chairman of the Committee of the House, estimated the total number of blind in the State at 500; an estimate, which subsequent inquiries show to be rather high, but much nearer the truth than the one given in the above table.

According to this table, the proportion of the blind to the whole population in different parts of the Union, varies from 1 in 1413 to 1 in 6329; New Jersey having the greatest, and Michigan the smallest number. There is a striking difference between the numbers of the *white and colored* blind: the largest proportion of white being in New Jersey viz. 1 in 1464; and the smallest in Michigan, viz. 1 in 6269: while the highest proportion of the blind among the blacks is in Rhode Island,—being 1 to 447; and the lowest 1 in 3950, being in Tennessee.

In the whole population of the United States, there is a considerable excess in the proportion of the blind among the blacks over that among the whites; it being among the blacks 1 to 1584; among the whites 1 to 2650; the proportion of blind persons, blacks and whites, in all the Union being, according to this table, as 1 to 2363.

In Tennessee, however, we find more blind in a given number of *whites* than in the same number of *blacks:* the former being 1 in 3044,—the latter 1 in 3950. In South Carolina, the proportion is about the same among *blacks* and *whites.*

How are these differences to be accounted for? Without examining in detail the theory which the compiler of the table has raised upon these calculations,—the whole fabric may be brought to the ground by knocking away the foundations, and showing that the table is manifestly incorrect, which we believe has been done in the text.

That the proportion of *blind* among the *blacks* should be greater than among the whites, is perfectly natural and in accordance with the general principle which we have laid down, that the poor are more exposed to the causes of blindness than the rich; the blacks being generally poor.

In a statement of the number of blind in the different cities, which follows, the author of this table gives the number of blind in Boston as nearly three times greater than it really is.

It is important to ascertain the proportion between the blind who are of an age to receive an education, and those whom age renders unfit for it; we believe it to be much less than is generally supposed: the

signs for the apparent variations. The fact is, that we cannot make any accurate calculation of the number of the blind which will be found even in a population of one million; for it varies from temporary causes, and in different generations; but we may calculate with some degree of certainty, how many blind persons will be found in a population of ten millions, the latitude and the climate being given.

How little dependence can be placed upon the calculations made in the paper to which we have referred, and in which the proportion in every county in Pennsylvania is attempted to be laid down, may be inferred from the fact that, in this city, there is but one blind person of the proper age for receiving an education; while, in the neighbouring town of Andover, with less than one twentieth of the population, there are five; in Cambridge four, and in some small towns on Cape Cod three. In the next generation, however, the prevalence of ophthalmia may give to Boston twenty or thirty: but though the laws of nature in this respect seem thus variable, they are in reality wonderfully uniform, and in every age the proportion of the blind to the whole population is about the same. Blindness appears to be more prevalent in the country than in cities, probably from the fact that people there can seldom procure medical assistance so seasonable or so efficient as to be of much use in the ophthalmia of infants. The poor are certainly more subject to it than the wealthy, partly from more exposure and partly perhaps from the hereditary nature of blindness. It is well known that blindness is very often hereditary, and we have instances in our neighborhood, of five children being born blind from the same mother; now where such a scourge enters a family, it may readily be conceived how soon it will be reduced to poverty.

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number of children born absolutely blind is very small; but many become so in a few weeks or months; fewer between infancy and youth, but still more rarely is the sight lost in youth or during manhood.

Old age indeed dims the vision, but it is seldom thus entirely lost. The table we have quoted gives the following proportions.

	Total Number of Blind.	Over 50 Years.
Maine,	159	11
New Hampshire,	105	8
Massachusetts,	218	8
Rhode Island,	56	8
Connecticut,	188	8
Vermont,	51	9

We have said that the general law of nature, by which a certain proportion of the human race are born with but four senses in perfection, is unfailing in its operation; and in the want of any accurate statistics, we may correct our own by those of other countries similarly situated. As a general rule, blindness is more prevalent within the torrid zone, less in the temperate, and less still in the frigid: in dry and sandy soils it is more prevalent than in moist ones. Egypt is the country of the blind *par excellence;* different writers have estimated the proportion of the blind there very differently; some say, that one man in every hundred is totally or partially blind; others one in three hundred. The latter calculation is probably the nearest to the truth; but from our observation of the number of men with but one eye, or with distorted eyes in the Egyptian army, we are inclined to think that the number of the blind in Egypt must be fearfully great. The cause is probably the fine sandy dust with which the air is continually filled in Egypt; and which exists to such a degree, that the first cotton machinery sent out from England for the Pacha Mehemet Ali, was rendered useless by it in a very short time. This difficulty is the greatest which his engineers have had to overcome.

In several countries of Europe, the census gives accurately the number of the blind. In the centre of Europe, it is about one to eight hundred; in Austria, one to eight hundred forty-five; in Switzerland, one to seven hundred forty-seven. Further north the proportion is less: in Denmark, it is one to a thousand; in Prussia, one to nine hundred; in France, one to a thousand and fifty; in England a very little less. Now there seems no sufficient reason why this country should be exempt from the laws which operate upon others under the same latitude, and with the same climate; and since we have shown how incorrect, and obviously low is the calculation by the census, which makes the number five thousand, it may safely be calculated that there are more than seven thousand blind persons in these United States. This may seem incredible, and so did the number of the deaf when it was first told; but the blind, from their very misfortune, are hidden from the world; they sit sad and secluded by the firesides of their relatives; the dawn of day does not call them into the haunts of men, and they vegetate through life and sink into the grave, unknown even to their neighbors.

But to be entirely within bounds, let us put the number even lower than the absolute return by the census makes it, and call it five thousand; here are five thousand of our fellow-beings, with the same faculties, feelings, and wants, the same pride, the same ambition as ourselves, who are thrown entirely upon our charity and humanity; who are utterly unable of themselves to provide for the wants of the body, or the mind, and who appeal to that sacred and fundamental law of society, by which we are bound to provide for the wants of those, whom nature or accident has made dependent upon us. And how, we ask, has that appeal been answered? Have we not heard unheeded the cry of the blind for assistance, and for *light*? Have we not stopped our ears to their cry, and thrust them into the almshouse, instead of taking them into the bosom of society? Have we not shunned an examination of their situation and wants, and hurried by them, after bowing them still lower by the weight of alms? With the sun of science high in the ascendant, and the broad blaze of education pouring upon every class of men, have any of its rays been directed upon those who are sitting in physical and intellectual darkness,—who of all others have the strongest claim for assistance, and who, without instruction, are worse than idiots, because more miserable? We regret to say that till within a very short time, we have done nothing at all; with a population ten times greater than that of some of the European States, which have Institutions for the blind, there has not been a single school in the United States, where a blind youth could go to receive proper instruction. But public attention has lately been aroused to the importance of the subject; one Institution has been put into efficient operation in Boston, a second has been organized, and is about commencing its operations in New York; and a third is in a state of forwardness in Philadelphia. We shall conclude this article with a brief notice of the present state of the first of these institutions, which is called the New-England Institution for the Education of the Blind.

The first idea of this Institution was conceived by Dr. J. D. Fisher, in 1829. Several meetings of philanthropic individuals were held, and an act of incorporation was obtained the same year. The result of the investigations made at that time showed that there were more than 400 blind persons in the State of Massachusetts alone; and about 1500 in New England. But notwithstanding the publication of the melancholy truth, that so

many of our fellow-citizens were left in degradation and ignorance, while the means existed of elevating their moral nature and enlightening their intellect, no effectual steps were taken towards establishing a school for them until 1831. It was no want of zeal or industry on the part of the gentlemen concerned that occasioned this delay, but the want of funds. The State now granted the unexpended balance of the fund for the deaf and dumb, amounting to fifteen hundred dollars, and about two thousand dollars were raised by subscription. Resolved to make an effectual effort, the trustees engaged Dr. S. G. Howe to organize the institution, and put it into operation. A few days after his appointment, that gentleman sailed for Europe, visited all the Institutions for the blind there, engaged an intelligent blind teacher from the School at Paris, and another from that at Edinburgh, and returned in August, 1831. Although the funds of the Institution were almost exhausted, it was resolved not to make any public appeal until some of the blind could be qualified to plead their own cause: six children were accordingly selected, and the school was commenced privately in September, 1832. In January, 1833, the Treasury was empty, and the Institution in debt. An exhibition of the pupils was then given before the General Court, which afforded such complete and striking proof of the capacity of the blind for receiving an intellectual education, that the Legislature, as it were by acclamation, voted that $6000 per annum should be appropriated to the Institution, for the support of twenty poor blind persons belonging to the State.

The next public appeal was made in Salem, where several exhibitions of the pupils were held; from which, and from the Fair which followed, the Institution realized nearly $4500. Similar exhibitions were given in Boston, the result of which was most beneficial to the Institution, and creditable to the inhabitants. About the first of May, the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins offered his splendid mansion in Pearl street, with all the land and buildings, valued at $30,000, as a permanent residence for the Blind; and enhanced the value of his offer by adding to it the condition, that $50,000 should be raised as a fund for the Institution, before the first of June. The ladies then united, and held a Fair on the first of May, which was, perhaps, the most brilliant and effectual one ever known. The proceeds, which, clear of all expenses, exceeded $11,400, go to make up the Perkins fund. While this article is passing

through the press, (May 20,) we are informed, that the necessary amount is already collected within two or three thousand dollars, and that no doubt remains, that the sum will be completed within the limited time. Thus this interesting Institution, which, on the first of January last was wholly destitute of funds, will possess on the first of June a large and splendid building, worth $30,000, with a fund of $50,000 in the Treasury.

The Institution may be said to merit this public favor; the progress of the pupils has been such as to astonish even those who have visited the European Schools for the Blind. The apparatus is not only as perfect as any one there; but several important improvements have already been effected by native ingenuity in the methods of teaching the blind. The pupils learn to read by raised letters; they are also taught writing, arithmetic, geography, and all the branches commonly taught in other schools. Music occupies much of their attention; and in a workshop attached to the house, they weave, and make baskets. The number of pupils is at present nearly twenty; and they are as happy and intelligent children as can be found; they spend twelve hours a day at their studies or work. It is intended to teach them all the higher branches of education, and the languages. The Musical Department is under the superintendence of Mr. Lowell Mason; Mr. Trencheri, a blind man, teaches the intellectual branches; Mr. Pringle, who is also blind, instructs in the mechanic arts; the whole being under the direction of Dr. Howe.

ART. III.—*Phrenology.*

1. *Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena.* By G. SPURZHEIM, M. D. Boston. 1832.
2. *A View of the Elementary Principles of Education, founded on the Study of the Nature of Man.* By G. SPURZHEIM, M.D. Boston. 1833.
3. *Philosophical Catechism of the Natural Laws of Man.* By G. SPURZHEIM. Boston. 1833.
4. *Thoughts on the True Mode of improving the Condition of Man.* By CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D. Lexington, Ky. 1833.
5. *Thoughts on the Pathology, Prevention and Treatment of Intemperance, as a form of Mental Derangement.* By CHARLES CALDWELL, M.D.

WE have had our doubts about the expediency of meddling with the subject of the works at the head of this article. It seems, on the one hand, at least proper to notice a doctrine which has occupied of late a good deal of the public attention, while, on the other, the probability that any individual, at all acquainted with physiology or mental philosophy, can seriously believe it, is so small, that the question seems to be hardly worth arguing. On the whole, however, we have concluded to offer a few remarks on the subject, if it be only for the purpose of showing our colors; as we have noted, among other analogous dispositions of the professors of Phrenology, a determination to regard every one as for them, who is not decidedly against them; or at least to divide the literary world into three classes, the converts, the ignorant, and the persecutors, without seeming to be aware of the possibility, that persons, perfectly well qualified to investigate the subject, may, after candid and deliberate examination, come to the conclusion, that every thing, that is new or peculiar in their doctrines, is destitute of a shadow of evidence. The cry of persecution and interested opposition, indeed, is not peculiar to phrenologists. Its uses have been long well known to mankind. The ignorant empiric, while he puffs his infallible nostrum, takes care to hint that its virtues would be universally admitted, if it were not for the opposition of a set of lazy and purse-proud doctors, whose emoluments would be endangered by the general use

of the elixir. The low-bred pettifogger calls for the sympathy of the mob against a combination of the grandees of the bar, who are jealous of his superior acuteness. The would-be legislator bemoans the evils which overshadow the land, from the predominance of an aristocratic junto. The vulgar infidel clamors against priestcraft; and the editor of an incipient newspaper casts about for a prosecution for libel.

That some tendency to get up this sort of cry on the subject of Phrenology prevails occasionally among the ranks of the initiated, we think no one can doubt, who takes the trouble to examine the history of the rise and progress of this delusion; and whilst its promulgators continue to pour out their abuse of that portion of the thinking community, who have not chosen to admit their pretensions, nothing can surpass the cries of horror and indignation, which greet any return of the civility. Thus, when the Edinburgh Review, some fifteen or twenty years since, belabored in no very gentle manner both the apostles and the revelation, dire indeed was the clamor, which arose from the discomfited disciples of craniology. Loudly were the scientific and candid of the age called upon to arise in their might and crush these barbarous flagellators, these lying oracles of criticism. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine of the period expresses the most *naif* astonishment, that scientific men should be willing to permit the assertions of the Review, with respect to anatomical points, to pass without contradiction. Nor does it, for a moment, seem to occur to him, that they might be true:—that the *corpus dentatum*, which Gall and Spurzheim declared to be a mass of gray matter, *(un amas de substance grise)* might be truly, as the Edinburgh Review asserts, a mass of white matter in a brown capsule,—that the differences between gray, white and brown are such as are pretty easily discoverable by common eyes, and that unfortunately, the best informed anatomists happened to agree with the Review in this particular.—The truth is, that this whole charge of undiscerning hostility on the part of the scientific is extremely absurd; it has no foundation. Nothing has been more characteristic of this class of men, during the last half century, than their catholic eagerness for the advancement of science. The wildest opinions or professed discoveries meet with a candid reception. And the hypothesis, for it is a mere hypothesis, that the rejection of Phrenology by so great a majority of physiologists is to be attributed to prejudice and want

of examination, we hold to be entirely groundless. For our own part, we desire to clear the way, by declaring, that if we are ignorant of its merits, it is not for want of examination, and that, if we have any hostility to it, it is mainly attributable, as we believe, to the arrogant dogmatism of its principal defenders; to their unhesitating assumption of principles, for which no evidence is offered, and to a sincere belief in the evil effects to society, which would result from a general reception of some of its doctrines.

With this proviso, we proceed to the subject. And the inquiry which meets us on the threshold is, What is Phrenology? The advocates of a doctrine have a right to demand of its critics a fair statement of its positions. Such a statement, difficult enough in regard to most matters of controversy, is so formidable in this, that many of the writers concerning it have been content to get hold of as many intelligible propositions, as they could find scattered among its voluminous records, and to show either that they were not new, or not true, leaving open to its advocates the convenient rejoinder, that the true question was still untouched and uninvestigated. What then is the peculiar doctrine of Phrenology? At first, and under its original name of Craniology, it was simple enough; being, as we then understood it, neither more nor less than this, that there existed on the surface of the skull certain projections, indicative of particular and distinguishing points of character in each individual; that particular regions of the cranium were found to be more prominent, for instance, as a general rule, in thieves, than in honest men; and so on of other points of character. That this is the doctrine even now received by multitudes of the disciples, we have no doubt, having frequently had occasion to hear it announced. And we very readily admit that such a position is a perfectly fair subject for examination. There is no natural impossibility in it, and though its improbability is such as would perhaps prevent us from taking much interest in the inquiry, we could feel no surprise, that others, to whom the improbability might appear less striking, should feel differently. But we do not reject this theory, improbable as it appears, without examination. We have examined and found the statement incorrect. Others have examined and published the results of their examination, and find in like manner that it is incorrect; and lastly, to render the matter perfectly clear and satisfactory, the phrenological writers themselves admit the

statement not to be correct, when they declare, in the case of any particular organ, that the surrounding organs may be so much developed, (we use the orthodox phrase,) that this organ, though absolutely projecting, may, in a mechanical sense, (another orthodox term,) be depressed. By this admission, we conceive that this form of the theory is substantially given up.

What then, we repeat, is Phrenology? As far as a careful examination of the works of its advocates enable us to state it, it may be included in the following propositions.

First. The human brain consists of a number of separate portions, of which the general figure may be considered as that of a cone, the apex of which is situated somewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, and the base at the surface of the brain. We do not understand, that they are supposed to be literal and right-lined cones, but only conical in their character,—commencing in a small bundle of nervous fibres, and, though the course of these may be more or less devious, ending finally in an expansion on the surface, which gives rise to another set of expanded fibres, that again converge to the original point or apex of the cone.

Secondly. That the liability of any individual of the human race to be the subject of those affections, which are commonly considered and treated of as mental, or of certain modes and varieties of them, is in direct proportion to the relative development of these portions of the brain.

We apprehend that these propositions cover the whole phrenological ground. There is a vast deal of argument and assertion about the brain being the organ of the mind; the division of it into an animal or posterior, and an intellectual or anterior portion; about one set of nerves being fitted only for sensation, and another for motion; about the fibrous structure of the brain, and a long *et cetera* of positions, very taking to those who are profoundly ignorant of the history of anatomy and physiology. To such persons,—and the class, we regret to say, is a large one,—these details are highly interesting; and we have no quarrel with them, so far as they are true. But we find them much more clearly and philosophically treated in the works from which the phrenologists borrow them; and we protest, in the strongest manner, against having any of these things considered as part or portion of Phrenology;—the rather, as our observation has led us to believe, that most of the

neophytes in this matter pin their faith principally upon some of these extraneous considerations, neglecting, or perhaps rejecting altogether, that which is peculiar to the system.

We are of opinion that the two propositions above stated contain a fair and candid account of the doctrine, and such as any rational phrenologist would be willing to stand or fall by. In this opinion we may be mistaken, but we can only act up to our light, and we proceed to consider them accordingly.

The first proposition is clearly a matter for experiment and demonstration. Whoever pretends, that there are any such natural divisions in the brain, is bound to show them, when a fair opportunity is presented. He must either dissect one or more of them fairly out, or at least point out distinctly the natural lines of separation. Now we apprehend, that so far from this having been satisfactorily shown, it has not even been pretended to be shown. We find it stated, indeed, by Dr. Spurzheim, that he read before the Royal Society of London a paper on the boundaries of the organs, which they did not think worthy of publication; but we are yet to learn on what occasion such demonstration has been offered to the public. Who ever saw such a dissection, and when, where, and with what degree of publicity has it been performed, or pretended to be performed? Sure we are, that if such things have been seen, they can be shown, and we may take for granted, that no evidence of any such natural division into organs has ever been offered to anatomists,—that in short it is a pure hypothesis. We except of course the case of the *cerebellum*, which we understand to be a distinct organ, and which we shall have occasion to consider by and by.

That there is a set of fibres running from the base to the surface of the brain, and another set back again, may be true, though we have the authority of eminent anatomists for denying that any such fibres can be continuously traced. We do not contest the assertion, but we consider it as one of no importance. We cannot see that it has any tendency, if true, to establish the proposition that particular masses, or bundles of these fibres, separated by no natural divisions, are truly conical portions.

This point of the separate nature of the cerebral portions, be they conical, or of whatever other form, is a vital one,—so far as the fact of their existence depends on anatomy. It is a *sine qua non* that their boundaries be pointed out, or else all discussion is at an end. Is there any anatomist now living, who

pretends to demonstrate them? Is there any publication in which they are pointed out, in such a manner as to render either verification or disproof possible? Suppose it should happen, as phrenologists admit it may happen, that the enormous development of one organ should cause it to occupy the place of a neighboring one; can the knife of the anatomist follow the boundary, and point out where one of these ends, and the other begins? We are yet to learn that this is pretended to be possible; and if it be not, can any quackery be more enormous, than that which appeals to experiment for the proof of the development of an organ, which may, for aught the experimenter knows, or pretends to know, be either the organ in question, or some other organ?

When Mr. Stone produced a series of experiments, to show that the organ of destructiveness, in the heads of a number of murderers, was not more prominent than it is in average heads, it was replied, that it was unfair to consider organs in regard to their long diameter only, which should be taken in connexion with their base. Mr. Stone then asked very naturally where the base was, and how it was bounded. We have looked into Spurzheim's remarks on this subject for a triumphant reply, but are as much at a loss as ever. We find indeed a contemptuous assertion, that the boundaries are established. But the questions how, or where, are left as doubtful as that of the true river St. Croix, or the Papal division of the Indies.

But all this, replies the phrenologist, is an instance of that magisterial assertion, with which it is attempted to depress our cause. We hold it, on the contrary, to be a fair and regular plea. We deny the facts, and call for the proof. We admit that this would not be easy, supposing the position to be well founded. The brain is a soft gelatinous substance, in which it is not easy to demonstrate admitted organization, and none but dissectors, experienced in this particular branch of anatomy, are capable of judging of the true nature of the arrangement of its parts, or of deciding upon the reality of a supposed discovery. Had the evidence been publicly offered, we might still have doubted, whether it was sufficient; but we have at least a right to expect to see it offered. There have been, within our knowledge, three occasions, when it might have been looked for,—the examination before the Committee of the French Institute, the public lectures in Edinburgh, and those in this city. On neither of these was there any attempt to demon-

strate, or any pretence of ability to demonstrate, the actual boundaries of the separate organs. We have carefully perused the report of the Institute, the account of the lectures at Edinburgh by Gordon, and the reply to it by Spurzheim. And finally, we have inquired of our most distinguished medical men in this city, who attended these lectures, and we have found no where the slightest evidence, or intimation of any attempt to demonstrate the boundaries of the organs. Under these circumstances, we consider ourselves fully warranted in declaring that no anatomical demonstration of the separate organs has ever been offered, and that there is pretty strong ground for doubting whether any such demonstration will ever be attempted.

It is no answer to, or apology for this fatal deficiency, to talk vaguely about the great anatomical skill and dexterity of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim,—to maintain that they discovered this *commissure*, or that *foramen*,—the grayness of the *corpus dentatum*, or the swelling in the spinal marrow of calves. These discoveries may be real, and of vast importance; and if any one believe so, we dispute not with him, at present. But they do not touch the question, which is, whether the phrenological organs can be demonstrated to exist separately in the brain by any mode or form of dissection, or maceration. We repeat that no tolerable evidence has yet been offered of the possibility of such demonstration, and we therefore consider it an unwarranted assumption.

The difficulty of disabusing those who have adopted these notions, arises in very many instances from a vague impression, that the existence of the organs is proved in some other way than by observation of the external surface of the brain; that the belief of them finds some support in actual dissection. Now we have with us the clear and express declaration of the Committee of the Institute,* that every claim to anatomical discovery, by Gall and Spurzheim, might be admitted, without adding one tittle to the evidence of the existence of the phrenological organs, which no pretence was made of exhibiting.

But comparative anatomy, we are told, teaches us that there is a regular gradation in the relation of the anterior to the posterior part of the head, corresponding to the intellectual qualities of the subject. Certainly some comparative anatomists

* Tenon, Portal, Sabatier, Pinel, Cuvier.

have taught this doctrine, while others have denied that any such correspondence can be made out. We are humbly but firmly of opinion that it cannot. But, admitting that it can be, it is no discovery of Phrenology, nor peculiar to it, any more than the general fact, disclosed by anatomy, that most animals have brains. The business of Phrenology is to prove its peculiar doctrines. We want no new names in physiology. There are plenty of hard and unmeaning ones now to pick and choose among.

Now what light can comparative anatomy throw on this matter? It may teach that a particular portion of the surface of the brain is at a greater distance from the *medulla oblongata* than some other, but it cannot show that any organ or cone is larger in one animal than another, unless the existence of organs or cones in the brains of both is first proved. And to the ability to do this, as we observed before, there is no pretence. The phrenologist may tell us that the beaver has a large organ of constructiveness. Demonstrate then this fact anatomically. This part of the brain is the organ of constructiveness. No such thing. We deny it, and maintain that at least half of the portion in question belongs to the organ of *tune;* and who shall gainsay us? If we agree to divide a piece of cloth into halves, it will not do to pretend that the half, on your side, is greater than the half on ours. We have divided by an agreement of which it is the essence, that the imaginary line shall run in the middle. If, indeed, it could be shown that the margin of the organ of constructiveness is bounded by a line of cineritious matter, an artery, a particular fold of membrane, or the like, one might ascertain when it encroached on the domain of its neighbors. But this is not pretended, and it follows that comparative anatomy can only teach us the relations in long diameter, or the projections of the organs, which, by admission, is not sufficient to settle any question.

The same may be said with regard to morbid anatomy. There is an extravasation in the organ of destructiveness. By no means. It is in the organ of secretiveness, which happens to be much developed in consequence of the miserly propensities of the individual. And who can confute this, or what inference, accordingly, can be drawn from morbid anatomy? If there be no natural boundary, it is of course impossible to demonstrate that a particular wound is situated within a particular organ, unless the organs occupy proportional areas, which is to admit that they can differ only in long diameter.

As no evidence then is offered of the first proposition, we might dismiss the second without further remark. But we propose to admit, for the sake of argument, that the existence of the continuous bundles of convergent and divergent fibres can be demonstrated; that certain sets of these constitute organs, truly differing in function; and that, though the exact position and boundaries of organs cannot yet be pointed out, it is nevertheless a reasonable and judicious undertaking to endeavor to ascertain them. We are to look next for evidence that individuals, other circumstances being equal, possess certain intellectual and moral qualities corresponding with the development of certain portions of the brain. The question, be it observed as before, is not concerning the great division into anterior and posterior, intellectual and animal. If this be disproved, indeed, Phrenology is at an end; but it may be granted, in our view of the matter, without accrediting this doctrine, which assumes to be an advance on former analyses, and to divide their grand divisions into smaller ones.

As in every other dispute, the first difficulty arises from the terms. What shall we understand by development? There are only two particulars, in regard to which an organ can be said to be developed,—namely, size, and structure. Of structural differences little need be said, so long as phrenologists confine themselves to vague assertions of the certainty of the fact. Unless the nature of the difference is somewhere pointed out, it is obviously impossible either to examine, or argue about it. Certainly it would be so for us, who have been unable hitherto to find any such description. A difference which can be perceived, can be described, and till that is the case, it must be looked upon as a mere assertion, incapable of being examined. It is further obvious, that the establishment of the fact of structural difference is so nearly coincident with that of distinct boundaries, that, till some evidence of the latter point is offered, the former may be considered hypothetical.

We notice here a point, which is often alluded to vaguely, and sometimes even spoken of distinctly, as a thing admitted; we mean the action of the organs. We hear of slow but powerful action, rapid and feeble action, and so forth. The source of notions of this sort is evident enough to the physiologist. They arise from an indistinct analogy with muscular action. Muscles being fibrous organs, and the brain exhibiting in certain circumstances a fibrous appearance, the phrenologists, with

the reasoning of Fluellen, have evidently, perhaps unconsciously, been arranging a generalization, mainly founded on this single point of analogy. Hence the notion of regarding the efficiency of organs as proportioned to their size :—a circumstance true of the muscles, but not at all of the glands, to which in general appearance the brain bears a much greater resemblance. Again, the notion of kinds of action is evidently derived entirely from this source. But in the muscles this is matter of observation. We see that certain short and thick muscles, as those of the back, maintain contraction for a very long period, while other long and rapidly moving muscles, as those of the arm, are greatly fatigued by being contracted firmly for a long period, sometimes even for a few minutes. Why may not the same be the case with the fibres of the brain? Why not indeed, except for the old proverbial reason '*de non apparentibus*,' etc? Nobody ever witnessed any thing of the kind in the case of the brain, any more than in that of the hair and nails, which have something of a fibrous appearance. The whole brain palpitates or starts, with the alternate action of the heart and arteries, just as the foot does, when one leg is rested over the knee of the other, and from the same cause. But no other motion was ever seen, so far as we remember, to take place in any mass of living nervous matter whatever, and the notion of the action of organs in any sense, that can be applied to a material structure, is pure hypothesis.

The term development, therefore, we are compelled to regard here as one of those words given to men to conceal their thoughts. When we speak of the greater or less development of an organ, we mean no more, than that it is larger, or smaller, and the size is only to be estimated in the long diameter. The phrenologists say, no. Let us but put a case. An individual of our acquaintance has a violent *penchant* for murdering little birds and calling it sport. Let us see if he has a large organ of destructiveness. Placing a plaster pattern before us, we ascertain the situation of this organ, and estimate the distance from the *medulla oblongata* to various points on its surface. So far the process is comparatively easy. It may be performed with an instrument. We are next to get the base, and this must be either proportional to the pattern, or greater, or less. If it is either of the two latter, how is the fact to be known? When, in practice, we have ever succeeded in bringing the question to this point, we have generally begun to hear

something about the *tactus eruditus*, for which we had, of course, no reply.

In a word, try the question as we will, we find ourselves driven back to Gall's original ground,—that of the mere projection of different parts of the skull within given and proportional areas. And that these coincide with particular points of character, we consider as a point negatived by direct consequence from the admissions of phrenologists.

Let us, however, follow out the matter patiently. Let us admit, for the present, that there are no such difficulties in the way, as the difference between the outer and inner surfaces of the skull, a fact of which any one may satisfy himself by passing a piece of the bone between his thumb and finger. Let us leave these out of the case, and in the very teeth of our senses of sight and touch, let us suppose that skulls are, as to their outer and inner surfaces, equal and parallel. Let us enter with a humble teachableness the schools of Phrenology. We are first pointed to a head, in which a particular organ is large. Large and small being relative terms, we naturally set about examining different heads to settle an average or standard. This method of proceeding, however, is cut short by the remark, that the size of organs is not to be estimated by the organs of other heads, but by those of the same head. The destructiveness is large, in comparison to the benevolence, which is small. This attempt to escape from the difficulties of an average standard, we take to be utterly futile. There is no escape at all. Organs, of course, compared with each other, are necessarily large, or small. Thus if we judge from the plaster busts, the organ of destructiveness in any man's head is always larger than the organ of music. The question, in any particular case, is not whether the organ of destructiveness is absolutely large, compared to the organ of benevolence, but how the excess of the former over the normal standard compares with the excess or deficiency of the latter in regard to the same standard. There is no such thing as getting along without such a standard, or understanding a relation in one of its terms. The only philosophical mode of trying these experiments, is by means of the craniometer of Mr. Combe. Measure the diameter of the organs fairly,—express them in numbers and enter them in tables. We had some little experience in this way some years since, and we wish nothing worse to Phrenology, than that its converts should follow this practice

over a few of the *crania* of their acquaintance. It will never abide inches and decimals; that they may lay their account with. The objections of its shrewder advocates to practices of this sort is evidence enough to us, if any were wanting, of the inferences they are likely to lead to.

Records of this sort might read thus. 'Head A. B. Combativeness 6,—acquisitiveness 5,—caution 10. Remarks,—naturally courageous and fond of money,—but so very cautious, that nothing will induce him to resist imposition,—and has never been able to satisfy himself sufficiently of the safety of any mode of investing money to induce him to accumulate it, so that he passes for a coward and a spendthrift. But Phrenology discloses his true character. Gall once saw a man, &c. &c.' Indeed this mode is so natural and obvious, that it requires more charity, than we are possessed of, to believe, that such modes of investigation have not often been tried and found wanting. Till the records of some such experiments are produced, phrenologists ought not to be surprised, if plain and unambitious believers in weights and measures occasionally show some restiveness under the positive and perpetual dogmatism about the results of experience, and the great array of facts. What is the use of the whole of them, if they do not enable one to answer a plain man's plain question, what is the average size in men of the organ of veneration?

We have thus far gone upon the supposition that there are no natural boundaries to the organs; there is, as we noticed above, one exception to this, the *cerebellum.* This, as we understand it, is a distinct organ, the seat of a distinct propensity, and it is remarkable that it affords us an opportunity of applying the test of experience directly and fatally. The anatomical reader will find, in Ferussac's Bulletin for October, 1831, under *Medical Sciences*, the details of a case, in which this part of the *encephalon did not exist at all*, while the propensity was rather remarkably developed. So much for showing us the boundaries of the organs; and so much for the difficulties, which embarrass the first step of Phrenology, the simple and mechanical question, whether any organ is large or small. We trust it will not be necessary to dwell much on the next, —the process of ascertaining the true character of any individual. Even to those every-day and matter-of-fact people, who content themselves with judging of character by words and actions, we scarcely find two, who will agree about this in

any individual case; but when we have superadded the phrenological refinement, that a man's natural and constitutional tendencies, as indicated by organs, may be different from his real and acquired character, we have nothing left us for it but to wonder and admire. Truth is mighty and truly it needs to be.

The difficulty then, in our view of the matter, with Phrenology, is the utter absence of any evidence in favor of it. But may it not be true, that the differences of the qualities of mind may correspond with those, which exist between certain portions of the head? Certainly, and also in those between certain portions of the palm of the hand. No doubt people have always been ready to fancy some such things. Such notions are as old as the world. The ancients, however, were disposed to confine the intellectual part of man to the head, and to associate the moral part, the affections, with other organs; and certainly with vastly more reason. That the heart, and not the head, is the organ of hope, fear, or love, if organs they must have, seems to us really a pretty defensible position. Will any man in his senses undertake to defend the claims of any part of a man's head to influence his moral character, against those of his stomach? Dyspepsia herself would smile at the notion. Is not a large heart the proverbial emblem of courage, and a white liver that of cowardice? If Phrenology were, what the phrase truly and literally imports, the doctrine of the diaphragm, we might find some savor in it.

It has been a common accident in the affairs of this world, that researches, of which the real and avowed object was sufficiently absurd and puerile, have produced incidental results of great importance. The treasure has not been found, indeed, but the field has yielded its own harvest. Many, who readily admit the deficiency of evidence in regard to the peculiar and distinctive character of Phrenology, have nevertheless persuaded themselves that the labors of its advocates have effected many valuable collateral results. We believe that such notions are in a great measure, if not altogether, gratuitous. So utterly vague are the statements on this point, that it is not easy to rebut them in any other way, than by a round denial. We shall endeavor, however, to consider them a little more particularly under the three following heads:—Valuable discoveries in anatomy; Improvements in systems of education; Improvements in the theory and practice of medicine.

1. *Discoveries in Anatomy.* We apprehend, that these cannot be considered as of very clear and decided importance, so long as their reality is disputed by eminent anatomists; as it is admitted that they are of a nature of which few can judge, except those laborious amateurs, who have devoted a long period of time and attention to the subject; and so long as nobody professes to draw any practical inference from them, supposing Phrenology to be out of the question. As to this anatomical matter, indeed, it may not be amiss to say a few words here respecting the article in the Edinburgh Review alluded to above, and a supposed refutation of it in the Foreign Quarterly, which was thought by the phrenologists so conclusive, that they reprinted it in a pamphlet form. The latter article evinces an utter ignorance of the whole matter in dispute. The writer, the same gentleman, we believe, who once made the trifling *faux pas* of publishing an analysis of a simple substance, the metal palladium, declares, with great solemnity, that the fibrous structure of the brain was triumphantly proved against the assertions of the Edinburgh Review. Now this fibrous structure, or fibrous appearance of portions of the brain, when dissected in a particular way, was never disputed, or doubted by the reviewer. It has been long known to anatomists, and descriptions of it were published before Gall was born. The assertions of the reviewer were, that although it was probable that the white matter of the brain consists entirely of minute fibres, which could be made very evident in many parts, by artificial hardening, yet that no such complete and general system as that of the diverging and converging fibres could be demonstrated, if at all, in the recent brain; that the convolutions did not consist of two equal halves or layers, which divided, other things being equal, more easily in the middle than elsewhere, and that the *corpora dentata* and *olivaria* were not masses of gray matter, but of white matter, enclosed in a brown capsule. These were the important points, and they have never yet been disproved, and we are humbly of opinion never will be. It is true that the language of the article was rather rough, and the inferences disagreeably significant, but when people assert that a part of the brain is gray, which every body, who examines, knows to be white, it cannot be considered an overstrained inference that they never saw it. For our own part, we cannot be perfectly satisfied of the reality and undoubted claim of the great

apostles of Phrenology to more than one discovery, and that is the swelling in the spinal marrow of the calf. Of how much importance that is to be, time, we presume, will show.

Improvements in Education. Education is of two kinds, physical, and intellectual or moral. As to the importance of the former, and the evils of neglecting it, particularly in females, phrenologists seem to claim the investigation, if not the discovery of it, as their peculiar merit. The medical profession may well consider this as the unkindest cut of all. 'We preach forever,' they may exclaim, 'but we preach in vain; do not deprive us of the poor merit of having preached at all. That you did not pay the slightest attention to our precepts is bad enough; spare us the additional insult of denying that they were ever delivered.' This claim, indeed, we consider too utterly preposterous to deserve serious attention.

Of that part of education, which is intellectual and moral, we are at a loss to see that any thing can be peculiar to Phrenology. There seems, indeed, to be an intimation, that by cultivating and strengthening any particular propensity, we also increase and develope the organ. Now our own opinion is, that the evidence in favor of the fact, that the human brain does not increase after the age of seven, is vastly stronger, than any we have seen adduced for any phrenological fact whatever. But passing this by, we observe, that the object and end of education being to strengthen, or weaken, as the case may be, particular faculties or propensities, and it being admitted on all hands, that we can so operate upon them; it seems to us a most barren question, whether the organ is, or is not developed. The effect upon the mental quality is what we wish for, and this result being obtained, of what consequence is the state of the organ? If we make our children religious and benevolent, by proper instruction and discipline, and every one admits that we can, the organs may shrink or swell at their own pleasure or that of the phrenologists, it matters not to us. The insinuated notion is, that we have some mode of directly treating the organs, other than the usual mode of operating upon the mind, through the medium of the senses. But it is only an insinuation, and to be ranked, in our opinion, with the solemn shakes of the head and oracular generalities, with which such worthies as Bampfylde the Second used to clench the ready credulity of the faithful. We have one objection to the phrenological system of education, or rather to

the language of the books, which profess to contain it,—for we can find little system of any kind. There seems to us to be a little too much of that excessive charity about it, which weeps over the sufferings of the atrocious malefactor, and is especially anxious, lest the strict execution of the laws should encroach a little on the rights of scoundrels. The direct and necessary conclusion from Phrenology, in our view of it, is that great allowance should be made in cases of crime, which indeed we should rather incline to regard as evidence of insanity, or organic derangement; and though such a conclusion is not distinctly perceived by phrenologists,—certainly not by all of them,—some very decided approaches to it seem to us to appear in the 'Elementary Principles of Education,' of which, indeed, the whole tendency, in our view, is to diminish the horror of guilt. The motto, 'principles not men,' has often served as a decent disguise for the most slavish truckling,—and we believe that it is in like manner possible to refine away our objections to wicked agents into an impersonality of crime, which, as it can have no existence, can excite little horror and no alarm. Every thing is to be treated gently. It is wrong to believe that infanticide is a more unnatural crime, than any other murder; because 'the *natural* love of offspring is very weak in some women.'—*Elementary Principles*, &c. p. 311,—and again,—

'*Ques.* Is incest a crime against natural morality?
Ans. It appears to be so; for those families, of which the near relations intermarry, degenerate.' *Philos. Cat.*, p. 86.

In a word, ultra Epicureanism is the distinguishing trait of phrenological notions of education,—the question is as old as the world,—and we are persuaded that the experience of mankind is altogether against this system.

Improvements in the theory and practice of medicine. These, as we understand the matter, are confined to one department,—that of Insanity. We have endeavored, in this case, as in some others, to draw from the cloudy oracles some enunciation of the exact nature of the phrenological pretensions, but with indifferent success. If it be meant to maintain, that, in this calamitous affection, the bodily system always suffers some kind of derangement, often remediable, at least to some extent,—and that the improvement of this will often remedy and always ameliorate the mental difficulty; if, we repeat, this

be all that is meant, we incline to admit, that such is truly the case, but we cannot admit that phrenologists have any claim to the discovery, or that they have ever made any addition to the amount of knowledge derived from other sources. But the pretence, or rather the insinuation is, that phrenologists have shown that the precise deficiency in such cases exists in particular cerebral organs, and that they have pointed out new and efficacious modes of remedying them.

The evidence of the first of these positions is obviously the general evidence of Phrenology, and no more, and this we have already considered as nothing. As to the second, let us see what a zealous disciple, Dr. Caldwell, says about it.

'May not the brain by suitable discipline be amended in another very important point? May not such a happy change be produced in it as to efface its tendency, when it exists, to hereditary madness? From this question no physiologist will be likely to withhold an affirmative answer. And although he may be unwilling to speak confidently, because *the experiment has never yet been fairly made*, he will not deny that all analogy favors the belief.' *True Mode, &c.* p. 41.

We have only to observe in reply to all this, that a claim which rests on analogy, without any experiment, is a pure hypothesis,—and as, in our opinion, analogy is against it, we should scarcely think of making any experiment. But supposing we were to think otherwise, how are we to proceed? Dr. Caldwell shall answer.

'But to attain the end, the means must be skilfully and steadily applied. Am I asked for a recital of them? I reply that they must differ in different cases; and time does not permit me to refer to any of them. The enlightened phrenologist will have no difficulty in discovering and employing them. *And none but a phrenologist can have a just conception of the philosophy, prevention or treatment of madness. Nor ought any other to pretend to them.*' *True Mode, &c.* p. 41-2.

Such a decision, from such authority, must of course settle the question.

There is, we had nearly forgotten it, one other claim, which is occasionally set up to incidental merit. We mean that of the improvement of mental philosophy. The leading principle of this improvement has to us mightily the air of an

advance backward. The common opinion at all times has distinguished numerous states or faculties of the mind, so exhibited as to go towards the formation of character, and which have borne the names of love of approbation, love of wealth, and so forth. The labors of mental philosophers have been directed towards simplifying these, by reducing them to as few elementary principles as may be barely sufficient to explain the phenomena, and towards tracing the manner in which those secondary qualities, which constitute the endless varieties of character, may have been formed, in obedience to the laws of association, from the few elements and differences which are really original. The phrenologists save themselves this labor by deciding, that these secondary qualities are original. Now we doubt not that such a position may be ingeniously defended, for what position in metaphysics may not? but as to claiming it as a discovery, we think it would be about as reasonable to claim as such, the notion that the sun rolls over us from East to West, and to stigmatise as a scholastic absurdity, the notion that it stands well nigh stock still in the centre of the system, while our planet, with all the bustling crowds that cover it, spins round periodically under its beams.

We may notice appropriately here a species of evidence of Phrenology, which may be truly called metaphysical. It is occasionally asserted, that we are conscious of thinking in our heads, and we remember one learned gentleman, who, in the warmth of his zeal, declared that he was conscious that he studied metaphysics with one part of his head and enjoyed poetry and light reading with the other. To such an astounding proposition we could have little to reply, and though some odd associations about physic and farces might have crossed our minds, we could but bow in submission to such unanswerable evidence.

It will be seen from our remarks, that we renounce Phrenology with all its discoveries peculiar and incidental, simply because we can find nothing in support of them, which deserves the name of evidence, and because there is no position peculiar to this science, that can be made the subject of experiment, of which the fallacy cannot easily be shown. And here we might leave it, were it not that we have graver charges against it.

It is no uncommon circumstance in the history of a doctrine, that whilst in the hands of its original inventors the necessary

consequences were guarded by conditions and reservations, that rendered it harmless and inoperative, it becomes in those which receive it with less discrimination, a most demoralizing instrument. There is hardly any doctrine, we admit, which the folly or wickedness of man may not pervert. But perversion is to be distinguished from a probable effect upon ordinary minds, and that effect, in the case of some of the works before us, seems to us of a pretty obvious character. The philosophy of the Philosophical Catechism differs little from that of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Holbach, and others of the skeptical school of the last century. There is something more indeed of respect for the present state of public opinion. The necessary inferences are not always so clearly shadowed out, but the general drift appears to us substantially the same.

The following questions and answers in the Philosophical Catechism may possibly startle some, who are looking forward with sanguine expectation to the general prevalence of Phrenology and its avowed consequences.

'*Ques.* What is the touchstone by which the excellence of a law, styled revealed, or any interpretation of it may be tried?

Ans. Laws styled revealed, and interpretations of them are perfect in proportion as they harmonize with the laws of the Creator, or possess the characteristics of a natural law.'

This is not quite so broad, but it has much the same apparent drift, to our notions, with the following passages in Paine's Age of Reason.

'There may be many systems of religion, but there can be but one that is true, and that one must, as it ever will, be consistent with the ever existing word of God, *that we behold in his works.* But such is the strange construction of the Christian faith,' &c. &c.

'Does not the creation, the universe we behold, preach to us the existence of an Almighty power that governs and regulates the whole, and is not the evidence that this creation holds out to our senses infinitely stronger than any thing we can read in a book, that any impostor might make and call it the word of God?'

Again.

'*Ques.* Is this source (revelation) fertile in results?

Ans. Yes, by far the greater number of religious systems have

been received as revelations: the divinities of the ancients, and the Deity, by whatever title designated, of the moderns, are reputed to have manifested their will, whether directly or indirectly, to man. Judges in Israel, Druids among the Celts, Incas among the Peruvians,—in a word, a priesthood have always been the interpreters of the celestial decrees.'

Compare this with the following from Paine.

'All the conceptions that have taken place in theology and religion have been produced by admitting what man calls revealed religion,—it has had always its oracles and priests, who were supposed to receive and deliver the word of God verbally, on almost all occasions. Since then the corruptions, &c.; the most effectual means to prevent these is not to admit of any other revelation than that which is manifested in the book of Creation.'

Once more:

'*Ques.* Why do the priesthood so commonly oppose the use of reason?

Ans. Because blind belief, while it prevents discussion, renders their calling more imposing and more easy.

Ques. What advantage is there in proposing laws to men as divine revelations?

Ans. It disposes them powerfully to obedience.

Ques. Is belief necessary in any wise?

Ans. Yes, but if religious doctrines be imposed as obligations, the articles of belief should be reasonable and just.

Ques. In what does the marvellous part of Christianity consist?

Ans. It includes whatever is incomprehensible, the nature of God, the creation of the world by his will, his influence upon his creatures, and communication with men, the birth and miraculous actions of Jesus, the immortality of the soul, and the rewards and punishments in the life to come.

Ques. This part of Christianity requires belief?

Ans. It depends entirely upon belief; for the points of which it is composed cannot be submitted to present observations.'

Compare with this the following.

'*Ques.* Is belief the best means of proving the truth of a revealed system of religion?

Ans. It is certain that all religions whatsoever are propped on belief. It is equally certain that belief depends on feelings rather than on intellect, and that men are very ready to believe

when their tastes are flattered, and they are met by promises, that are agreeable to their desires. From this it is evident that *simple belief cannot demonstrate the truth of any however generally accredited system of religion.*

Ques. Is there a difference between the belief in the natural laws and that of Christianity?

Ans. Those who merely believe in the fixed order of nature admit in the Creator a regard to general good rather than an affection for individuals. They find the natural laws operating with an inflexible steadiness, and never varying to meet the wants of individuals, whilst Christianity represents God as a father, endowed with parental tenderness towards his offspring and pardoning the sinner. Further, the belief in the ordinary course of Providence does not clearly conceive the reality of a future existence, whilst Christianity promises and assures us of immortality.

Ques. Is partial love commanded by natural morality?

Ans. Natural morality recognises no one species of exclusive love as a supreme law; love of native land is admitted, but still as subordinate to universal love. Partiality is an attribute of the animal nature, general love of proper humanity alone.'

As Christianity *depends entirely on belief*, and as *simple belief cannot demonstrate the truth of any system of religion*, it follows of necessity, that in the opinion of the learned doctor, the truth of Christianity cannot be proved. We add a few of the questions and answers on the subject of Marriage and Property, which are about as edifying as those on Religion.

'*Ques.* Is marriage, or union for life, an institution of nature?

Ans. Yes; even animals, especially many birds, are united for the term of their lives, and man is so likewise, in obedience to a law, which inheres in the faculty of attachment, and *this is common to himself and the lower animals.*

Ques. Is Divorce permitted by a natural morality?

Ans. Yes! The couples, which have no family, or which cannot provide for the children they may have, in as far as justice requires, do well to separate rather than continue to live together in perpetual warfare. The consequences, which follow ill-assorted unions, are much more serious to the parties, to their children, and to society at large, than such as attend on divorce: were the sexes what they ought to be, there would, indeed, be no occasion for divorce. The conjugal union would then, without any re-

straint, terminate with life. In the mean time, divorce should be attainable, seeing that the social institutions ought to be the sources of happiness and not of misery. And whatever lessens happiness and causes misery is evil and contrary to nature.

Ques. Is it agreeable, or contrary to natural morality, to amass great wealth?

Ans. No one can accumulate riches without doing injury to his neighbor and violence to the natural moral law, which says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The moral law gives "their daily bread" to all who employ the talents they possess, but it gives no more.

Ques. Has the word *theft* the same meaning in the civil as the natural code?

Ans. Natural morality declares many actions to be thefts, which are permitted by civil laws. Every one, according to the first, deserves the name of thief, who does not love his neighbor as himself; *he for instance, who amasses wealth by means of the industry of others.*

Ques. Is every one capable of deciding about religious truth?

Ans. No more than every person is able to judge of arts and sciences. The great bulk of mankind is only fit to learn; *happy therefore, the flock, under the shepherd who attends to their welfare.*'

It seems to us sufficiently clear, from these extracts, that however the conclusion may be evaded by the convenient phrase, 'Pure Christianity,'—the doctrines of that work are entirely incompatible with any kind of Christianity, that we have any notion of; and it is equally clear that these doctrines are legitimate deductions from the phrenological premises, as far as we can understand them. Considering therefore that there is no evidence of the truth of Phrenology, and a good deal in favor of Christianity, we incline to prefer the latter. Christian philosophers have united to condemn in the strongest terms systems of the character of that developed in the Philosophical Catechism, as the products of the skeptical philosophy, which, less than half a century since, arrayed a ferocious mob in undistinguishing hostility to the altar and the Deity. The soil of enlightened republicanism, indeed, is less favorable to it; but there are patches perhaps to be found, in which the seed of the Catechism may find nourishment, and spring up in dark and deadly luxuriance; and we may reasonably pause ere we scatter it abroad.

It is true, indeed, that the temporary ascendency of the skeptical philosophy is often a natural result of the activity of

the reasoning powers. It occurs as a pretty regular result of particular circumstances. It happens to young gentlemen of the sophomore classes in our universities; to leading members of third rate debating societies, to persons who have just perused the works of Thomas Paine after having been brought up with a sort of respect for the Bible, to that very large class of individuals, in short, whose inexperience leads them hastily to conclude, that what seems to them new, ingenious and unanswerable, is, and must be so to all the world, if the said world could only be induced to pay attention to the subject. In many cases of this sort, we regard the matter much as we do a case of measles or chin-cough in our families. We pity the subject, to be sure, but not with any very strong feeling, since these things must happen in the common course of nature, once in one's life, and we have little doubt he will get safely through with them. It is quite otherwise, however, when from the age, or debility of the subject, or from the malignant character of the particular epidemic, there appears to be any reason to dread, that the patient, even if he recover at all, may have his constitution impaired for life. At any rate, while, as we observed above, these things are to be submitted to when they come, we believe few will be found, who consider it prudent deliberately to expose their children or friends to them, or altogether to neglect any means of ameliorating threatening symptoms, or getting the patient through as quickly and easily as possible.

We have thus endeavored to express our opinions on the merits, direct and incidental, of Phrenology. It remains to offer some explanation of its rise and progress. This seems to us to be simple. The history of one physiological or medical delusion is mainly the history of all. Quackery of any kind needs but one requisite,—boldness. Of this, phrenological writers have shown no lack, and their temporary success in most places has been correspondent. We conceive that the first propagators of this doctrine seized upon a very loose and hasty generalization as a certain truth; and whipped up their hobby with a zeal, which, in the dense and motley population of Europe, insured success. In those countries, it matters little whether a man promises to discover character by the bumps on the head, or the lines of the hand, to fly over a church steeple, or get into a quart bottle; so long as he asserts his position manfully, he will always find believers. Fortunately for the craniologists, they happened to select as the basis of

their revelation two subjects, the mind and the brain, concerning which men have always been vexed with an eager curiosity, without any means of gratifying it; on which philosophers have disputed for ages, without getting much nearer to any point. The first success was proportionally great, and the projectors could not help being confirmed in their opinions; we see the same result every day. A man timidly proclaims an opinion, but as soon as a by-stander assents to it, re-asserts it with an air of decision. As experiments were produced to controvert the original positions, they were gradually modified, till the enunciators were fairly ensconced behind the secure rampart of metaphysical abstraction. Safe in these cloudy recesses from utter rout, and carefully eschewing mechanical measurements, they have held on their way rejoicing, finding every where mouths to gape at, and heads to be addled by their intangible mystifications.

The confident belief to which a man may work himself up by repeated assertion, will easily account for the sincere zeal, which every one has witnessed in the supporters of this, as of many other unfounded assumptions, and there is one powerful cause of deception, which it lately occurred to us to notice, in the course of some experiments on this subject. The conclusions, which we are apt to regard as direct results of sensation, are in reality, in most cases, judgments. Look at the vane on the top of a steeple, and it appears small. Place the same vane at exactly the same distance from the eye in a horizontal direction, and it is magnified to twice or perhaps four times the size. The reason is that, in the latter case, it is compared with objects, of which we know the real size from experience. Something of this sort takes place in looking at the heads of our neighbors. We judge of them by an unobserved comparison with their necks, faces, and general appearance. Dr. Wollaston has ingeniously illustrated one effect of this sort of delusion, with regard to the direction of the eyes in portraits; and our readers will be surprised to perceive, how different in many cases are the results of the measurement of heads from their apparent size and formation. Of the importance of the evidence of physiognomy no one doubts, and, by a sort of law of contraries, this is pressed into the service of Phrenology. A large sensual face, with projecting jaws, makes the forehead appear small and retreating, a delicate and refined one throws the forehead forward in relief, and so on. Of the evidence of the eyes

in this matter we think but little, especially when those eyes are affected with the malady of not marking objectionable points; and we attribute much of the success of Phrenology to this very cause.

Of the principal phrenological writers, including Gall and Spurzheim, and with one exception in favor of Mr. Combe, who appears to us to have allowed his natural acuteness and professional tendency to hair-splitting to bias his better judgment, we can say with sincerity, that to judge from their works, they are alike deficient in learning and accuracy. They appear to us to have picked up by casual association with well-informed persons, a mass of odds and ends of information, which they have engrafted on their system, without much solicitude about their exact fitness. They have been at the feast of learning and stolen the scraps.

The convenient paganism of ancient Rome, in her march towards universal dominion, took care, that the worshipper every where should find his own Deity among the Gods of the empire. And in like manner this doctrine is ready to adopt without scruple whatever any body happens to think wise and interesting, and call it Phrenology, careless so long as a multitude can be found to throw up their caps at the word of their leader, whether they know or believe the peculiar doctrines, whether they worship the hawk-billed divinities of Dendera, or the Jupiter of the Capitol.

Another peculiarity of these doctrines is, that depending more upon the imagination than the judgment of their disciples, they dwell more upon the grand prospects of Phrenology, than its actual results; upon the path which it opens, rather than the path which it has trod. Some amusing observer of human nature, we believe the author of William Meister, makes his hero, in his youthful days, dwell with exceeding interest upon his preparations for a theatrical entertainment, and devote a great deal of time to arranging for results, about which, when the period arrived, he was utterly indifferent; and thus it is with the grown up children of Phrenology;—their home is the land of fancy, rather than of fact: as Johnson said of Macklin's conversation, it is a perpetual renewal of hope, with constant disappointment. There is a continual heaving and straining at the foundations, without the least advance towards a superstructure; it is all promise and no performance,—all action and no go.

ART. IV.—*Cushing's Reminiscences of Spain.*

1. *Reminiscences of Spain, the Country, its People, History and Monuments.* By CALEB CUSHING. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston. 1833.
2. *Letters descriptive of public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain.* 2 vols. 12mo. Newburyport. 1832.

WE are glad to perceive, among those of our countrymen who have occasion to visit foreign parts, an increasing disposition to communicate to the public, in one way or another, on their return, the result of their observations. Within the last five or six years, a very considerable number of works of this description have been published among us, many of them of great value. We may instance, particularly, the Year in Spain by Lieut. Slidell, and Mr. Irving's beautiful sketches of the same country. Considering how remote that once celebrated kingdom is from the ordinary track of travellers, it may appear a little singular, that we should have, in the works now before us,—two more descriptions of it, which, in interest and substantial merit, will very well bear a comparison with those that have preceded them. We feel ourselves under a more than ordinary obligation to take an early notice of the labors of Mr. Cushing, inasmuch as we have long had the honor of reckoning him among our contributors. Two of the best articles in his work,—which have for their subjects the lives of Columbus, and of Amerigo Vespucci,—are in fact reprinted, with some variations, from the pages of this journal.

In presenting the results of his visit to Spain, Mr. Cushing has not adopted the form of a simple and direct narrative, but has moulded them into a sort of miscellany, made up of historical and geographical sketches, moral essays, tales and poems. In taking this course, he probably had an eye to the brilliant success of Mr. Irving's Sketch Book, which has exercised a pretty strong influence upon the direction of our whole contemporary literature. It is rather a dangerous experiment, —as we had occasion to remark in our notice of another recent publication,—for a young author to bring himself into direct comparison with a justly popular model, but if he have merit

enough to sustain this test, the honor is of course so much the greater. Mr. Cushing, if he have not, on this first essay, surpassed, or even fully equalled, his distinguished exemplar, has produced a work which will be read with great pleasure, and which, should he continue to devote himself to letters, holds out a high promise of future excellence. The best parts are, we think, the descriptions of places and persons: the least successful are the poems, which are yet not without considerable merit. They are mostly translations from the Spanish, and exhibit in some instances a remarkable facility of versification. The tales are very interesting, particularly Isabel of Castile, which had already appeared in the Token under the title of the Stolen Match, and Garci Perez. The moral essays, though a little too loosely connected with what must be regarded as the real subject of the work, are full of just thoughts and generous sentiments. We proceed to offer some extracts, as specimens of the different styles of composition to which we have just alluded.

The following passage contains a description of the Convent of *San Lorenzo el Real*, commonly called, from the name of the village in its immediate neighborhood, the Escorial, which is regarded by every true-born Spaniard as the tenth wonder of the world.

'San Lorenzo is built of a dark, gray granite. It consists of a vast assemblage of buildings, so constructed as to represent the humble utensil of a gridiron, it being that which served as the instrument of the martyrdom of Saint Lawrence. It might seem to require some ingenuity to construct an edifice on such a model; but Juan Bautista escaped all difficulty by turning the gridiron upside down; and after that every thing was easy of arrangement. The edifice consists of an oblong square, divided into chequers by buildings which cross each other at right angles, thus making a great number of interior courts, and figuring forth the bars of the gridiron. Towers, distributed with symmetry and taste at the angles, are the legs of the instrument; and a range of building, which stretches out from one of the fronts of the main edifice, and is used as the royal habitation, represents the handle. Fantastic and absurd as such a model might appear to be, the skill of the artist has removed all traces of bad taste from the work as executed; and the sublime proportions and sumptuous decorations of the edifice are suitable to the most pure and classical design.

'Some persons, says Laborde, who have never viewed this

monument of the piety, grandeur, magnificence, pride, and perhaps fear of Philip II., have ascribed to it whatever an excited imagination could suggest of ridiculous and false: they have multiplied, beyond reason, the number of its gates, windows, pilasters, and columns; they have lavished upon it gold, silver, porphyry, precious stones, ornaments the most diversified, delicate, and rich, with unstinted prodigality. Others, directed by unjust prejudices, have seen in it nothing but enormous and confused piles of stone, a heavy, monotonous, fatiguing mass, without taste or elegance. They have alike erred in their estimation of its merits. The Escorial, without being a marvel, is nevertheless a beautiful, noble, majestic edifice, imposing by its mass, astonishing by the riches it contains, remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its execution, and worthy, by its magnificence, of the greatness of the monarch who caused it to be constructed. And the judgment, thus passed upon it by Laborde, seems to me to be dictated by good sense and sound taste, and entirely conformable to the truth.

'There is, within the walls of the Escorial, such a multitude of courts, galleries, and passages, that it would be vain for a stranger to attempt to find his way through the more public parts of the edifice. We therefore obtained, at the *fonda*, a guide to conduct us to the cell of the father, Fray Antonio Guadalupe, whose appointed duty it was to attend visiters through the various apartments; and this guide, strange as it may seem, was a blind man, a hanger-on at the *fonda*, who cheerfully afforded us his services for a trifling reward. Our guide led us directly to the proper gate of entrance, and through a long arched passage into the interior, and thence into the *patios* of the monastery, numerous as they are, with a precision altogether wonderful. He knew all the doors which led to this or that place, the cells of the different friars, the sacristy, staircases, and other localities, and arrived at them without hesitation or uncertainty. Even windows, which opened upon particular prospects or spots of interest, he selected and raised, just as if he possessed the use of sight. It so happened that Fray Antonio was not in his cell at the moment; and in seeking or waiting for him, our blind leader conducted us over a very considerable portion of the edifice, entertaining us meanwhile with his explanations and remarks.

'Students of the college were loitering in one of the courts, as I suffered some expressions of impatience to escape me, on finding that it was necessary to trouble one of the fathers to accompany us, and that he was not at hand. The by-standers appeared anxious that a foreigner should have no cause of complaint or dissatisfaction in visiting the place, and several of them hastened

away in different directions to look for Fray Antonio, lest any imputation of discourtesy should rest upon the house. In fact, the arrangement is not a very convenient one for strangers, who are continually arriving, and would find it agreeable to be attended by a *cicerone*, whose time they might command without scruple and for a price. Or, if the good fathers deem it unfit their house should be shown, as it were, for money, a *Suisse* might be employed in this task, as in the palaces and other public establishments in France. But, in Spain, they have different notions of these things; and why should we complain of arrangements, the reasons of which we may not perfectly comprehend, and which, at any rate, are designed in a hospitable and friendly spirit?

'Certain it is, that when Father Guadalupe at last made his appearance, and especially after becoming acquainted with him, I deeply reproached myself for having indulged in a single word or sentiment of impatience upon the subject. He expressed his regret, on account of the delay we had suffered, in the most amiable and cordial manner, and instantly won upon my regard, by the mild and gentle yet intellectual cast of his clear pale face, his tall erect form and air of dignity, so entirely free from the gross and sensual appearance, which I have observed too often among the monks of Madrid. Under his guidance, and with Bermejo's minute *Descripcion de San Lorenzo* in my hand, I gave up myself to the gratification of examining, too cursorily indeed, the grandeur and riches of this noble edifice.

'San Lorenzo abounds in splendid pictures of the great masters, in canvass and fresco. Most of them are in good preservation, although some of the paintings in fresco are injured by damp, and not a few of the large pieces in the open galleries have been disfigured, partly by the French, but still more by idle and ill-bred youths placed here for education, who, in the same wretched spirit of vulgar mischief, which is apt to disgrace the inmates of other places of instruction, have scratched, defaced, or written upon the lower part of the panels. France, it would seem, is almost the only country, where the young and uneducated pay such entire respect to these national monuments of art, that nothing need be apprehended from rendering them freely accessible to all classes and ages.

'Of these paintings, such as are in fresco, that is, upon the interior walls and vaulted ceilings of the Escorial, in the chapel, library, sacristy, cloister, and stair-cases, and of course painted for the special decoration of the edifice, are of the highest merit and by eminent masters, such as Carducho, Giordano, Pellegrino dei Pellegrini, and Caravajal. But splendid as are these

works of art, they are surpassed by the multitudes of exquisite productions of all the great masters of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, suspended in different parts of the monastery and palace. Here are the master-pieces of Navarrete, surnamed El Mudo, of Ribera, Carducho, Coello, Caravajal, among the Spaniards; celebrated works of Raphael, Albert Durer, Titian, Carducho, El Greco, Coxie, Rubens, Pellegrino, Sebastian del Piombo, Tintoretto, Vandyck, Guido Reni, Guercino, Leonardo da Vinci, Giordano, Paul of Verona, and I know not how many others of the eminent names in the art of painting. There are single apartments, which, independent of all the rest, suffice to form splendid galleries of the very highest order of selectness and richness. Such is the sacristy, containing, among other pieces, Our Lady of the Rosary by Murillo, the Visitation of Saint Elisabeth by Raphael, an Agnus Dei by the same artist, his unrivalled picture of the Virgin, familiarly known as the Pearl, the Interment by Ribera, and exquisite pieces by Leonardo, Titian, Tintoretto, and Guido. Such also is the old or temporary chapel, where, in company worthy of it, hangs the celebrated picture by Raphael, denominated La Virgen del Pez, or Our Lady of the Fish. I am aware that I do but recount the names of artists and their works; but to describe their beauties would occupy a volume; and in speaking of the Escorial, it would be treason to genius which the world admires, to omit to designate some of these its greatest productions.

'Of the statuary, sculptures, columns, and other architectural ornaments, why should I attempt to speak? Here is a vast edifice, seven hundred forty-four Castilian feet in length and five hundred eighty in breadth, filled with objects of interest in these branches of arts! and instead of attempting to particularize them, let us repair to the church, which affords the best idea of the general style of architecture and ornament adopted in the Escorial. Imagine a temple three hundred twenty feet in length and two hundred thirty in breadth, surmounted by an immense dome rising three hundred thirty feet above the pavement, constructed of solid blocks of stone, abounding with statues, pictures, columns, and every thing which can render a place of worship imposing, and you will then obtain some general idea of this majestic church. The greyish tint of the stone, and the sparing admission of light, contribute to awaken sombre emotions, allied to superstitious gloom; but the effect is withal grand, overpowering, I had almost said sublime; and it is while standing in the great nave, and gazing on the lofty vaults and heavy pillars and long lines of masonry, interrupted only by splendid pictures, or sumptuous mausoleums, or the magnificent altars and chapels, that

one learns to appreciate the Escorial. Viewing it without, we feel a sensation of disappointment, because we are compelled to compare it with the surrounding mountains: here, within the walls of its church, we judge of it, as we should of every work of human hands, by reference to ourselves and our own stature; —and here, therefore, we are overwhelmed with the sense of the grandeur of its conception and the nobleness of its effect.

'Here, as in other large churches, the choir, sanctuary, and chief altar, are the particular objects more especially deserving of attention, for their rich carvings, pictures, and statuary in stone or metal. The sanctuary contains two superb mausoleums. One, in honor of Charles V., is ornamented with five bronze statues, representing the Emperor armed, and clad in his imperial mantle, accompanied with the Empress Isabel, his daughter the Empress Maria, and his two sisters of France and Hungary. The other, of Philip II., consists of similar bronze statues of the king and three of his wives, Maria, Elizabeth, and Anna. The chief altar and its tabernacle are also extremely magnificent.

'Fray Antonio carried us to a small apartment, looking out upon the gardens, where many of the reliques belonging to the house are preserved. How much soever others may experience of reverence in viewing them, it was impossible for me, free as I was from the influences of Roman Catholic education and habits of mind, to regard them with lively interest except as objects of curiosity. But still I could not refuse to listen with respectful consideration to the explanations of Father Guadalupe; nor could I presume to deny the sincerity of his faith in their genuineness and their valuable qualities. Apart, indeed, from the miraculous property claimed for such reliques by the Roman church, the sentiment, which leads a Catholic to revere a fragment of the true cross, or to prize the remains of a saint, is a natural one, allied to our best feelings and principles. Do not men lay by, as memorials of the place, a leaf of laurel plucked in the gardens of Blenheim, a wheat-sheaf from the blood-fattened field of Waterloo, or a wild flower gathered at the tomb of Mount Vernon? Who may not have cherished even a lock of hair in memory of an absent or deceased friend? Let us exercise toleration that we may deserve to receive it; let us be just towards the opinions of others, if we would have them generous in respect of ours. We of the Protestant faith, especially in Old and New England, whose law-books contain or have contained so many penal provisions against Catholics, should be less prone than we are to condemn them for a spirit of persecution. And it argues little in favor of our own charity, that we so readily ascribe to superstition the peculiarities in religion of the Spaniards, and of

the vast body of Christians who accord with them in belief; and that we denounce their habitual respect for consecrated things as mere clerical imposition or art of interested men.

'The Escorial is rich in literary treasures. Its books are deposited in two noble and beautiful apartments. The principal library consists of printed works, arranged in a large hall, one hundred ninety-four feet in length, decorated with fluted columns and appropriate paintings. The second library is above the first, and of the same length, and contains, with many printed books, an invaluable collection of manuscripts. Among the manuscripts of the Escorial, are a Greek Bible of the Emperor Cantacuzene; manuscripts of Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, and other fathers; part of a rich Arabic library, captured in the reign of Philip III., from Zidan, King of Morocco; and a splendid copy of the Evangelists, written in letters of gold by order of the Emperor Conrad. There is a singularity in regard to the fine old volumes, which composed the original basis of the library. They are richly bound, and have the edge of the leaves gilded; and the title being printed on this gilt edge, the books are placed on the shelves with the front of the volume advanced to the eye instead of the back. In visiting this, as the other great libraries in Europe, one is forcibly struck with a sense of the treasures of calm enjoyment they contain, the advantages they afford for studious labor, the allurements to intellectual pursuit they hold forth, and the munificent means, which the scholar thus possesses, of associating with the mighty dead in the study of their writings, here in the very palace of kings. How poor, how mean, at such moments especially, appear all the feverish pursuits of gain, ambition, or corrupt pleasure, which occupy the world so intensely, —the senseless violence of party rancor, the wordy warfare of newspapers and public assemblies, the deadlier strife of the battle field! Who, if the consideration of our great duties as men and as members of society sanctioned it, but would choose the learned leisure of the Escorial or the Vatican, before the cares of government or fortune in Rome or Madrid?

'It remains only that I speak of the *Panteon*, that sumptuous but sad repository for the mortal remains of the monarchs of Spain, which surpasses all other portions of the Escorial in magnificence. It is a vault, so constructed under the church, that the priest, who officiates at the great altar, stands upon the key-stone of its arch. Descending twenty-five steps of granite, you arrive at the outer portal of the *Panteon*, ornamented with columns of marble with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, and two allegorical statues of bronze, and bearing a Latin inscription, indicative of the purposes of the place. Entering here, you pro-

ceed by thirty-four steps of polished marble, separated into stations or landing places, to the sepulchre itself. This whole passage is covered with marbles and jaspers of the richest quality and workmanship, with occasional ornaments of gilt bronze. From the last landing place, a side stair-case conducts you to a sepulchre called *Panteon de los Infantes*, designed for members of the royal family; the principal vault, called *Panteon de los Reyes*, being appropriated to crowned kings and to queens who have left posterity.

'The *Panteon de los Infantes* is a highly finished oblong apartment, thirty-six feet in length by sixteen in breadth, containing the bodies of upwards of fifty of the queens and children of the royal House of Spain. Here lies the unfortunate Don Carlos, slain by order of his father Philip II., on account of a supposed intimacy with his third wife, and the young Queen, Elizabeth, who also fell a victim of the same accusation; and their remains were deposited here on the same day, the first tenants of this chamber of death. Here are the three sons of Philip's fourth marriage, who one after the other were cut off in youth, as if in punishment of the cruel acts, which made way for their birth. Here is the celebrated Don Juan de Austria, an illegitimate son of Charles V., but the heir of his talents and of no small share of his fame. Here is the great Duc de Vendôme, natural son of Louis XIV., who, by his courage and conduct, could place his nephew, Philip of Anjou, on the throne of Spain, but, dying in the vigor of his days, gained for himself only a niche in the vaults of the Escorial. And here lie the successive wives of the seventh Ferdinand, good, amiable, and pure-hearted enough to have graced private life and to honor a throne, but each doomed to a childless bed and an early death, as if Heaven willed to save them from the infirmities of sex and the contamination of this world.

'But it is in the *Panteon de los Reyes* that all the luxury of funereal art has been exhausted. It is an octagon, thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty eight in height, composed of jasper, marble, and bronze. The door of entrance occupies one of the octangles, and the altar is placed in the opposite one; and the remaining six, separated by marble pilasters, contain twenty-four marble tombs supported on claws of bronze, which are destined to be the last temporal abiding places of those, to whom the wealth of the Indies and the power of Spain were all too little for contentment on earth. The floor is paved in marbles of diversified colors and in radiating lines like a star. Over head, the vault or cupola, pierced with eight windows, two of which admit a faint light, is decorated with bronze mouldings, and from it hangs a

beautiful chandelier. The altar, and all the other details of this royal grave, are of corresponding beauty and splendor. Eight kings and eight queens have already been interred here: the sepulchral urns, for those who shall succeed them, stand ready to receive the last remains of royalty. The Emperor Charles, the great founder of the Austrian dynasty, begins the melancholy tale of death; and it ends with the fourth of this name, and his weak and vicious Queen Maria Luisa, in whom the glories of their kingdom and house were sacrificed to her hatred of her own offspring, and her criminal fondness for an upstart adventurer.

'Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;'—

monarchs, whose will was law and their look command,—they, and their glories, triumphs, conquests, are all 'shrunk to this little measure.' Within this narrow chamber their descendants may retire from the splendors of royalty, to muse on the nothingness of life, or draw lessons of admonition from the actions of their predecessors; for too few of them afford examples of true greatness or virtue:—and indulge in those feelings, so peculiar to their race, which caused Charles V. to enter his coffin, and submit in anticipation to the solemn services of burial,—which induced Philip II. to build his palace and cemetery under the same roof,—and which prompted Maria Luisa to select and mark with her name the niche in which her remains should be deposited.

'I ascended from this mansion of the dead in no mood to be interested by the palace, or the grounds around the monastery, which, however tasteful and pleasing, are not deserving of very particular notice, at least in comparison with other parts of the foundation. I kissed the hand of the kind father, as I parted from him, with sentiments of sincere esteem and regard; and when I left the Escorial to return to Madrid, it was with far other emotions than when I first beheld it; for I had now learnt to feel its magnificence by close inspection. And I saw that it stood, and must forever stand, a noble monument of the perfection of the arts in the reign of Philip II., and of the dignity and opulence of the monarchy. Its beautiful pictures may be defaced, its pillars and statues and marble may be broken and scattered to the winds, but the solidity of its structure will defy the malice of man and the hand of time. Nothing but an extraordinary convulsion of nature could shake it from its base; for even the most persevering efforts, with all the explosive power of gunpowder, could but overturn, without destroying it; and after all, its ruins would survive, rendering San Lorenzo admirable in its very fragments, and a fit emblem of the genius and fortunes of modern Spain.

We have already mentioned *Garci Perez* as one of the most interesting of the tales. Its length prevents us from copying it entire. We extract the commencement, which includes a correct and graphic description of one of the principal squares in the city of Madrid, called the *Puerta del Sol*, or Gate of the Sun.

'The Holy Office, or, as it is popularly styled, the Inquisition, exercised, for centuries, a marked influence over the sentiments and actions of the Spaniards of every rank of life. Its great power,—the secret and mysterious means by which it was accustomed to proceed, contrasted with the terrible publicity of its *acts of faith*,—and the deep-seated religious feelings of the people, conspired to render the Holy Office an object of mingled veneration and dread throughout the Peninsula. In general, there is reason to believe, the operations of the Inquisition were *conscientiously* directed, however tyrannical, bigoted, and cruel they may have been; but still there is no want of well-authenticated cases, wherein its transcendant authority was perverted to purposes of individual vengeance. And although its executions were for the most part a studiously devised ceremony of faith, yet sometimes they were performed within the speechless walls of its dungeons; and sometimes, when public in fact, they were brought about by an agency, as covert as its ordinary judicial proceedings. Some idea of the corrupt objects, to which its power was occasionally applied, may be gathered from the following incidents, which, although chiefly fictitious in themselves and grouped around a supposititious personage, correspond in their nature with facts recorded in history.

'There dwelt in Madrid, during the reign of Charles the First, a pains-taking Valencian, Gil Cano by name, who successfully exercised upon the persons of the King's lieges the double mystery of barber and surgeon, uniting therewith some occasional practice as a *memorialista*, or intelligencer. Although Gil Cano had as good a right to his proper Christian and surname as the proudest noble of Castile to either of his two or three *hats*, yet he was familiarly known by the simple appellation of *El Valenciano*, and so universally, indeed, that Gil himself had learned to accommodate himself to the popular usage, and to consent to be called 'the Valencian,' as it were *par excellence*. He occupied, for the multifarious purposes of his calling, two small apartments on the *Puerta del Sol*, a few doors from the corner of the *Calle de la Montera* ascending into the *Calle de Alcala*, one room being within or behind the other, and the latter opening immediately into the public square. The *Puerta del Sol*, it is well known, is

the favorite daily lounge and rendezvous of all the idlers of this idle city, and of the multitudes from the provinces, who seek a livelihood in the court by industriously doing nothing. The great thoroughfares from all quarters of Madrid centre here, just as the circulation of the human system begins and ends in the heart. Here the old *militaires*, retired from the wars to eke out their days on scanty pensions, meet to fight over their battles anew; and the young officers on furlough, to discuss the ankles of the young Andalusian, who made her first appearance at the theatre in the *boleros* of the last evening's representation. Here, as many a sprightly fair one, carefully muffled in her *mantilla*, glides through the press, it is only the glance of her dark eye, or the graceful contour of her form as seen through the close black robe, which prepares the cavalier she approaches for the sly salute of her fan, or perchance the softly whispered assignation for a more unreserved interview. Here the titled courtier and the meanest beggar who sleeps by night in the church door, —the priest and the penitent,—the magistrate and the bold robber of the highways,—all jostle each other in the indiscriminate crowd; while the rattling of *calesas* and coaches, and the shrill cries of fruit-women and water-sellers, are heard above the loud hum of a thousand voices earnestly engaged in animated converse, in this great popular *exchange* of Madrid. In short, the little shop of *El Valenciano* was the most public spot in the whole city.

'The hour of *siesta* had passed, and the multitudes, which for a short space had left the *Puerta del Sol* to comparative solitude and quiet, were again thronging its pavements. *El Valenciano* was busily plying his trade, standing under the significant basin which constituted the sign over his door, or passing in and out to receive an order from one or communicate a message to another of the numerous passers by, and disappearing occasionally for a few minutes to open a vein or trim a chin; when suddenly the confused murmurs of the *Puerta del Sol* seemed to acquire unity of object, and the crowd to gather in a dense mass around the door of Gil Cano. The cry arose that the poor wretch, whose life and character had been entirely inoffensive, had been barbarously murdered in his own shop. It was some time before the *alguazils* could penetrate the noisy mob, so as to reach the scene of interest, and obtain a connected account of the circumstances; but when this was at last accomplished, the whole affair seemed sufficiently mysterious.

'*El Valenciano* was found lying extended on his back along the floor of his inner apartment, entirely dead, although still warm with recent life, his body being stretched out and his limbs com-

posed, as it were, with some degree of care; and as no mark of violence caught the eye on a cursory inspection of his person, it was for a moment supposed that he might have died of a disease of the heart, or of some other ordinary natural cause of sudden death. But on partly removing his dress and examining his body more exactly, it was perceived that there was a small wound on his right breast, having the external appearance of a scratch merely, or a slight break in the skin, but proving to be a deep stab of some pointed weapon, which struck through the lungs into the vessels of the heart, and had produced almost immediate death, although without being followed with any external effusion of blood. There could be no mistake about it; the practised eye and hand of one of the *alguazils* not only followed the wound to its termination in the heart, but detected the red and bruised spot, where, as the weapon had been driven home in the breast, the hilt had left its mark on the skin around the stab. And to render assurance doubly sure, the weapon itself was presently discovered, fixed in another wound lower down in the body, and concealed among the folds of the doublet and hose, which second wound would have been fatal, had not the first performed its office effectually. It was a small silver-mounted dagger, of very peculiar workmanship, the hold of the cross being covered with net work of silver wire, and the pommel consisting of a beautifully wrought head of the Saviour, those admirable features, which tradition has so faithfully preserved.

'But whose was the dagger? And by what hand were these two skilfully aimed blows inflicted?—In the difficulty of supposing that an assassin could have entered the shop, and murdered *El Valenciano* thus under the very eyes as it were of all Madrid, it was suggested that it was a case of suicide; and that Gil Cano, who was a lone man, of somewhat eccentric habits, and without ties to attach him to the world, had killed himself in some fit of despondency or mental aberration. But this hypothesis was discarded almost as soon as formed; for beside that the feeble arm of the old man could not have struck so heavy a blow as the upper wound implied, it was manifest, from its direction and position, that it was physically impossible it should have proceeded from the hand of the deceased himself. Who, then, the question recurred, could have dared to commit this murder in a situation so exposed, where the slightest cry would have been audible to hundreds, where so many spectators were at hand to observe the assassin, where the successful performance of the deed, without being detected, presupposed a combination of fortunate circumstances little less than miraculous?

'*El Valenciano's* body had been brought to the door by the officers of justice, one of whom held the dagger in his hand, as the speculations, just detailed, were going on among the by-standers. Suddenly a shout of "Seize him, seize him in the King's name,"—burst from the *alguazil*, who felt the dagger to be snatched from him by a hand from amid the crowd, and who vainly endeavored to follow the bold arm, which he saw, but could not arrest. But the confusion which this extraordinary incident occasioned was changed to consternation, when the cry of the *alguazil* was interrupted by a deep stern voice, seemingly at his very side, uttering in distinct and measured accents the words "*Venganza de Garci Perez.*" The startled officers were stricken dumb with amazement at the sound; and the multitude hurriedly dispersed from the spot, holding their breaths in suppressed fear, and scarcely daring to whisper to their own hearts that the Valencian had drawn upon him the "vengeance of Garci Perez," and that this daring criminal, a noted robber of the mountains of Granada, had presumed to pursue his victim at mid-day into the very shops of the *Puerta del Sol.*

'But in those times, when Madrid was become the capital of half the globe, the assassination of an humble individual, however mysterious in its manner, was not a thing to fix attention for any length of time. For a day, the death of *El Valenciano* was the passing subject of light jest, or honored at most with a shrug of the shoulders at the slight of hand of Garci Perez; and on the following day it would have ceased to be remembered, but for another extraordinary event, evidently connected with the first, and strongly calculated to excite the wonder of the curious *Madrileños.*

'It was the festival of the Conception, a day held peculiarly sacred in Spain; and the civic authorities of Madrid heard mass in the church of San Salvador, where the remains of the poet Calderon have since been deposited, and which is also decorated with a rich monument in memory of the last duke of Arcos, of the name of Ponce de Leon. The *corregidor* of Madrid, in military dress, accompanied with his aids also in uniform, and four mace-bearers in crimson silk cloaks, occupied a kind of enclosure made by means of moveable benches, to separate him from the ordinary worshippers, who, kneeling upon the *estera*, filled the body of the church. The gorgeously gilded stoles of the officiating clergy, the rich apparel of the *corregidor* and his followers, the multitude on the floor in the humble attitude of adoration, the lofty architecture of the church, with its pictures and sculptures, and its heavy tapestry swung from pillar to pillar, composed one of those impressive spectacles of religious solemnity, so com-

mon in Catholic countries, and so well fitted to recommend the Catholic worship to the imagination. The half audible responses of the worshippers, as they struck the breast in penitential sorrow, and bowed down at the elevation of the Host, seemed to soften the heart to a sense of its sinfulness, while the noble peal of the organ raised it again to the hopes and aspirations of immortality.

'Father Joaquin Arteaga, a Carmelite friar pre-eminent for his learning and piety, officiated at the altar of Our Lady of the Conception. He had passed through various minor dignities of the church, was now one of the King's confessors, and had lately been nominated to the Pope for the vacant see of Jaen,—a preferment which he had well deserved, not merely for his general merits, but still more for many years of assiduous labor in diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel among the natives of the New World, and at the same time protecting them, so far as he might, from the rapacity of the first conquerors. Above the altar where he stood was one of those unsightly representations of the Virgin, which are so frequently consecrated to favorite shrines in Spain; —wooden or composition figures, tawdrily dressed up in silks and muslins, and placed in chapels to the exclusion of the numerous beautiful sculptures of holy persons, which otherwise abound in the churches, but which, as symbols of the beings to whom supplication is addressed, seem to be regarded with less of respect than humbler images, wholly destitute of merit as works of art. Father Joaquin had deposited the Host on the altar, and was bending his head upon his clasped hands before it, when a single shriek broke from him, and he fell prostrate on the floor of the chapel, with a heavy sound, which seemed to indicate that he was struck down by violence. The assistant priests ran to raise up their beloved brother, but they found him a lifeless corpse; and horror froze every soul, when they perceived a silver-mounted dagger stuck in the heart of Fray Joaquin, and saw that he had been sacrilegiously murdered at the very altar of God, and with the words of worship on his lips.

'An immediate inquisition into the circumstances ensued, under the personal direction of the *corregidor* himself. The weapon was drawn from the wound, and examined; and strange to say, it proved to be the very dagger, which had taken the life of Gil Cano in the *Puerta del Sol;* and scarce was the fact ascertained, when the identical words, which had proclaimed the vengeance of Garci Perez, repeated in the same stern voice, seemed to issue from the very lips of Our Lady of the Conception. In vain did the *corregidor* command the doors to be closed, that Garci Perez, or whoever else was the perpetrator of

this daring imposition,—for imposition he affirmed it unquestionably was,—might be apprehended and brought to condign punishment. But all within the church had now become a scene of wild tumult and irremediable confusion. Women shrieked, and men uttered incoherent ejaculations of mingled prayer and execration; while some, more thoughtful or more superstitious than the rest, when they glanced upon each other's panic-struck faces, felt as if they were witnesses of some awful visitation of divine justice upon crimes too dark and atrocious for human laws to reach. So far from the orders of the *corregidor* being observed, the mysterious dagger itself disappeared in the disorder, and thus every clue to the truth seemed irrecoverably lost.

'But this time the public curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and every body manifested the greatest anxiety to probe the affair to the bottom. It was no longer the case of an obscure individual, stabbed in his dwelling by a private enemy; but a distinguished ecclesiastic had been struck by the same hand, under circumstances, equally calculated to shock the sensibility of the rationally devout, and to work on the superstitious fears of the unreasoning multitude. All Madrid was in commotion from one end of the city to the other: the "vengeance of Garci Perez," and the mysterious power possessed by this bold bad man, constituted the sole topic of conversation. Conjecture was weary with seeking to imagine or discover where he was, and how he was enabled thus to elude, or rather to defy, pursuit and inquiry. But in the midst of the perquisitions of the municipal authorities, and the wondering speculations of the good people of the most noble and loyal city of Madrid, a royal proclamation appeared on the corners of the *Puerta del Sol* and in other public places, which informed the citizens, that, for sound and sufficient reasons of state, it imported the service of our Lord the King that the deaths of Gil Cano, the barber surgeon, and of Fray Joaquin Arteaga, Bishop elect of Jaen, should be forgotten, and that the name of Garci Perez should cease to be mentioned in Madrid. Of course, the dutiful subjects of Don Carlos took care to banish the subject forthwith from their memories. But the hidden motives and mysterious means of those two deaths constitute a curious and instructive trait of Spanish manners and feeling.'

Of the general political and moral speculations which occupy a considerable portion of Mr. Cushing's work, those suggested by a view of the site of the ancient city of Italica, in the neighborhood of Seville, are particularly happy. We extract the first part of them: the remainder is occupied by an inquiry into the duties that belong to the patriot citizen, and an

exhortation to a conscientious and diligent discharge of them through evil report and good report, without regard to minor discouragements, or the suggestions of merely selfish interest.

'"When I returned from Asia to assume the proconsular government of Achaia, as my galley sailed slowly up the Saronic gulf, I began to cast a curious gaze upon the surrrounding regions. Behind me lay Aegina, before me Megara, on my right hand the Pirœus, on my left Corinth:—cities, which in times gone by were the brilliant abodes of opulence and power, but now lay prostrate beneath my eye, in the sorrowful desolation of their present abandonment. The scene came over my spirit with a train of sad, but high-purposed reflections. What? said I:—shall we, feeble creatures of the dust, who by the very tenure of life are only born to die,—shall we repine at the decrees of destiny, or impeach the justice of the immortal gods, if one of us do but perish by disease or violence, when here, in these narrow limits, lie the scattered and unsightly ruins of so many of the noblest among the cities of Greece?—Wilt thou not chasten the murmuring spirit within thee, and in sight of these fallen monuments of the wise and great and glorious of past generations, remember that thou also art but man?"

'They are the words of Servius Sulpicius that I repeat. Thus it was that the lofty old Roman, while musing on the gloomy aspect of his country's fortunes,—her legions devoured by the sword of civil war on the bloody plains of Pharsalia,—her proud senators, those lights of their day, those imperial masters of the civilized world, cut off, proscribed, banished, or kneeling in ignoble sycophancy at the feet of an ambitious dictator,—her hundred provinces the dictracted scene of commotion, warfare, and all the multiplied miseries of a great revolution convulsing the frame of so vast an empire,—and her magnificent republican institutions, cherished through so many ages of weal and woe, and cemented by the blood and toil of successive races of heroes and sages, whose names were become identical and synonymous with patriotism, now dashed to the ground by the mailed hand of that victorious Cæsar, whose glory shone all too brightly for the liberties of Rome,—thus it was, in such a time, that Sulpicius sought to pour consolation into the anguished soul of Tully, overwhelmed at once by the accumulated weight of sore domestic loss and portentous public calamity. In this could the father find alleviation of his sorrow, as he wept over the ashes of his Tulliola,—the young, the beautiful, the blest, the adored of his fondest affections, the lovely among the daughters of Latium, the observed among the wives of Rome,—arrested pre-

maturely in the career of life, by that doom of early death, which, according to the touching superstition of the ancients, heaven bestows on its favorites. In this, also, could the patriot see wherewithal to temper the bitterness of his agony, as wealth, rank, honors, country,—all were torn from his possession by the triumphant grasp of successful usurpation, to be lost to him forever, or only restored as the price of dishonest compromise with tyranny. And is there not indeed an elevated moral, a divine truth, a rich treasure of inspiring call to virtue, and of consolatory reflection under adversity, in the simple but sublime argument of manly fortitude, which Sulpicius drew from the spectacle of the "shattered splendors" of Greece?

'If the spirit of the philosophic Roman could be permitted to revisit the scenes of his mortal pilgrimage, to navigate once more the classic waters of the Aegean sea, to tread the time-honored plains of "glorious Greece," or to dwell yet again on the summer shores of his own fair Italy, what lessons might he not read, amid their ruined temples, and monumental caves of death, their broken thrones, and palaces levelled in dust!—What lessons of the petty nothingness of individual human miseries, when contrasted with the mighty mass of bereavement and suffering and desolation of the extinct millions, the proud and palmy nations of men, on whom the finger of heaven has fallen in its wrath!—What lofty lessons of constancy unshaken,—of virtue more grand in its example, more imperishable in its duration, than fanes of Parian Marble, or pillars of Egyptian granite!—What lessons of high-souled patriotism, standing out amid the darkness of age in the undying brilliancy of its fame, and living on with an immortality of amaranthine verdure, to show to all generations how it is that empires are lost and won, and states borne forward on the tide of prosperity and power, to sink back again with the refluent flood of their ascendency, and rank with those parted pomps of a fleeting world, which have been, but are not, because temperance, and justice, truth, and religion, no longer counselled their counsellors, and the inspiration of liberty had ceased to breathe its life of life into the dissolving frame of their grandeur.

'A barbarian horde of Turks have pitched their camp in the "land of lost gods and godlike men," and savage Tartars, wild Arabs, and brutish Nubians make it the battle field, where the crescent and the cross are displayed as the banners of opposing faiths fighting for supremacy, and of conflicting nations, banded, the one for empire, and the other for existence. Its reverend shrines lie desolate. Its populous cities are expunged from the face of the earth, or subsist only to be painfully sought out in their ruins, concealed under some barbarous appellation of Set-

tines or Thiva or Castri, to mark the spots where Athens and Thebes and Delphi had stood, in the days of their greatness. Ages upon ages of corruption, unredeemed by scarce a single trait of their republican virtue, and of servile abasement as profound as tyranny in the government and profligacy in the people could make it, have gathered and thickened over Arcadia's plain of gladness and the ever green vale of Tempe, until the wanderer from other lands, kindling with recollections of the past, and oppressed with the spectacle of the present, exclaims, as he regards the scene with emotions of mingled grief and admiration,

'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!

'And yet, if the voice of studious wisdom would instil resolves of greatness into the hearts of ingenuous youth, where shall it go for examples of departed worth more pregnant with instruction or with stimulating inducements to virtue, than to the consecrated clime of the Greeks, slaves though they now be to the will, or but half emancipated from the power of the despot Mahmoud? Thermopylae, Marathon, Salamis, Plataea,—these are but humble spots in a far-off land: but their names will speak to the soul like a trumpet-call, so long as freedom is dear upon earth; and the oriental pride and pomp of Xerxes, wrecked on the dauntless courage of a handful of Spartans and Athenians, is a tale of virtue that must dwell on the lips of mankind forever. The Delphian oracle is silent, and the riches of the world are no longer deposited by pilgrim-nations at the now prostrate shrine of Apollo; but the mountain of Parnassus, on which the pythoness uttered the responses of fate,—when will it cease to be associated with the sublimest effusions of poetic invention? Athens remains in her Acropolis, and something of the Parthenon has escaped the corroding tooth of time, the havoc of war, and the desecration of plundering admirers of art. In the mutilated fragments of her statues and friezes and temples beneath your feet, you look in vain for the magic creations of the chisel of Phidias; and her walls are but a strong hold for men as wild as the pictures of ruin about them:—yet from the lispings of boyhood learning, up to the riper thoughts of manly understanding, are not the deeds and the sayings of Socrates and Pericles, Aristides and Cimon, Phocion and Demosthenes, wrought into the very contexture of our minds, and held up as incitements to the acquisition of wisdom and goodness, until their names are

Familiar in our mouths as household words?

Turn from the devastated shores of Greece,

Immortal, though no more,—though fallen, great;

and leave behind you the bright isles of the Cyclades, lovely in their verdure still, but no longer smiling over the sea in the richness of ancient art. Bidding farewell to that little of the vineyards and olive gardens of the Morea, which Turkish oppression in past times, or Egyptian invasion in our own, hath spared, look to the favored fields and sunny slopes of Italy. Conquerors, laden with the spoils of a subjugated world, and leading the chariots of their triumph and the martial array of their victorious armies, crowd not now the numberless avenues, which, like the arteries of the human body pulsating to their common centre in the heart, converged from every distant region of civilized earth towards imperial Rome, bringing the accumulated offerings of vanquished nations and tributary kings to lay them in humble homage at the feet of the Capitoline Jove. All this has passed away like the pageants of a troubled dream; and Rome herself, the mother of so many empires that are now no more, is become the grave of Rome. The temples of Christian worship, and the palaces which modern opulence has reared, are founded on the dust of the marble city of Augustus. Yet there stands the Coliseum, its huge walls towering to the sky as if in defiance of the ravages of time and the malice of man; and who, that mounts the ascending steps of that vast amphitheatre, and reflects on the thousands and tens of thousands of extinguished races so often gathered there to witness the magnificent exhibition of a Roman theatrical spectacle, and looks out upon the broken columns of many a ruined temple, sumptuously built to the false gods of the Gentiles;—who, I say, in such circumstances, but calls to mind the apostrophe of Sulpicius, and the exalted lesson of moral greatness it proclaims to the world? Low lie the sculptured pillars of the temple of Concord:—but where Tully hurled the thunder of his eloquence at the head of Cataline, and spoke for the salvation of his country, an "immaculate charm" of moral interest remains, which vindicates the justice of Providence in the very fulness of its visitation. And if that forum, where the gravity of a Cato, the elegance of a Gracchus, or the cultivated richness of a Cicero were so often addressed to the listening tribes of the people of Romulus, and where litigating kingdoms appeared to plead before the simple chair of a Roman praetor,—if that forum is now lost in the rubbish of twice a thousand years, yet in every venerable fragment left by the stern senators of the Republic, or by the Trajans and Antonines of a later day, a volume of moral teaching is unfolded for the perusal of each after generation.

'I might find matter to elucidate my position without end, beginning with the colossal sculptures of Luxor and Carnac, rising

like a wilderness of columns over the waters of the Nile, and the yet unexplained mysteries of the indestructible pyramids of Egypt, and circling through every clime of earth, even to the barbaric masses of those huge temples, which stand on the table land of Mexico or the mountains of the South, whose false gods have vanished and left no trace behind them, and whose worshippers are unknown to history. Nor is it from the monuments of antiquity alone, that illustrations for my object may be drawn; for every passing century that glides by is adding to their number. The same truth speaks out to the beholder, who gazes on the ivy crowned battlements and heavy buttressed turrets of many a dark hold of feudal power on the banks of the Rhine or the Loire, and who thinks of the knights with their banners set forth to battle, the waving pennons, and glittering spears, and prancing steeds, and fair eyes that look down upon the lists, and all the magic illusion, which minstrel lays have cast around the sad reality of the days of chivalry.

'But why traverse the universe in quest of illustrations, when they lay scattered beneath my feet? I stood on a hillock of red earth, just variegated by fragments of marble, with half a dozen mutilated columns in the distance, protected by the good monks of San Isidro against the ravages of time. It was all that subsisted of the birth-place of Trajan. To this were the riches and architectural beauty of Italica reduced. A bright expanse of *intervale*, watered by the meandering Guadalquivir and its tributary streamlets, stretched out in verdure and fertility far as the sight could reach, breathed upon by the balmy influences of a southern sky. Nature retained her undying charms: it was the same lovely landscape on which Seneca and Lucan might have gazed in the olden time, and it was the natal atmosphere of the splendid Trajan. But the men, and the monuments they reared, had passed away together, leaving only the memory of their greatness to ennoble the spot. It was then I felt in its full force the truth so finely embodied in the stanzas of that poet, who is the great intellectual phenomenon of our time, and who, while given up to unspeakable profligacy of conduct, and with principles as perniciously false as the habitual course of his life was deplorably corrupt, yet, in his moments of better inspiration, struck out some of the grandest conceptions that poet or philosopher has ever uttered.

> Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
> The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
> When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
> The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
> Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
> And Livy's pictured page. but these shall be
> Her resurrection; all beside decay.

> There is the moral of all human tales;
> 'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom, and then Glory; when that fails,
> Wealth, Vice, Corruption, Barbarism at last:
> And History, with all her volumes vast,
> Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here.

'This moral of all human tales, this rehearsal of the past, this one page of all the vast volumes of history, which Sulpicius read from the crushed arches and splintered columns of Corinth, and Byron from the indistinguishable heaps of the Palatine hill of Rome,—the eternal truth, deducible alike from the deep lore of reverend antiquity, and the more superficial wisdom of our own straight forward practical age, namely, the inseparable connexion between private virtue and national greatness,—how could it fail to rise up before me, as I stood on the hill of Santiponce and gazed on the few memorials of Italica, which have survived the fury of the Vandal, the Goth, and the Moor?—

> First Freedom, and then Glory; when that fails,
> Wealth, Vice, Corruption:—

Such are the letters of Destiny inscribed by the hand of Time on every fabric of public greatness, from the days of Lycurgus and Numa, through all the succeeding vicissitudes of human affairs, down to the time when Washington revived the example of antique virtue, in regions unknown to fame, beyond the Atlantic.'

We are glad to learn from the preface, that the author's materials are not exhausted, and we trust that the success of the present work has been such, as to induce him to continue it. The other, of which the title is prefixed to this article, was printed last year for private distribution, and can hardly, with propriety, be made the subject of detailed criticism. It is a collection of letters written to her friends at home, by the late Mrs. Cushing, who accompanied her husband on his visit to Europe; and published, after her lamented death, in the form in which they were received. They contain an unpretending but very well written and interesting account of the scenes that fell under the observation of the travellers, and convey a most favorable impression of the intellectual and moral qualities of the author. The community, as well as her family and friends, have much cause to regret the premature termination of the earthly career of this accomplished lady, who, as is sufficiently evident from these volumes, was equally well fitted to shine in the higher sphere of letters, and to grace the private walks of social and domestic life.

As a specimen of the style of Mrs. Cushing's letters, we copy entire the one in which she describes her visit to La Grange, the residence of our illustrious fellow-citizen, Lafayette.

'On Thursday, October 8th, we received a second call from General Lafayette, who offered us two vacant seats in his carriage with himself and granddaughter, to go to La Grange on the following day. This kind offer, we were of course very happy to avail ourselves of, and the next morning at eleven o'clock, were on our way to that spot, which of all others I most desired to see. Our ride was a delightful one, as indeed how could it fail to be? The General conversed a great deal, and his open, unaffected manner banished all restraint. His granddaughter, Madame Perier, the daughter of Mr. George W. Lafayette, I found a most intelligent and interesting lady, gentle, unpretending, and amiable in her deportment. She has been two years married, and resides near Grenoble, to which place her grandfather had made his recent journey, partly for the purpose of visiting her family and of bringing her back with him to La Grange.

'The face of the country, between Paris and this place, is not remarkably pleasant, except one or two pretty views, which we saw in ascending a steep hill, near the village called Pont de Saint Maur. The road is sometimes bordered with vineyards, and these, the first I have seen, disappointed me exceedingly in their appearance. Instead of the beautiful arbors, hung with clustering grapes, with which a vineyard has ever been associated in my imagination, I saw nothing but a field of poles, with the vines attached to them by wisps of straw, less pleasing to the eye than a common pea-field in America. They were not enclosed by hedge or fence, and nothing but a ditch separated them from the road.

'In passing through the several villages, the people in the streets, at seeing the General's carriage pass, raised their hats with the greatest respect, though they could not see his face or person.

'At length we approached the end of our journey, and as we entered the boundaries of La Grange,—Now, cried the General, we are upon American ground. In a few minutes the turrets of the ancient *château* appeared in sight, and we soon drove through the portal and entered a court, three sides of which are occupied by the castle, the remaining one opening upon a beautiful park. The portal is cut through a part of the building, and this on the outer side is covered with ivy, which was planted by Fox, when visiting General Lafayette, after the peace of Amiens.

'When the carriage stopped at the door, we found all the family assembled there, ready to welcome their revered parent. They all embraced him affectionately, and he then introduced to them his guests, whom they received with cordial politeness.

'We now ascended to the saloon, where a bright and cheerful fire shed an air of comfort and hospitality around the apartment. It is a circular room, handsomely, but simply furnished. Around the walls are suspended portraits of General Green, of Mr. Monroe, John Adams, John Q. Adams, Jefferson, and Madison. At each side of the fire-place are portraits, one of Bailly and the other of La Rochefoucauld; and upon the mantlepiece are small marble busts, representing the father of Riego and his wife. At the opposite side of the room is a pedestal with a bronze bust of Washington, made at the time he was in the army.

'After remaining here a short time, we were conducted to our own apartment, in which a fire was also burning and every thing disposed for our reception. This room was hung with various prints of scenes in America.

'At six o'clock the bell rang for dinner, and we repaired to the saloon, where the numerous family of the house, and a few temporary visiters, were already assembled. Descending to the dining-room, situated upon the lower floor, we found a table abundantly spread, with meats and vegetables almost exclusively the produce of the farm; and the fruits, which formed the dessert, were all of the General's own raising. And the cheerfulness and hilarity, which reigned around the hospitable board, gave additional richness to the repast.

'It was at this time, that Madame Perier made me acquainted with the names of the family and their relationship to each other, and I shall mention them to you here. There were, first, the eldest daughter of the General, Madame de la Tour Maubourg, and her youngest daughter, Jenny. Next Madame Lasteyrie, who has one son, Jules, and three daughters. The eldest, Pauline, is married to the Count de Remusat, and has an infant son, named Pierre. Her husband was with her at La Grange. The second daughter is named Melanie, and the third Octavie. There were three daughters of Mr. G. W. Lafayette, who, with his wife and two young sons, Oscar and Edmund, was now absent. The eldest daughter, Natalie, wife of M. Augustin Perier, had with her a little girl, Octavie, about ten months old. Her sisters are Matilde and Clementine. Madame de la Tour Maubourg has still another daughter, Celestine, who is married to the Baron de Brigode, and has four children. This is, I believe, a correct list of all the family of the excellent General, who appeared among them like the patriarch of the flock, and fully realized all my ideas of that ancient and venerable character.

'Having finished dinner, we returned to the parlor, and the evening passed in general and agreeable conversation.

'At ten o'clock the next morning we again met at the breakfast table, and afterwards took a walk around the domains. The General first conducted us to a pretty little building, with painted windows, in which was placed the Whitehall boat, called the American Star, presented to him at New-York. Thence to an enclosure, where were a beautiful American stag and a doe, presented to him from the *Jardin des Plantes*, but of American parentage. We then entered a large yard, surrounded by the buildings of the farm, at one side of which was the aviary, containing a number of very curious and beautiful birds. Then we were conducted to the various sheep-folds, which enclosed flocks of merinos, amounting, in the whole, to a thousand, all remarkable for the fineness and beauty of their wool. Entering the farm-house, we were shown two fine cool dairies, placed half under ground, and, like all the other apartments which I saw, remarkably clean and nice.

'After having seen all the different parts of the farm, we walked into the woods, which are beautifully laid out, in the General's own taste; and a great number of the trees were planted by his own hand. Our walk terminated at a pretty little artificial lake, with an island in the midst of it, and a pleasure boat for sailing. Returning to the *château*, we took a run over the beautiful lawn in front of it, with trees so planted in groups, as to afford open vistas between them. After this we all separated, to pursue whatever occupation we chose.

'And this is one of the great charms of La Grange; all are left at liberty to go and come as they please, without any of the restraints of ordinary visiting. You may read or write,—walk, sail or hunt, as the one or the other is most agreeable to your taste, until the dinner bell gives the signal for again uniting. It seems to make not the slightest difference in the arrangements of the family, whether there are twenty guests or only one. All that come are cordially welcomed, and they have only to make themselves as happy, as the numerous attractions of the place enable them to be.

'At dinner we were pleased to meet Mr. Levasseur, who, with two other French gentlemen, had arrived during the day. The evening was spent in music and dancing, the young ladies taking turns to play for each other. The room, appropriated for these purposes, possesses quite as many memorials of America, as the adjoining saloon. The most conspicuous object on one side was the 'star-spangled banner,' suspended between the portraits of Washington and Franklin, the latter painted by Madame Perier.

There were also busts of Mr. J. Q. Adams and Mr. Monroe, a portrait of the commander of the Brandywine, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address, together with two French prints, one of the Bastille and the other of the *Champ de Mars.*

'After breakfast the next morning, we were shown the little room, which they call the museum, filled with various presents made to the General in America. There were a number of Indian dresses and canoes, a beautiful mahogany model of the celebrated water-works near Philadelphia, a little box of bird's eye maple, containing water from the Erie canal, a birch-bark box filled with maple sugar, collections of shells, and other curiosities too numerous to mention.

'We then followed to the library, which adjoins the General's sleeping chamber. Just outside the door of this room is a small picture of the prison at Olmutz, and the jailor unlocking the door of the cell in which the General was confined. The bed chamber was adorned with prints and paintings of different kinds; some of them portraits of personal and family friends, and others of public characters, such as General Jackson, Henry Clay, William H. Crawford and others. There were likewise prints of the Hancock house, of Mr. Adams's residence at Quincy, and the picture of a scene at Yorktown, with the figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Lafayette, among others, represented in it. Upon a table was placed a splendid silver urn, a present from the officers of the Brandywine. On one side was seen the harbor of New-York, at the moment of the General's departure, and the ship just setting sail. On the other was the open tomb of Washington, and three persons about to descend into it, namely, General Lafayette, his son, and Mr. Levasseur.

'The library is a handsome circular room, containing a large number of beautiful books, conveniently arranged in open bookcases, and consisting of all the most popular French, English, and American works, ancient and modern. Beneath these were other cases, the doors so ingeniously contrived as perfectly to resemble ranges of books. In these were kept splendid specimens of binding and printing executed in the United States; and large drawers full of the testimonials of affection and regard, which the General had received at different periods of his life; all which he seemed to value very highly, and to exhibit with the utmost pleasure. In the first drawer he opened, among a variety of pretty little boxes, was a pocket Testament, bound in red morocco, which he said a pious female friend was so kind as to give him, when he last visited the United States. Upon the blank leaf of it was written: "Be America his resting place and heaven

his home." He then showed us the contents of all the other drawers, the umbrella which Washington was accustomed to use, his silver spectacles, the cane of Franklin, a sword blade, made of the bolts of the Bastille, a large collection of canes, and a chair cushion, worked by Mrs. Washington at the age of seventy years. The most beautiful cane that the General possesses, and which he always carries, is one cut from an apple-tree, beneath which he breakfasted with General Washington, on the morning of a memorable battle. The head is of gold, inscribed with his name, and beneath,—" It shaded him and his friend Washington."

' A striking proof of the inherent and delicate politeness, which displays itself in all the members of this charming family, is the interest that they manifested in looking over these gifts, and expressing the greatest admiration of their beauty, as if seeing them for the first time, though, in fact, they must have exhibited them to hundreds of their different visiters, always, I doubt not, with equal cheerfulness and alacrity. Among other curiosities, the General showed us a small, full-length portrait of himself, taken at the age of nineteen, and dressed in the uniform worn by the officers of the American revolution. The countenance is remarkably sweet and expressive; but although an exact representation of what he then was, it bears no resemblance to his present appearance. In the evening we amused ourselves in looking over a beautiful collection of engraved portraits of all the prominent actors in the French revolution, handsomely bound in a large folio book. The General entertained us highly by his interesting remarks, and the anecdotes which he related in connexion with the different portraits. Among the finest of the engravings were two of Napoleon, more beautiful than any thing of the kind I ever saw.

' At length the hour for separating for the night arrived, and as we were to leave La Grange early on the following morning, we were obliged to take a reluctant farewell of this most interesting family circle, in whose delightful society two days had flown away upon the wings of the wind.

' I had heard and read much of La Grange, but the reality far exceeded my expectations. Never did I imagine a scene of more unaffected harmony and domestic love, more unbounded kindness and hospitality, than this noble mansion presents. And faultless as had ever appeared to us the character of our venerable and illustrious host, it was in the privacy of domestic life, in the bosom of his family, that we were to learn all its perfection. I say perfection, for I believe if there exists a perfect or happy man on earth, it is General Lafayette. In every vicissitude of fortune, through praise and censure, through prosperity

and adversity, he has alike been true to himself, to his conscience, to his country. No recollections of lawless ambition, of cruelty or wanton bloodshed, can mar the tranquillity of his declining years. His name is still the rallying point to the lovers of liberty in his own country, and is hailed with the warmest gratitude and affection by millions of the free-born citizens of a trans-atlantic world. His children, to the third generation, "rise up and call him blessed," while his servants and numerous dependents look up to him as their protector and friend, and ever find in him an affectionate and considerate master. To the rich he is a delightful companion, to the poor a generous benefactor. No man can justly breathe a word of censure against his name, and I believe his own breast to be the seat of kindest feeling and good will, even to those whom he is compelled to call his enemies.

'To the American peculiarly, the home of Lafayette is one of the most interesting spots on earth. He not only meets, at every step, memorials of his beloved native land, from which he is now far separated; but he hears his country's praises from the lips of its generous defender, and warmly repeated by his grateful and numerous family. There can be no mistake in their expressions relative to America; they are not mere words of course, to please the American ear; they evidently spring from a sincere, hearty love for the country, and admiration of its free institutions.

'Such is the family, and such the charming residence, to which I bade adieu on the following morning with the utmost regret; mingled, however, with a feeling of satisfaction, that I had been so highly favored as to have passed even so short a time within the walls of La Grange: a circumstance, which I shall ever regard as a bright era in the recollections of my life.

The General is always accustomed to send his guests in his own carriage to the neighboring village of Rozoy; and although we left very early in the morning, we found him already risen to give us a last adieu. At Rozoy we took the diligence for Paris, and arrived there in the course of the afternoon. The next evening at half-past eight o'clock, October 13th, we entered the diligence for Orleans, bidding farewell to Paris, for a long time to come.—I had passed two months very delightfully there, and left it with a reluctance, only lessened by the recollection that we were to return again the following spring, after having enjoyed the now anticipated pleasure of a winter's residence in Spain, and a rapid visit to the south of France.'

The second volume of these letters, which is devoted entirely to Spain, is even more interesting than the former,

the subject being in general less familiar. We extract the letter which gives a description of a *fiesta de toros*,—or bull-fight.—Of the various accounts that have recently appeared of this peculiar and characteristic Spanish amusement, the following is by no means the least successful.

'It had been understood for some time, that a *Corrida de Toros*, or bull-fight, would form a part of the festivities at Madrid on the occasion of the King's marriage; and this exhibition took place accordingly at the time appointed, (December 15th). As I had a very strong curiosity to witness this ancient and celebrated Spanish amusement, I willingly pursued my way to the *Plaza de Toros*, situated at the extremity of the city, without the *Puerta de Alcala*. Here stands the immense amphitheatre in which the fights take place, and which is entered by several large doors, opening into spacious vestibules, from whence several flights of stairs lead to the interior of the building.

'To have an idea of its appearance, you must imagine a vast circular area, surrounded by several rows of seats, raised one above the other; back of which are covered seats, and above these a range of boxes, extending quite around the building. Between the area and the uncovered seats is a space, of perhaps a yard or two in width, with a high wooden fence before it, which serves as a place of retreat for those engaged in the fight, when closely pursued by their furious antagonist. At one extremity of the amphitheatre is the King's box, fitted up in a handsome style, the front part being composed of glass windows, which may be kept shut if necessary, without taking away the view of any thing that is going on in the arena. Opposite the king's box are the orchestra, and the enclosure in which the bull is confined.

'After I had been seated about half an hour, the arrival of the King and Queen was greeted by loud shouts of "*Viva la Reyna, Viva el Rey*,"—the first really hearty cheer of the kind, that I had yet heard. They came forward, accompanied by the King and Queen of Naples, and several other members of the royal family; and throwing open the windows, they bowed and waved their hands with much apparent gratification and cordiality of manner.

'The King observed, immediately upon entering, that, owing to the imperfection of the notices given for the *Funcion*, as it is called in Madrid, the seats were almost entirely empty; and he therefore gave immediate orders that the doors should be opened freely to every one, without regard to payment. The consequence of this was a tremendous rush from without, which filled

the amphitheatre to overflowing, and presented to the eye, on every side, but one continued mass of human beings, all congratulating themselves upon the opportunity thus offered them, of witnessing a spectacle, which, to a Spaniard, is of all others the most popular and animating.

'Large bodies of the military, in full uniform, were scattered here and there among the crowd, and a most splendid band of music played delightfully during the whole time that the seats and boxes were filling. As soon as the audience were quietly seated, the music ceased, and a door opened at one side of the arena, admitting a small troop of horse, who, preceded by a trumpeter, rode around the enclosure several times, dispersing the crowd, which had previously filled it. When their task was accomplished, they withdrew, and one of the *alguazils* then rode into the area, dressed in the same fanciful suit of black velvet, which they had worn on the day of the marriage,—and seated upon a beautiful white horse, caparisoned in trimmings of blue and silver. Having obtained permission of the King, that the spectacle should now commence, he announced this permission to a person in waiting, who immediately went out to give the requisite orders.

'The *picadores*, five in number, then rode in, and advancing towards the royal box, took off their hats, and made a low bow to the King and Queen, after which two of them rode to their stations at the right and left of the enclosure, from which the bull was to make his appearance. The other three then retired, to be in readiness to take the place of either of their companions, should they be wounded or otherwise disabled, these being the only terms upon which a *picador* ever leaves the arena. These men are dressed in short jackets, of fanciful colors, the sleeves of which, as well as their pantaloons, are thickly padded to prevent any injury to the limbs in case of a fall, which not unfrequently takes place. They wore upon their heads immense broad brimmed hats, with small round crowns, and carried in the hand a long spear, with a piece of pointed iron at the end of it about an inch in length.

'The *chulos*, so called, are dressed in a manner even more fantastical than the *picadores*. They wear small-clothes of various gaudy colors, with long white hose; and short jackets very much trimmed with gold or silver lace. Their heads are uncovered, and at the back part is a large club of ribbons, with long ends hanging down to resemble a queue. Each one of them holds in his hand a flag of cloth, either yellow, pink, blue, green, or some other bright color, the use of which is to attract the attention of the bull, in case any accident happens to the *picador*, and by

waving them in his eyes, to tempt him to pursue a new object, thus giving the *picador* time to recover himself.

'These men now stationed themselves near the fence in various parts of the arena; and every eye, in the vast assemblage surrounding it, was eagerly bent upon the spot, whence the enemy was to proceed. Signs of impatience began to be expressed, more and more loudly, for the appointed signal, which was to be given by the King, before the bull could be released from confinement. This signal was at length made, the doors flew open, and the terrible animal bounded into the arena, his eyes glaring with rage, and almost matching in color the crimson ribbon, which fluttered from his neck, a symbol, as it were, of the sanguinary death which awaited him.

'The first object, upon which he fixed his gaze, was the *picador*, towards whom he rushed with all the fury of madness. The *picador* received him upon the point of his spear; but the animal, being resolute and courageous, persisted in pushing forward, and the consequence was the instant death of the poor horse, who fell a blind-folded and unresisting victim to the furious attack of his adversary. The *picador* fell with the horse, and I felt a universal trembling seize me, when I beheld him struggling to free himself, even under the very horns of the enraged bull. But at the instant several of the *chulos* surrounded him, and, waving their bright flags before his eyes, succeeded in turning his anger upon themselves, whom he pursued with such speed, that one of them barely escaped by springing over the fence, leaving his flag behind him, as an object upon which the bull might vent his rage at pleasure. But such was not his intention; for, turning round, he flew with the rapidity of lightning towards the second *picador*, whose horse shared the same fate with that of his companion; leaving the arena cleared of horses for the space of several moments. During this time the *chulos* seemed desirous of making trial of their quickness of foot, by approaching almost within arm's length of the animal, who stood brandishing his horns, and throwing up the dust in clouds with his hoofs, and then sprang forward in pursuit of his tormentors with unrelenting speed. It seemed impossible to me, at first, that they could escape him; but finding, upon observation, that they calculated their distance with unerring certainty, I began to feel a little more at ease than my fears would allow at the outset.

Two more horses being now brought upon the field, the battle between the bull and *picadores* was again renewed, and, after two or three violent attacks, both horses were disabled, and although not mortally wounded, were of necessity led out, the arena being thus cleared a second time; a circumstance of very

rare occurrence, and which was loudly applauded by clapping of hands, and loud cries of *bueno, bueno,* resounding from every part of the amphitheatre.

'When the *picadores* had fought to the satisfaction of the King, he gave a signal for the *banderilleros* to appear. These men are dressed precisely like the *chulos,* being in fact a part of their number. They are each armed with two darts, called *banderillas,* barbed at the point, and ornamented with a variety of colored paper, cut into streamers. By the time that the *banderilleros* make their appearance, their antagonist being somewhat spent with rage and loss of blood, their task is rendered much less dangerous than it would be at the commencement of the fight. Holding a dart in each hand, they run boldly up to the bull, and, as he lowers his horns to attack them, they dexterously plunge the darts into his neck, and, springing to one side, easily avoid any danger from his pursuit.

'This lasted for a very few moments only, when command was given to call the *matador.* He soon entered, dressed much like the others, but more richly, and with a greater profusion of gold and silver lace. He held in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a scarlet flag. Advancing towards the King's box, he raised his *chapeau de bras,* and, kneeling on one knee, requested permission to kill the bull; which being granted, he walked to the centre of the arena, where he waited until the *chulos* should draw towards him the wearied animal. This they succeeded in doing; and no sooner did the bright scarlet cloth meet his eye, than all his former fury appeared to revive, and he darted towards it with all the energy he had shown at the beginning of the battle. The task of the *matador* is much more hazardous, and requires much more skill than any other. The object is to dazzle the eyes of the animal with the red flag, and at the same time to hold the sword in such a manner, as, when the bull presses forward, to sink the sword in his neck by the impetus of the latter, and without any exertion on the part of the *matador.* On this occasion, the second trial succeeded, and the sword was buried in the neck of the bull to the very hilt. He staggered and fell, amid the shouts and acclamations of the audience, when a man, approaching him with a short bladed knife, ended the poor creature's sufferings and his life, by striking it into the spine.

'The band of music now struck up a lively air, the trumpet sounded, and a door opening at the opposite extremity of the arena, three mules were driven abreast, their heads ornamented with a great quantity of colored worsted tassels, and with strings of bells around their necks. The bull being then attached to the traces, by a cord twisted around his horns, the mules set off at

full gallop, dragging behind them the fallen combatant. The instant that the door closed upon them, another bull was let into the arena, and the same thing was again repeated. But owing to the presence of the Queen, who had never before witnessed a festivity of the kind, several varieties of the mode of fighting were introduced, which are not exhibited upon common occasions.

'After these bulls had been despatched in the usual manner, as above described, the *picadores* yielded their places to two other persons, called *caballeros de plaza*, a part formerly sustained by gentlemen of distinction, who then assisted in these exercises; but which custom has now consigned to professional fighters. The *caballeros de plaza*, who now entered the arena, were most beautifully dressed in the ancient Spanish costume, consisting of a black velvet hat and white plumes; a complete suit of rich yellow silk, slashed at the knees with blue; and a blue silk Spanish cloak, fastened at the throat, and flowing gracefully over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm perfectly free. Each carried in his hand a long spear, made of very light, brittle wood, and barbed at the point. His object is to break off the head of the spear in the neck of the bull; and if it be skilfully done, one single blow, by separating the spine, causes immediate death.

'At the first onset, both horse and rider were overthrown, and had the bull taken advantage of his position, the life of the *caballero* must have been instantly sacrificed. But the *chulos* drew him away to his second antagonist, who met him rather more successfully, and broke off the spear in his neck, but without wounding him mortally. This was reserved for the first combatant, who, having recovered himself from his fall, and being armed with a second spear, rode manfully forward into the centre of the arena, and attacking the bull without hesitation, buried the iron in his spine. He fell instantly dead, without a single struggle, and was borne off in triumph by the mules, amid flourishing of trumpets, and long echoed huzzas. The space of time occupied in destroying him, after this manner, was scarcely greater than I have employed in relating it; and a second bull having been brought in and killed quite as speedily as the other, the *caballeros de plaza* left the field once more to the *picadores*.

'The succeeding fights differed from the first three only in the introduction of fire-works. That is, small crackers and other combustible materials, being affixed to the *banderillas*, were made to explode at the moment the darts entered the neck of the bull, throwing up clouds of smoke and innumerable sparks, which, for an instant, almost concealed him from view.

'After this, the cry of *perros, perros,* rang through the amphitheatre, and at the same time that the bull was ushered in at one door, another opened to admit three large bull-dogs, which, springing from the leashes that confined them, rushed with the utmost speed towards the object of their instinctive hostility, and were received by him, one after another, upon the points of his horns, and tossed high in air, only to come down again upon their feet with increased rage, and to renew the attack with unabated courage. In a few minutes the two largest dogs had seized each an ear of the bull, to which they held with determined pertinacity, until the foaming and furious animal became entirely subdued and quiet, suffering himself to be led along by his tormenting conquerors, when the friendly knife put a speedy end to his existence. The tenth bull was likewise destroyed in the same manner; and the King then rose to depart, the vast multitude dispersing in various ways to their several occupations.

'You may perhaps be surprised, after perusing the foregoing account, that a lady could experience any thing but disgust in witnessing a species of amusement so barbarous and unnatural. Such was my own opinion respecting it after reading similar accounts; but strange as it may appear, there was a fascination about the whole scene, which did away, in a considerable degree, the painful and revolting feelings, which arise at the view of suffering, even if it be the suffering of a brute. And moreover there seemed something so ferocious and revengeful in the nature of these animals, that much of the sympathy, which might otherwise be felt for them, was lost; and the unpleasant impressions made upon the mind, gave way to the indescribable excitement and animation of spirits, produced by the sight of so vast a collection of people, all wrought up to the highest pitch of eager interest in the scene before them, by the never-tiring charm of martial music in its full perfection, and by the associations, which the combat itself cannot fail to awaken in every lover of Spanish chivalry and Spanish romance. I would be far from intimating, however, that I really enjoyed the spectacle, or that I did not turn away from it at times with a sickening sense of its barbarity. But such feelings were much less frequent and much less strong than I had imagined they would be, or than you could believe possible, without having yourself witnessed a scene of the kind.

'A few days afterwards, (December 17th), a second royal bull fight was given, which I again had the courage to attend. But it was only to bring away with me very different and less pleasing impressions of the thing than I had received from witnessing the first, which was, in fact, the first of the kind that had occurred in Madrid for many years, and which exhibited comparatively

little of the disgusting or disagreeable part of the combat. But in the second I was not so fortunate. Several of the poor horses were shockingly mangled and gored by the horns of the bull, without causing their death, and sometimes without preventing their riders from still urging them on to renewed attacks. This circumstance would alone have been sufficient to mar all my enjoyment; but there were others, in addition to it, which rendered the fight excessively irksome and unpleasant to me. There was scarcely any variety in the mode of warfare, which was carried on in its least attractive form, at least to my eye; and the arena being divided in the middle, in order that two courses might be going on at the same time, the animals were brought in much closer contact with the *picadores* and *chulos*, for whose fate I was in continual dread and anxiety. Eighteen bulls were killed before the *funcion* ended, and I then returned from the amphitheatre little disposed to witness another bull fight, and fully persuaded that, in this respect, I could never learn to be a Spaniard.'

ART. V.—*De Beaumont and De Tocqueville on the Penitentiary System.*

Du Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis, et de son Application en France; suivi d'un Appendice sur les Colonies Pénales, et de Notes Statistiques; Par MM. G. DE BEAUMONT *et* A. DE TOCQUEVILLE, *Avocats à la Cour royale de Paris, Membres de la Societé Historique de Pennsylvanie.* Paris. 1833.

On the Penitentiary System of the United States and its Application in France, with an Appendix on Penal Colonies and Statistical Notes; by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville.

THIS work is the report of the gentlemen named in the title page, who, it will be generally recollected, were sent by the French Government, two or three years ago, as commissioners to examine the penitentiaries of the United States. In calling it, however, their *report*, we do not use that term in its strictly technical sense. We do not understand the work before us to be the official report, formally made by these gentlemen to the authorities, from whom they received their commission; —but a general statement, relative to their researches, ad-

dressed to the public in Europe and America, as on a matter of great concernment to society. We regard it as an interesting and an instructive publication. It contains a great deal of information, relative to the penitentiaries of the United States, in a condensed form. This information must be new to most European readers; and to a considerable degree not less so to all in this country but those, who, in the general interest recently awakened among us on this subject, have devoted their attention particularly to it. We trust that it will find a translator; for though it was designed to be of use on the other side of the water, it deserves to be circulated here. But perhaps we have not a relish in America for any foreign commentary on our institutions, not seasoned with paltry gossip or vile scandal.

Those who form their ideas of what prisons were in former times, from what they now are,—even where the last reforms have not been introduced,—are unacquainted with one horrible chapter in the book of humanity. They do not know the images, that arose in the mind of the great poet of truth, when he spoke of the 'secrets of the prison house.' Downright torture, avowedly inflicted, and ignominious and painful death, were certainly not the most terrible forms in which penal justice visited the victim of the law, in times not very remote. The attention of the philanthropist Howard was first turned to the distress of prisoners, by what fell under his own notice as Sheriff of Bedford in 1773. The circumstance which first excited him to activity in their behalf, was seeing,—some who by the verdict of juries were declared *not guilty*;—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial;—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them;—after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol and locked up again, till they should pay the fees of the gaoler and the clerk of the assize. In extending his enquiries, he not only found that these abuses existed in other countries; but he became acquainted with other scenes of calamity of the most painful character. From the prisons he extended his observation to houses of correction, and found that both the former and the latter were full of the most crying abuses, and the most shocking evils. Of these the goal-fever and the small pox first arrested his attention, as prevailing to the destruction of multitudes, not only of felons but of debtors. The horrid state in which prisons were

kept, made them the seats of a distemper deriving its name, as it did its origin, from these retreats of vice, misery, and legal revenge miscalled justice. When Howard began his visits to the prisons, he guarded himself by keeping vinegar to his nostrils, while within their walls, and changing his clothes when he left them. In proceeding to present 'a general view of the distress in prisons,' he says, 'there are some prisons that one cannot look into, without perceiving, at the first glance at their inmates, that there is some great error in the management of them. Many, who go in healthy, are in a few months changed to emaciated dejected objects. Some are seen pining under diseases, '*sick and in prison*,' expiring on the floors of loathsome cells, of pestilential fevers and the confluent small pox.' The cause of this distress was declared by Howard to be, that many prisons were scantily supplied and some almost totally destitute of the necessaries of life. These were several bridewells, in which prisoners had no allowance of food at all! In some the keeper farmed what little was allowed them, and where he engaged to supply each prisoner with one or two pennyworth of bread a day, it was sometimes reduced one half and more than one half in quantity. Although the inmates of the bridewells were nominally condemned to hard labor, out of the avails of which it was intended they should be supported, there were few of these establishments, in which any work was done or could be done. The prisoners had neither tools nor stock of any kind furnished to them; and accordingly spent their time in sloth and debauchery. 'Some keepers of these houses,' says Howard, who is our authority for these statements, 'who have represented to the magistrates the wants of their prisoners, and desired for them necessary food, have been silenced with these inconsiderate words, *let them work or starve.* When those gentlemen know the former is impossible, do they not by that thoughtless sentence inevitably doom poor creatures to the latter?' * Felons were allowed in some prisons two pennyworth of bread a day, in some three halfpennyworth, in some a pennyworth, and in some none. No regard was paid to the dearness of bread, and the pennyloaf sometimes weighed but seven or eight ounces. This miserable allowance was sometimes dealt out once in two days, and would be consumed

* Howard's State of the Prisons in England and Wales, p. 4.

at a single meal, leaving the poor wretches to starve for the residue of the two days. By the cruel system of farming, this wretched pittance was still farther reduced by the cupidity of gaolers. Many prisons had no supply of water within their walls. The prisoners, locked up in their cells, were dependent on the mercy of the gaolers, and got no more than the keeper and his servants thought fit to bring them. In one place they were limited to three pints a day; 'a scanty provision,' exclaims Howard, 'for drink and cleanliness!'

Nor was the supply of air less scanty than that of food and water. Such was the degree to which the air of the English prisons was corrupted by want of ventilation, the accumulation of filth, and the existence of disease, that the clothes of Howard in his first journeys, became so offensive, by going into prisons, that he could not travel in a post-chaise, with the windows closed, and had to make his visits of mercy on horseback. The leaves of his memorandum book were so tainted, that he could not use it, without spreading it an hour or two before the fire; and the vial of vinegar which he employed as an antidote, would become itself intolerable in a few hours. In some subterraneous dungeons, in which prisoners were confined, the floor was always very damp; in some there was an inch or two of water; and the straw for bedding was generally laid on the floor, without bedsteads. Some goals had neither sewers nor vaults, and in those that had them, they were frequently so neglected, as to be horribly offensive. As the gaolers had to pay the window tax, they often stopped up the windows to escape this imposition. In many gaols and most bridewells, no allowance was made by the public for bedding, or straw. When a little was furnished, it remained unchanged for months, till corrupted and worn to dust. 'When,' says Howard, 'I have complained of this to the keepers, their justification has been, 'the county allows no straw; the prisoners have none but at my cost.' What the moral condition of the gaols, at this period, was, may be estimated from the fact, that prisoners of all sorts were confined together; debtors and felons, men and women, the novice and the veteran. With all these, many were sentenced to the county gaols, for slight misdemeanors, who would have been sent to bridewell:—but in consequence of the want of food in these houses of correction, were in pity sent to county gaols, where an allowance was made for the support of prisoners. In addition to all this, lu-

natics and idiots were confined in some of the gaols. '*These*, says Howard, '*serve as sport to idle visitants at assizes.* No care is taken of them, though it is probable that, by medicines and proper regimen, some of them might be restored to their senses and usefulness in life.' In consequence of these causes of suffering and disease, this great philanthropist came to the conclusion, that many more prisoners died of goal-fever, than by the executioner. He learned, he says, the emphatical meaning of the curse of the severe creditor, who pronounces his debtor's doom, *to rot in gaol.*

It seemed a kind of retributive justice that the ravages of this disease sometimes extended beyond the walls of prisons, to those whose official influence should have been successfully exerted to remove its causes. At the *black assize* in Oxford castle, in 1577, (so called from its fatal consequences), all who were present died within forty-eight hours; the lord chief Baron, the Sheriff, and about three hundred more. Lord Bacon and Dr. Mead ascribe this mortality to a disease brought into court by the prisoners. Lord Bacon says, that twice or thrice within his time, it had happened that the judges and others in attendance had been infected with diseases brought into court, by the prisoners, and had died. At the lent assizes at Taunton in 1730, some prisoners brought the gaol distemper into court, of which the lord chief baron Pengelly, Sir James Sheppard, sergeant, John Pigott, Esq., sheriff, and some hundreds besides, died.

In most of the English prisons, at this period, the cruel custom prevailed, on the part of the prisoners, of extorting a gratuity from each new comer, under the name of *garnish.* 'Pay, or strip,' says Howard, 'were the fatal words:' *fatal*, in the literal sense of the term, for most of the poor wretches, having no money, were obliged to give up a part of their clothing, for want of which, when they had no bedding, they contracted diseases, which sometimes proved fatal. In 1730, this abuse had gone to such a length, that, in order to check it, and particularly when it was carried so far as stripping those who had no money, four prisoners were indicted for assault and robbery, upon a fellow-prisoner in Newgate, condemned, and executed. But the practice was not suppressed. This practice, instead of being discountenanced, was encouraged by the gaolers, who were in the habit of keeping a tap in the prison; and found their account in the expenditure which took

place. Gaming of all kinds was carried to excess in the prisons. It was a common thing to keep the prisoners in irons, both by day and by night. This was often done from mere cruelty, often in consequence of the insecurity of the gaols, and sometimes, on purpose to extort money from the prisoners, in order to a dispensation. Prisoners were frequently obliged to walk ten or fifteen miles in irons, to their places of trial, and sometimes to towns, where there were no prisons, so that numbers of both sexes would be shut up together for many days and nights, in one room, awaiting trial. Gaol-delivery in some counties was but once a year. 'What reparation,' says Howard, 'can be made to a poor creature for the misery he has suffered and the corruption of his morals by confinement in prison, near twelve months before trial, in which, perhaps, he is declared by his country, *not guilty?*' One cause why gaol-delivery took place so seldom was, in some places, the expense of entertaining the judges and their train;—which in England is always done with great festivity and profusion. At Hull they used to have the assize but once in seven years. Peacock, a murderer, was in prison there near three years. Before his trial, the principal witness died, and he was acquitted. Some of the gaols were private property. One of these was so much out of repair, as to render it unsafe; and the proprietor not choosing to repair it, the gaoler was in the habit of securing the prisoners, by chaining them down on their backs, to the floor, (across which iron bars were laid,) by means of iron collars, with spikes around their necks, and a heavy iron bar over their legs. A benevolent magistrate made a representation of the case, illustrated with a drawing, to King George III., who was so much affected by it, that he gave immediate orders for enquiry and relief. Women with infant children, were frequently imprisoned for debt. For want of fires in winter, the children were sometimes frozen to death. The want of firing, united with want of food, was a cause of great mortality in the winter season, in the English prisons, and in one case three prisoners were found frozen to death in one room. The coroner, who held the jury of inquest, informed Howard, that the verdict was *by the visitation of God*, intentionally rendered, to save the gaoler from prosecution for a felony; whereas the fault lay with the justices, who had ordered an allowance not sufficient to support nature.

These few statements will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the state of the prisons in Great Britain, before the improvements, suggested by Howard, were commenced. In general, the condition of the prisons upon the continent of Europe, (which were also explored by this intrepid philanthropist,) was somewhat better than that of those in England ; but abuses similar to those which we have specified were of too frequent occurrence in them. Some of the houses of correction in Holland formed an honorable exception, and made a near approach to the wise discipline and humane strictness of the penitentiary system, as now practised. There is no reason to believe, that the prisons in America, at that time, were in a better condition than those in Europe.

It is at this point, that Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville take up the interesting subject of their work. It was a necessary consequence of the horrible state of the prisons, that they were little thought of, as places of protracted penal discipline. They were rather the appendages, than the instruments of justice. The halter, Botany-Bay, the pillory, the branding iron, and the lash were the enginery of justice ; and the prison was the place in which its victims were confined, till they could be brought to trial and sentenced. The prejudices of the society of Friends against capital punishment first suggested at Philadelphia, at the close of the revolutionary war, the idea of a prison so administered, that confinement might be substituted for death. The growing civilization of the age having extended its disapprobation to those barbarous corporal punishments, which partake of the character of torture, new reasons presented themselves for the reformation. It was attempted in 1786. Laws were enacted in Pennsylvania, authorizing the substitution of solitary confinement, for some of the punishments alluded to ; and confinement with hard labor for others.

There were several imperfections in the plan as first struck out. The Walnut-street prison,—which was appropriated for carrying into effect this change in the criminal legislation of the State,—was soon crowded to overflowing ; the attempted classification of criminals was found to be attended with great practical difficulties ; and the number of solitary cells, (thirty,) altogether insufficient. The inmates of the solitary cells were confined in idleness ; and those at labor in the work-shops were exposed to all the evils of corrupt communication. But not-

withstanding these defects, the plan of the Walnut-street prison was imitated by New-York in 1797, and subsequently by several other States of the Union; and acquired a reputation both in this country and Europe, arising rather from the enormity of the pre-existing abuses of which it was supposed to be a complete remedy, than from its own merit. It may be observed here, that the word *Penitentiary*, as applied to prisons, is not, as Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville appear to intimate, (page 7,) of American origin, but was applied in England to the new establishments, erected in consequence of the developments made by Howard. 'The Penitentiary houses,' says he, 'directed by a late Act of Parliament, may, under proper management, be made to answer very useful purposes.'

In 1816, the commencement of the effective and radical reform was made at Auburn in New-York; but still with great defects in the plan. A new prison was constructed at that place, providing ampler means of seclusion, but not carrying out, to its full extent, the principle of solitary confinement, during the night. Sixty-one cells were constructed, but it was designed that each should contain two convicts, and twenty-eight larger apartments, intended to receive from eight to twelve convicts each. Some classifications also were attempted among the prisoners. The inconveniences of this arrangement were partly felt; and in 1819, a new edifice was authorized to be built at Auburn, containing an additional number of cells; but still not proceeding on the principle of perfect solitude. Two years earlier, the State of Pennsylvania ordered the construction of two great Penitentiaries, one at Pittsburgh for the Western part of the State, and one at Philadelphia for the Eastern. These edifices were afterwards constructed at enormous expense, wearing the appearance of palaces rather than prisons. The former of them, from some defects in the plan of construction, has proved, according to the modern improved notions on this subject, almost an entire failure. Great delay attended the completion of the Eastern Penitentiary near Philadelphia, which is not even yet finished, according to its original plan. It went into operation, however, with a small number of convicts, in 1829. It is organized on the principle of entire seclusion, by day and by night; but the cells are so contrived, as to admit of the performance of labor by those confined in them. Of this peculiarity of the Philadelphia prison, we shall say a word or two, in the sequel.

Before the laws authorizing the erection of the Pennsylvania prisons were carried into effect, the northern wing of the Auburn prison was completed, containing eighty cells for solitary imprisonment, in which the convicts were ordered to be confined night and day, *without labor.* This experiment, from which much was expected by the friends of penitentiary discipline, proved fatal to many who were subjected to it. The convicts confined in these cells dropped into an evident decline, and five of them perished in the course of the year. Another became insane ; and another, at the almost certain risk of his life in falling, made an attempt to escape by rushing out of his cell, when opened to deliver his food.

This experiment was considered decisive. Although the convicts, on whom it had been made, were selected by law from the most hardened criminals, twenty-six of them were pardoned, and the remainder were released from their cells during the day. Of the twenty-six pardoned, fourteen soon found their way back to the prison on new convictions. From this period, the plan of entire seclusion has been abandoned, in the prisons of New York, and that of solitary confinement by night and hard labor in the work-shops by day, has been substituted. To whom the credit ought to be given of this last combination, Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville consider as an unsettled point. The commissioners of the New York Legislature, who inspected the Auburn prison in 1824, found it in full operation. Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville appear to hesitate, whether to ascribe it to De Witt Clinton, then Governor of New York; to Mr. Cray, at that time one of the directors of the Auburn prison, (to whom, they observe, Judge Powars, then the superintendent of this prison,—afterwards a highly respected member of Congress,—appears disposed to ascribe it,) or to Captain Elam Lynds, whose successful administration has contributed much to the establishment of this principle ; and who is generally regarded as its author in the United States.

Whoever was the contriver of the discipline, its success was immediate and complete. Being applied to all the convicts in the State of New York, the five hundred cells at Auburn were inadequate to their reception, and the prison at Sing Sing was ordered to be erected in 1825. Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville justly remark, that the manner in which this new prison was erected, deserves to be related ;—

it seems to imply something more than mere power, or ascendency founded on physical force, or moral influence; and would almost lead us to believe in some kind of mysterious fascination, by which guilty and conscious natures are controlled by a superior mind.

Capt. Lynds, the superintendent of the Auburn prison, left that establishment in company with one hundred convicts, with whom he proceeded to the spot where the new prison was to be constructed; and where, at that time, nothing had been done toward its erection. They were put on shore, to commence the work, before the ground had been broken, a cell of any kind built, or a wall begun. They built the first day a temporary covering of wood, which served as their place of lodging during the season. From the time of their landing in May, till late in the autumn, when a sufficient number of cells was finished to confine the prisoners at night, there was no escape. For several years, beginning in this way, the convicts were employed at Sing Sing in building their prison, which has been constructed on the largest scale, for the reception of one thousand convicts. It is stated in the report of the Prison Discipline Society for 1827, that at that time there had been but one attempt at revolt, in which two prisoners only were concerned, one of whom was killed. The whole building was constructed, without any other means of confinement, than the authority and system of discipline introduced by Capt. Lynds. In maintaining this authority, he was assisted by a few trusty keepers, who went with him from Auburn. With their assistance all was order, industry, silence and activity.*

We cannot here abstain from repeating a well known anecdote, illustrating the fearlessness of Capt. Lynds, in the discharge of his duty. One of the convicts at Sing Sing, having been subjected to punishment, had vowed the death of Capt. Lynds, the first opportunity. This threat coming to Capt. Lynds's ears, he sent for this convict, received him alone in his bed chamber, and without appearing to notice any thing peculiar in his manner, directed the convict to shave him. The convict performed the operation, without any attempt at violence. When it was over, Capt. Lynds dismissed him, telling him that he had heard he had threatened his life, but that he knew he would not dare to attempt it; and that he had sent

* Second Annual Report of the Prison Discipline Society. p. 66.

for him alone and without arms, to let him see how little he feared him.

Notwithstanding the experiments made at Auburn, which were considered decisive of the inexpediency of solitary confinement day and night, without labor; and notwithstanding the success of the plan of solitary confinement by night and labor by day, the former discipline was introduced at Pittsburg in 1827, when that great establishment was open for the reception of convicts. Owing to the defective plan of the prison, the convicts were able to keep up a communication with each other in their cells. The attempt at solitude of course failed;—while the absence of labor was productive of great evils; not the least of which was that of throwing the entire expense of the establishment on the State. The failure of this expensive prison to answer the purposes for which it was erected, somewhat chilled the public feeling in Pennsylvania with regard to penitentiary discipline. The whole subject was referred to Messrs. Charles Shaler, Edward King, and T. I. Wharton, who made their report in December, 1827. Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville speak of this report, as one of the most important legislative documents on the prisons of America. They remark, that it has received particular attention from several publicists in Europe. In this report, the Auburn plan receives the preference over that which had been attempted at Pittsburg.

This report had a powerful effect on public opinion, but was not, however, without highly respectable dissentients,—and especially Mr. Roberts Vaux and Mr. Livingston, the present Secretary of State. These gentlemen still adhered to the plan of entire seclusion. Mr. Livingston admits, as a general rule, the propriety of compelling convicts to labor, but demands that it should be done in solitude, and that the use of the whip should be interdicted. The severity of the Auburn discipline, in this respect, has not passed without censure, among those who admit the general merits of the system. But the prosperity of this system appeared to establish its character in a practical way, against the theory of solitary labor, which had not, in 1827, been put to the test of experiment. The public mind seemed generally satisfied with the results attained in New York, and the Auburn plan received the decided commendations of the Prison Discipline Society, in their successive annual reports.

To this society Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville justly attribute a very high degree of merit, for its persevering efforts to enlighten the public mind, on the subject of the prisons of the country. They speak of its benevolent and indefatigable secretary, in the following terms of richly merited eulogy, which we take great pleasure in transcribing, as a well deserved tribute from these intelligent foreigners, to the value of labors, as unattractive and painful, as they have been zealous and persevering. After stating the amount of the funds, which have been collected and disbursed by the society, they add, 'one of its greatest treasures consists in the zeal of Mr. Louis Dwight, its Secretary, who, with untiring ardor, has collected all the documents, proper to enlighten the public mind on this subject;—neglecting no journey, however laborious, in pursuit of truth;—visiting prisons, whether bad or good; —proclaiming the defects of the one and the merits of others; —indicating reforms, that have been accomplished and those which are yet to be made.' We are decidedly of opinion, that nothing has contributed more toward the wonderful improvement, which has taken place and is going on in the prison system of the country, than the publication of the reports of this society.

Notwithstanding the general approbation accorded to the Auburn plan, and its imitation in several States, the friends of entire seclusion persevered in Pennsylvania, and as we have observed above, procured the introduction, at the eastern Penitentiary, near the city of Philadelphia, of the system of solitary confinement day and night, with labor by day. The experiment made on fifty or sixty convicts, who were at first subjected to this system, proved entirely successful; and since that period, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has ordered the erection of a large number of additional cells, within the spacious enclosure of Cherry-hill, and the removal of the Walnut-street prison from the beautiful neighborhood in Philadelphia, in which it has long stood, an encumbrance and deformity.

The other States of the Union, have generally followed the Auburn plan. The prison at Wethersfield, in Connecticut, was constructed in 1826. This prison has been deemed, and we believe deservedly, one of the very best in the country. It has been repeatedly proposed as a model, in the reports of the Prison Discipline Society. Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville mention it as a successful example of a prison

administered without the rigor, prevailing in other establishments. The economy of its construction has been particularly celebrated, the expense not amounting to more than thirty thousand dollars, for a building one hundred and seventy-seven feet long, forty-eight feet wide, and thirty-six feet high, and containing one hundred and thirty-six cells. The recent attempt at escape, however, seems to indicate the necessity of iron doors to the cells. A convict, it is stated in the public prints, succeeded in opening the door of his cell, by boring a hole with a bit, through the door, and applying a wire through this hole to the lock on the outside. It would seem, however, that this attempt would not have met with its partial success, but for the deafness of the guard on duty at the time, who unhappily perished on the occasion. We presume also, that the existing unfortunate controversy, relative to the management of the prison, was attended with some sinister influence on its discipline. If so, the late disastrous occurrence will teach a salutary lesson; as it will also establish the necessity of iron doors to the cells; of a most vigorous enforcement of silence among the convicts, (who, in this instance, are alleged to have had a plan of escape in agitation for two years, and who had succeeded in making pick-locks and false keys,) and of employing none but the most alert and active, as guards of the prisoners. It would seem to us also an easy precaution against attempts like that alluded to, to change, at short intervals, not only the station of criminals in the work-shops, but in the cells at night;—so that the same individuals should be but a very short time, in the immediate vicinity of each other. It must be remembered that while the vigilance of the keeper has a natural tendency to relax, by the daily strengthening sense of security; the vigilance of the convict is an ever active principle, stimulated by every day's experience of the hardships of confinement.

Prisons on the Auburn principle, in addition to that at Wethersfield, have been constructed in Massachusetts, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine, Vermont, and Washington. The first of these, at Charlestown, is the only one which has fallen under our immediate inspection. It is believed to afford as favorable a specimen of the system, as any establishment of the kind in the United States. The new prison leaves scarce any thing to desire in its construction; but better buildings for work-shops and a better enclosure are yet needed.

Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville justly comment on the happy effect, in the introduction of reforms of this kind, of the division of the country into separate states, acting as guides or rivals to each other in improvement. The generous competition thus excited, aided by the prompt publicity, which awaits alike the merits and defects of every thing, existing or attempted, has a tendency to correct errors and propagate improvements, much more rapidly, than it could be done under one central administration. To this cause, we may reasonably look for the extension of the reformed system of prison discipline, from the nine States, which have adopted it, to the fifteen which have not; and lest it should be thought that tardy progress is making in the work, it must be borne in mind, that it is but just nine years, since the Auburn plan was definitively settled; and that even now, the relative merits of this plan and that of solitary labor form a question not fully decided. Meantime, New Jersey, which is mentioned by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, as retaining all the vices of the ancient system, is taking measures for the construction of a new prison. New-Hampshire, which, when visited by these gentlemen, had not adopted the plan of solitary confinement, has since that period made an appropriation for an additional prison building, in which that all-important end will be attained. The legislature of Georgia, probably in some state of temporary excitement, at the want of success in the administration of their Penitentiary, have passed a law to abolish it, and to restore the old punishments. This is to be regretted, as a retrograde movement in the march of reform. It is a striking instance, and perhaps we may say a natural effect, of the deranged state of public sentiment, in that great and growing State. The step will no doubt be speedily retraced; and it will soon be a matter of equal astonishment in Georgia, as elsewhere, that the precise period, when the penitentiary system of the other States was in the most successful operation, and attracting the admiration of the world, should have been chosen by Georgia for its abolition; and that some of the last convicts there sentenced, should have been Christian ministers, exercising their sacred calling, under the authority of the Government of the United States, and the protection of treaties negociated at the instance and with the co-operation of Georgia. All the metaphysical subtleties about state-rights, by which a measure like this is vindicated in theory, (were they in the abstract as sound, as we believe them fallacious,) are refuted,

at the bar of enlightened public opinion, by the hideous iniquity of the practice.

In the preceding pages, we have given little else than an analysis of a portion of the first chapter of the work of Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, omitting of necessity their account of the Houses of Reformation and Refuge for Juvenile Offenders, on which, and particularly on that of New-York, they bestow the warmest commendation. In resuming the general account of the reformation, which has been effected in the prisons in this country, they have made the just remark, that much is yet to be done, before the system is complete. In many of the county gaols and houses of correction, the evils of the former system exist in all their deformity. Much is yet to be done, in regulating the imprisonment of females. Excellent examples have been set in Baltimore, New-York and Connecticut, in establishing female penitentiaries; but more must be done, particularly in those States, where no females are sentenced to the State penitentiaries. The gross abuses connected with imprisonment for debt, which now serves the purpose in too many cases of training up, in the county gaols, candidates for admission to the States' prisons, require to be reformed; and much also is needed for the improvement of the discipline of our alms-houses. As far as Massachusetts is concerned, we anticipate great good, from the labors of the commissioners on the pauper system, whose valuable report was submitted to the Legislature, at its last session; and not less from the researches of the commissioners, who were appointed to examine, during the present recess of the General Court, the condition of the county gaols, throughout the Commonwealth.

We speak of what remains to be done, by no means in the language of discontent. The progress of reform has been wonderfully rapid. Miracles almost have been accomplished; and there are dangers in too rapid a course of amelioration, which must be shunned. In great public establishments, requiring a large expenditure in fixtures, it is highly important, to proceed with such deliberation, that the resources of the public may not be bestowed on objects, which farther knowledge and experience shall prove to have been ill conceived. Thus the vast prison at Pittsburgh is an almost total waste of money; and nearly the same may be said of the building first erected, about twenty-five years ago, as a State's prison in Massachusetts.

In their second chapter, Messrs. de Beaumont and de

Tocqueville discuss the fundamental principles of the penitentiary system of the United States, and enter into a comparison of the Auburn and Philadelphia plans. They do not appear to pronounce a positive opinion between them, but manifest a leaning toward the former; viz. solitary confinement at night and at meals, and labor by day in the work-shops in silence. It seems also to us premature to pronounce decisively between the two plans. The experiment made in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia is as yet the only experiment; and that has not been conducted on a very large scale. The third annual report of the inspectors, (for the year 1831, the last we have seen,*) speaks in the most encouraging manner of the state of the establishment. Eighty-seven convicts were then confined in it. Of twenty-one who had been imprisoned and discharged, unfavorable accounts had been received but from one. The health of the prisoners is stated not to suffer by their unbroken solitude; in this respect, showing the totally different operation upon the human frame of solitude with and without labor. The convicts, with the exception of one infirm from age, and of two idiots, (which last unhappy class of beings are surely no fit subjects for such a place,) are able to support themselves by the product of their labor. We presume that this statement must intend the cost of support, exclusive of the salary of the keepers, and interest on the cost of the establishment. The occupations of the eighty-seven convicts were as follows. Forty-three were employed in weaving and dyeing, eighteen in shoe-making; two in carving; four in blacksmiths' work; three in carpenters'; one in carriage-making; two in the locksmiths' work; one in tailors' work; two in wool-picking; one in cooking; one in washing. Three were indisposed, two idiots; one aged and too infirm to work; and three just received were not employed.

We have abstracted this statement from the report of the Warden, because we believe some difficulty has been supposed to exist, in finding employment, at which convicts could be kept at work, in solitary cells. The range, as it is, appears by no means limited, and might easily be extended. Our apprehension is, that this plan of imprisonment will be found too expensive. If this objection shall prove to be unfounded, and the health of the prisoners shall appear not to suffer, our pre-

* It is quoted in the seventh annual report of the Prison Discipline Society, p. 47.

possessions, in other respects, would be in favor of the plan. We own we have apprehensions, as to the effect of the plan on the health of the convicts, when they shall be collected in the same prison, in very large numbers, and confined in cells built over and very near each other. Without intending to pronounce an opinion, we will briefly indicate the arguments, in favor of the Philadelphia plan, as we understand them to be advanced by its friends.

Silence is admitted to be absolutely essential to the Auburn plan, or rather the absence of all communication between the convicts. Now it is plain, that, even if silence could be strictly enforced, it would leave remaining some intercourse of looks, gestures, and touch, exceedingly restrained it is true, but still sufficient for the accomplishment of mischief. But it is impossible to enforce strict silence. Some talking is allowed, as necessary to carry on work, where several,—as in stone-cutting,—are employed together. This permitted use of speech leads to some abuse; and nothing but the scourge is found adequate to keep up the discipline of the prison in this respect. The free resort to this instrument of discipline, in some of the penitentiaries, has been complained of. It is a disagreeable necessity to be obliged to use it. On the Philadelphia plan, almost all occasion for discipline is taken away, and when any punishment is needed, a milder one has been found effectual.

The solitude with labor is more favorable, in its moral effect on the character, than compulsory labor, in the public work-shops. In stating the comparative advantages of the two systems, Captain Lynds expressly puts the preference of the Auburn plan over that of Philadelphia, in this, that the convict at Auburn considers labor as a hardship and a task; and that it is beneficial to him, to form the habit of submitting to the necessity of performing a task in obedience to law; whereas, to the convict in solitary confinement, labor is a solace. He is willing to labor in the cell, to escape the *ennui* of his confinement; but when he leaves the prison, this motive ceasing to operate, he will cease from work. The force of this reasoning is denied. It is assumed, in both cases, that the convict is not disposed to labor, from any love of industry; but in one case he works under the compulsion of the lash; in the other, voluntarily, as a refuge from the torments of idle solitude. In either case, he works all the time. Now the comparative efficacy of these two modes of enforcing labor, in forming industrious habits, must be, *â priori*, a matter of

doubtful speculation. Both motives will cease when the convict is discharged. Which is most likely, while it is in operation, to produce a salutary change in the temper, which will operate after the motive ceases, is a matter to be decided by experience.

Another great advantage claimed for the plan of total seclusion is, its efficacy in removing a great obstacle in the way of the successful reformation of convicts. Experience has shown, that convicts disposed, on their discharge from prison, to persevere in virtuous habits, are frequently prevented from doing so, by their worthless associates, who, for the cruel purpose of compelling them to engage again in the perpetration of crime, betray them to the employers, in whose service they may have found occupation. A very affecting case of this kind is related in the work of Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville.* The natural prejudice against employing persons, who have been found guilty of crimes punished by the laws of the country with confinement in the States' prisons, is so great, that this mutual delation by comrades opposes a very formidable obstacle to reform. It is, of course, wholly obviated by the system of entire seclusion. From the moment he comes into the prison, till he leaves it, the convict never sees the face nor hears the voice of a fellow convict; and quits its walls as much a stranger to every other inmate of them as he entered.

It ought to be observed of both plans of prison discipline, that they require for their successful operation, qualifications of no ordinary kind, on the part of the wardens, superintendants, or by whatever other name the officer in immediate control of the prison may be called. An instant effect of the prison reform has accordingly been, to make this office one of respectability and consequence, which individuals of character and standing are willing to assume, and which carries with it no disparagement or degradation. The American reader can scarce repress a smile, at finding, in the Minutes of Evidence appended to the late report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on secondary punishments, this question, among others, put to Captain Basil Hall: 'Is the superintendant a convict?' Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville repeat, with proper terms of respect, the names of Captain

* Appendix No. 10. p. 330. This appendix contains the result of the examination by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville of each of the inmates of the Cherry-Hill Penitentiary.

Lynds and Judge Powars, of New-York; of Mr. Pillsbury, at Wethersfield; of Mr. Robert Wiltsie, at Sing Sing; of Captain Austin, at Charlestown; and of Mr. Wood, of Philadelphia. As the number of persons possessing the requisite qualifications for this honorable and important station is by no means great, it is regarded as a recommendation of the Philadelphia system, that its administration appears somewhat easier, than that of the other plan. The entire isolation of the convicts facilitates the discipline of the plan; and renders less necessary the possession of the high moral qualities, which may occasionally be called into action, in prisons otherwise organized.

The third chapter of the work before us treats of the subject of the *moral reform* of the convicts, and the effects of the system in diminishing the amount of crime in the community. The fourth chapter is devoted to the financial aspect of the question, and closes the first part of the work.

The first chapter of the second part commences with the imperfections of the French prisons;—the cost of their support, and the evil effects of their organization and management, on the morals and lives of the convicts. In the second chapter, is discussed the practicability of introducing the American penitentiary system into France. Several obstacles to such a step, are indicated by our authors:—such as the want of adaptation of the buildings now used as prisons;—the general aversion to corporal punishments, and the want of that co-operation of the religious sense of the public, which exists in America, and to which great efficacy is justly ascribed by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville:—and the character of *infamy*, which the laws of France impose on various crimes; a character which would be at variance with penitentiary discipline, which leaves a *locus penitentiae*, and a hope of restoration to all its subjects. If these difficulties were overcome, (and our authors do not state them to be insuperable), they express the opinion that the system might not be productive of all the good effects, which have flowed from it in this country. They doubt whether the labor of the convicts could be made to bear so important a part of the cost of their maintenance, as it does with us. They suppose that the products of the labor of the prisoners would find less ready sale in France, than in the United States of America. We own we do not perceive the force of this objection. We suppose, that the productiveness of the labor of convicts must bear about the same proportion to that of free labor, in the two countries. The principle, on which the labor

of convicts is made adequate to their support is, that of superiority over a good part of the free labor of the community, in management, thrift, an ample supply of stock, and freedom from waste, but especially the latter. We do not perceive why all these causes should not operate in France as well as in America. In fact, in reading this chapter, especially in remarking that our authors close it with the expression of a decided wish that an experiment should be made in France, on a fair scale, of the American system, we have been inclined to think that they are themselves well disposed toward its introduction into France; and that they wish by their own anticipation and discussion of the difficulties that might arise in the attempt, to avoid being considered as enthusiasts, and to prevent the discouragement that would spring from unforeseen embarrassments.

The third chapter of the second part is devoted to a description of the establishments usually denominated houses of refuge or reformation, and those of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are particularly described and commended. But we must reserve our remarks on these interesting establishments for some future opportunity. The Appendix contains, in three chapters, an interesting discussion of the merits of *penal colonies*;—and an ample collection of interesting documents, illustrative of the various subjects of the work, closes the volume.

We have been particularly gratified with the perusal of this work, which we regard as well calculated to be useful even to the citizens of the United States, though destined of course more particularly for information in Europe. The introductory note of the authors expresses, in gratifying terms, their sense of obligation to the magistrates and functionaries in this country, by whom their researches were facilitated. We cannot forbear a brief quotation.

'If our researches shall be deemed useful, we owe it in a high degree to the generous hospitality of the people of the United States. The establishments of every kind, in all parts of the country, were thrown open to us; and every species of information furnished with a zeal, of which we are truly sensible. The importance of our errand was understood in America; and the public functionaries of the most elevated character, not less than private individuals, spared no pains to aid us in accomplishing it.'

We ought not to withhold a tribute of acknowledgment to the late government of France, for its enlightened policy in instituting this mission. Amidst the grave political delinquencies, under which it sunk, it is but generous to preserve from obli-

vion these proofs of a liberality and wisdom, above the standard of its own policy. We may reasonably expect from those now entrusted with the control of the destinies of that great and powerful nation, that they will at least not fall behind their predecessors, in this important branch of reform. With the lights furnished by the work of Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, we may reasonably expect that prompt and vigorous measures will be taken to reduce to the test of experiment, the practicability of applying the American penitentiary system to the prisons of France.

While we write these sentences, we understand that commissioners have been appointed in England, to proceed to this country on the same errand. We can wish them nothing better than that they may bring to their honorable task the intelligence, industry, and enlightened spirit of observation, which secured to Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville the respect and co-operation of the authorities and people of the United States. For ourselves, we wish no better answer to the gossipping trash against this country, which is pouring, in one broad unceasing stream, from the British press, than the institution of these missions. The question, how crime is to be dealt with in a community, is one of the most embarrassing to the philanthropic statesman. The humane feeling of the age does not permit that the laws shall continue to be written in blood. It will not do, any longer, to take the life of a fellow creature, for stealing to the value of five and sixpence. Deportation to the other side of the globe is enormously expensive ; is iniquitous in its effect upon the character of the community, whose foundations are thus laid in penal justice ; and is nearly useless as a punishment. It is, besides, a mode of disposing of crime, which, for political reasons, very few governments have at their command. The pillory, stripes, and branding irons are now regarded in a light almost as unfavorable as the rack, the boots, or the thumb-screws. It has become, then, absolutely necessary, that imprisonment should be made an effective, safe, and humane punishment, compatible with the health and physical comfort of its subjects, without ceasing to be an object of terror, and capable of indefinite extension, without creating an enormous burden on the State. We believe we are fully warranted in affirming, that this great problem has been at length effectively solved in the United States ; and we regard the solution of it as one of the greatest triumphs of humanity ever achiev-

ed. That Europe may be enabled to introduce the system is our ardent wish; and we deem it truly auspicious that the task of making the preliminary inquiries has devolved on persons so well qualified for that object, as Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville.

Since this article was written and sent to the press, we have had an opportunity of looking at the eighth report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline in Great Britain, and also at the Report of the Select Committee on Secondary Punishments, made to the House of Commons, June 22d, 1832. We perceive, from these documents, that while enormous abuses still exist in many of the British prisons, reform is advancing with rapid strides. It is highly gratifying to witness the respect with which the Penitentiary System of the United States is referred to. The reports of the Boston Prison Discipline Society are commended in the highest terms.

The Eighth Report of this invaluable institution has also, since these remarks were written, been publicly submitted to the society. Its contents are of the most gratifying and auspicious character. They confirm the claims of the society,—already well established,—to be regarded as one of the most admirable institutions of the age. It is not easy to speak, in exaggerated terms, of the good which it has effected. We learn, with great satisfaction, from this report, that the work of Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, is to be translated by Dr. Lieber.

ART. VI.—*Works of Mrs. Child.*

1. *The Ladies' Library.* Vol. 1. *Lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland.* Vol. 2. *Lives of Lady Russell and Madame Guyon.* Vol. 3. *Biographies of Good Wives.* By MRS. CHILD. Boston. 1832 and 3.
2. *The Coronal, a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces.* By THE SAME. Boston. 1833.

WHEN Napoleon told Madame de Staël that she was the first woman in the republic, who bore the most children, though he said a good thing, it was hardly a true one. We should go somewhat more for the intellectual, and say that she was the

first, and the best too, who wrote the most useful books. Governing ourselves by this standard, we are not sure that any woman in our country would outrank Mrs. Child. This lady has long been before the public as an author, with much success. And she well deserves it,—for in all her works we think that nothing can be found, which does not commend itself by its tone of healthy morality, and generally by its good sense. Few female writers, if any, have done more or better things for our literature, in its lighter or graver departments. She has continued to render herself popular in fiction and fact; to be graceful alike in telling a village story, and in giving a receipt for the kitchen; to be at home in the prose and the poetry of life; in short, to be just the woman we want for the mothers and daughters of the present generation. We have long watched the course of Mrs. Child, and in general, with satisfaction. Sometimes we have been more than satisfied,—we have admired her.

Mrs. Child began, if we mistake not, as a novelist. This, while the field was so full of able adventurers in this department,—we mean abroad, more particularly,—was something hazardous. But on the whole she succeeded. To us this appears the more singular, and the more a subject for self-congratulation with the author, as the work she began with was an Indian story. We are stern unbelievers in Indian tales. We are tired of them,—and were so before Mrs. Child made her essay. We long ago believed that the best specimens of Indian character and life had been given us by earlier authors, some of them the best of whom we can boast. Charles Brockden Brown drew a better picture of the veritable savage, than has ever been painted after him, by any of our literary pencils. We have never been satisfied with a portrait since. Some writers have caricatured the whole affair, while they thought they were working up the warp and woof of their own immortality, at once. It is well for such authors, that the chiefs they meant to depict were not living, to see the outrageous representations of themselves on the pages of their historians. There would have been no chance for them. Wampum and calumet had never been respected towards such adventurers among the red men. They would have been scalped, inevitably. But we cannot stop to particularize. It is enough to say, that the idea of Indian girls wearing 'mantles' instead of blankets, and Indian chiefs talking

hexameters, like Alexander Pope, or unmeasured poetry, like Ossian, is too supremely ridiculous for people in health, and in their senses. Yet such Indians we have, by the score, in our Indian novels, shown up with all the gravity imaginable to a simple, wondering, cheated and maltreated public. Mrs. Child drew her savage very well,—though not so well as Brown. Still there was an evident inclination to throw more of civilized life and conversation into the portraiture than is admissible; and though she had too much tact not to avoid the gross inconsistencies into which some who preceded and many who have followed her, have fallen, still Hobomok cannot be reckoned by any means faultless, and belongs to the second class of Mrs. Child's productions.

Soon after came the Rebels,—a revolutionary story. This was a popular tale in its time,—and, for aught we know, is so now. It made no very high pretensions, but was full of the familiar incidents of the period to which it related, and interested all readers, no doubt by the associations it awakened and the pictures it presented. We have no very particular recollection of its plot,—as who can have, that reads a twentieth part of the novels that are pouring upon us? We remember, however, being pleased by the narrative,—by the drawing of some of the characters, and the management of some of the scenes. Some of the witty portions, or what were intended as such, struck us as not particularly happy. The old jokes of Dr. Byles were rather heavily introduced, and were also not the best which he is said to have committed. Puns, unless they are very good,—that is, very bad ones,—for the worse they are the better,—are a poor material for the pages of a work like the one referred to. The Doctor had wit, but Mrs. Child had done better by us, had she given us some of her own description in the place of these specimens of reverend humor.

We next find her before the public in a position more interesting than ever. No man or woman, it strikes us, can assume one of more moral dignity and beauty, than that of a faithful instructer and enlightener of the young in the way of all excellence. To come down to the multiplied little demands of the youthful mind, and to enter into its interests and feelings, especially when literary ambition and success would seem to allure to higher walks,—or what the world calls such,—is an act, that reflects honor on the intellect of the person who performs it. We say nothing of the heart that

prompts to this sacrifice,—for sacrifice it is, in the instance supposed, when public sentiment is waiting for a new appearance of a popular author, to render a new tribute of public applause.

In becoming the editor of the Juvenile Miscellany, Mrs. Child conferred a favor on parents and children alike; especially on the moral and religious portion of the community. This little work is admitted on all hands to be singularly excellent in its way. Its design and execution are both admirable. To one who has thought little of these things, it may appear an easy matter to make a book of this kind; so didactic and simple. But it is this very simplicity, that makes it a difficult work. Nothing is harder than for an intelligent, disciplined, severe mind to adapt itself, in language as well as in manner, to the minds of children. The wisest may prove themselves fools here, though they may be Solomons in every thing else. Witness the extreme difficulty that a sensible man frequently encounters in addressing an assembly of youthful persons,—the pupils at a Sunday school, for instance. We have sometimes had occasion to see this, when it has given us absolute pain, so utterly unable was the speaker to accommodate himself to the little intellects with which he was confronted. We have seen the person, who, a few moments before, had delighted us with his easy elocution, and perhaps stirred us with his eloquence, in the course of an appeal to a miscellaneous audience, sink to something really flat and unprofitable, in endeavoring to express himself to a hundred or two of young listeners. The off-hand, self-confident talker of a popular meeting has been absolutely abashed before the upturned host of infantile intent faces, and escaped from his dilemma only by giving up the matter at once, or subsiding into a strain of remark, natural enough to him, to be sure, but wholly above the comprehension of his hearers. So widely do we depart from simplicity, as we adapt ourselves to this complex world, and so unconscious are we of our departure, till some such emergency convinces us of it, to our confusion! The power alone of producing such a series of short instructive stories as the Miscellany presents, so well calculated to captivate the youthful attention, and to fix youthful sympathy, argues a remarkable power of invention. In fact, it is one of the best proofs of the author's capacity for higher things. In the instance of Mrs. Child, this fertility is uncommon,—and we should all hold ourselves happy

that we have a genius who comes to all our hearths, giving token of holding out so well, from the fund she has shown us already.

But Mrs. Child was determined to become a still more decided utilitarian. She saw a great deficiency in the system of house-keeping among us,—and resolved to supply it. This she has done to the letter. Does any one doubt her success? Let ten editions of the Frugal Housewife answer such unbelievers. No book, so little like a novel, or a poem, ever had such a run. It was to be found making its way into the boudoirs of the fashionable, as well as into the farm-house. Every miss from the country who came to purchase a silk in the city, bore away a 'Housewife' done up in its folds. It was studied to be talked of in *coteries*,—and brought to mind over every lunch upon sponge cake. It laid itself down cosily by Walter Scott and Master Irving, deeming itself, as well it might, fit company for either, for what enjoyment can there be of the intellectual, unless we first attend to a proper regulation of the physical? The economy of mind is connected in more ways than one with the economy of things that pertain to the body. In short, this little volume carried the day over all its contemporaries. It became a general favorite,—and so remains to this day. Its good sense has commended it to mothers and daughters in England and France, and we understand it has gone through some editions in Paris. Now all this is very creditable to the public and the author. We have read portions of the book ourselves, though we are as bad as bachelors, and must say that the Hints are worth perusal once a month. As to remarks upon the volume, made by some one, we never cared to inquire who,—evidently clever, but as evidently a tyro in culinary luxuries, and who should have known better withal than to snarl at a lady, while he had the advantage of a periodical to do it in,—to say nothing of their want of gallantry in the abstract,—we hold them to be altogether in bad taste. We must resolutely maintain that 'hard gingerbread *is* nice.'

This is a more revolutionary book than any other that Mrs. Child has written,—more so even than the Rebels; for the revolution with which this busies itself, extends all over our houses. It operates like a health committee, or a committee of vigilance. No woman will plead ignorance of its texts, and no daughter who looks to an establishment will dare own herself without it. We like this. It is refreshing, once in a while, to see

people really giving their money for what is useful, and letting a poor novel sink out of the market, by the way of the upper shelves of the publishers. It would be well if *cui bono?* were a question nearer the surface of writers' minds in the present day. As it is, a crown is due to every one who makes it a first inquiry, and who is not ashamed to use plain English to answer it. The Housewife, we think, must be intelligible to all; if it be not, it will not be for want of plainness in telling the truth, or of directness in the application of the remarks to many of our domestic prejudices and follies.

The Girl's Book and the Mother's Book were but parts of the general plan which our author appears to have laid out, of designating, in a simple way, the reciprocal duties of parent and child, and of showing to both, by example and precept, the importance of the several relations in which they stand to each other. At least these good lessons are derivable from both the works, whether there was any particular intention of inculcating them or not. The latter takes up the child at the nursery, and carries her through to matrimony,—a very important part of the female pilgrimage. Through all the stages of life between these two *termini*, our author goes, with advice pertinent to each; and we think mothers have reason to pass a vote of thanks to her, for the excellent strain of remark that seasons her pages. The observations upon marriage struck us as particularly sensible. They are in good season for all the world,—and would have been, a century ago. They would form an excellent tract for the continent, and in England especially would they be of pungent application. Alas! even republican America must come in for her share of the reproof which these remarks embody. Indeed, look the world over, and will not the moralist, though he have but a single eye, still see that it continues to be a melancholy time of bargain and sale, in matters of wedlock? We hardly know which is most to blame in this sad business, the parent that sells the child, or the child that suffers herself to be sold. For our own parts, we approve resistance in these affairs, where the heart goes not with the hand. We love the setting up of a beautiful Ebenezer, against unreasonable and unchristian authority.

The works we have thus noticed, with the exception of the novels, are those of Mrs. Child's collection that particularly aim to be useful,—we mean useful in the most direct and simple forms of usefulness. It is not one person in a genera-

tion, though endowed with all the talent to do it, who will undertake to perform the service to society which has been done by this lady. There is an idea that it is an irksome, thankless business, and minds are kept from attempting it by a mistaken impression that there are higher duties, and employments more worthy of a busy spirit. How false and absurd this notion is, we have taken occasion to suggest indirectly, in some previous remarks. We owe something then to the mind that breaks away from this vulgar prejudice, and especially to one that has done so much to meet the demands of society, in a department where so much was wanting.

We have strong doubts, whether the importance of the education of women is sufficiently understood or appreciated among us. Certainly it is not sufficiently considered. Did we reflect more upon the influence they exert upon the whole system of society, there would be more sensitiveness upon this subject, and more active interest expressed with regard to its details. It is probable, did we view the thing aright, that far from holding it an unsatisfactory or inglorious occupation in any one, to develope and direct the female mind in early years, we should esteem it an employment worthy of our best powers, and as satisfactory as it is important. We have great faith in the inclination of the tree from the bending of the twig. Then look at the issue. View the subject, not in a microscopic way, but in its vast bearings. In the formation of the social frame, what constituent so important as the influence,—the mind, of woman! She gives to the life of man its moral tone. How much of our life is passed with her,—how much in trying to please her,—and how much are our habits and feelings formed and graduated by her connexion with us in every stage of existence! In making her, therefore, —in educating her,—we make and educate ourselves. It must be confessed, that as a mass, we are the clay, after all; and that woman moulds us pretty much as she wills. The relations of lover and husband, if considered a moment, will suggest the truth of our sentiments upon this subject. In one case the influence of the female is unrivalled, and in the other, if not always so unquestionable, is still uniform enough, to be called a primary power. Every one who has circulated in society, knows how this influence extends to its customs and its tone of conversation, and to what is called its general character;—and over the literature of the land, it may be traced by a cer-

tain, though perhaps curious and erratic progress. In short, as a principle, affecting the whole social organization, nothing can take precedence of the influence of woman.

Her education, therefore, should look to the great duties to which she is destined,—to the all-important situations which she is to occupy in society. She should be educated as one, who is hereafter to sustain the relation of a mother:—one who is to educate future sons of the republic. An English writer has somewhere said, that the English principle was to educate women in order to marry, and the English practice to give them such an education, as would totally unfit them for being good wives, were not the good influence of nature stronger than the evil one of art,—meaning, we presume, that their being excellent helpmates happened to them much after the manner of Dogberry's reading and writing.

Now, though there may be something of caricature in this, still there is a vein of truth running through it;—and in our own country how much might be said and done in relation to female education, as a matter intimately connected with the future welfare of the whole land! How much might yet be done to set utility in advance of accomplishment, to cultivate the region of the heart, as well as that of the intellect, and to fit the whole woman for her own coming years, as well as for the influence she is to exert over those of the many with whom she will be associated!

When we repeat, therefore, our expressions of respect for the class of Mrs. Child's works, on which the above remarks have a bearing, we are only rendering a proper tribute to our author for successful exertions in a humble, though very important department. It is one in which the amount of labor has been trifling, until of late years. Writers, until recently, have seemed to think that there were only men and women to write for. They forgot that there were thousands not of age. With the exception of a few tales by Miss Edgeworth, stories that were intended to inculcate any thing were stories for adults, as much as for the children for whom they purported to be made. We do not complain of this, as a general thing,—for some of the best tales we have are the simple ones which adroit minds have furnished for youth. We mean to say, that it has been reserved for very late years to produce a series of popular fictions, and of moral essays, which have had in view, as the guiding object, the

direct moral and mental improvement of the young. As such, they deserve all commendation, and will produce the best effects in drawing the youthful mind from idle objects, and fixing it on those of real importance.

The Coronal, one of the works named at the head of this article, is a 'collection of miscellaneous pieces, written at various times,' as the author tells us on her title page. Many of them have before appeared in the Annuals, and all are well worth preserving in this way. Though she calls them the 'airy nothings' of the mind, Mrs. Child and all who are in the habit of thinking with her on this subject, may be assured that such nothings are frequently our pleasantest literary substance, and find 'a local habitation' in the bosoms of men,—and sensible men too,—where graver matters in octavo are permitted to subside into forgetfulness. We are for preserving these morsels of mind and fancy. They are often the most beautiful gems in the coronal of our thoughts, and have a value proportioned, not to their size, but to their purity and lustre. We shall not stay to designate any of the tales that make up this volume. We will merely observe that they are good specimens of the class of writings to which they belong,—the graceful, gay effusions that redeem our magazines and Annuals.

It would be wrong to pass by the poetry, of which the volume furnishes a few short pieces. We know not that Mrs. Child makes pretensions to poetic distinction, but we freely say that she might lay claim to excellence in this particular, and that with a good degree of success. There is among us,—and it seems to pervade nearly all ranks of writers of the day,—a disposition to a rather dangerous and unfair system of criticism as regards our poetry and our poets. It is a system that recognises too much of the principle of *protection*, or what in religion we should call exclusiveness. It inclines to testify rather too emphatically in favor of some one or two of the gentlemen of the 'fine frenzy,' as though they were entitled to a monopoly of praise and veneration for their poetic achievements, be their weaknesses and wants what they may. We see no virtue in this course;—and what we say here, we say in perfect good nature, and under a conviction that those who pursue it, are doing the writers themselves no kindness, because it will make them careless, if not too vain, and others injustice, who, after all, are good company for them, if not fully their

peers. On the other hand, we enter our protest against the critical *tirades*, of which we see too many, against the ablest and purest poets of our land, evidently conducted with a partisan ferocity, and unsupported alike by sense or reason. We hold the true principle to be,—a place for all who deserve it, and impartiality in our presentments, exercised under all the solemnity of a grand juror's oath. Meanwhile we are glad to find one, now and then, of the fairer and better half, whose genius may render questionable the title 'in the male line' to *all* the poetic genius of the republic. Here are some lines by Mrs. Child, full of as high and strong poetry as has appeared in our country, and far better than half of that which is considered orthodox and unapproachable, by many of the *soi-disant* judges of the art. The subject is the Painting, by Vanderlyn, of Marius seated on the Ruins of Carthage.

'Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,—
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
Though friends and fame depart;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And Genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,—
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled,
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there!'

The last production of Mrs. Child, and the one on which we propose to make a few closing remarks, is the Ladies' Library. Of this work, three volumes have already appeared, —excellent specimens,—and constituting so many of a series that our author intends to give to the public, from time to time. The first will prove, perhaps, as interesting as any one to most readers, as well from the subject as the style. It contains the lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland,—both women of eminence,—and the first the most wonderful and brilliant of her sex. We have rarely read lives of more interest. Every one knows the outline of Madame de Staël's career,—but the filling up, in cases of this kind, is, after all, the thing to delight us. Mrs. Child has shown herself to advantage here. The manner of her story is clear, simple, sometimes eloquent, and always in good taste. This is fortunate, where so peculiar a strain is required. In a work that contains a mixture of the biographical with the historical, we might expect some departure from the tone appropriate to both, and an appearance of effort in the writer, to keep up to the spirit of each department. But there is nothing like this. The style is sustained throughout, and sufficiently easy to keep the reader always interested,—just as we are interested by the conversation of a person who talks fluently, to the point, and in full possession of his subject. We are glad to see these leading volumes of a collection that bids fair to be so valuable. It is not enough to hear about eminent men or eminent women, day after day, from eulogists,—or to see them in their works merely. We want the speaking portrait. We want something to which we can have daily recurrence, if necessary, as to a perfect picture of the person;—to which, as an example, we can point our children, and tell them to aspire. To be sure, Madame de Staël was a being who reached a point, by the aid of genius and circumstances, to which most female minds must despair of attaining. Still, lessons, emulative, instructive and cautionary, may be drawn from her character. No intellect has *all* its powers beyond the reach of any other that improves its own endowments as it *ought*, and as it *can*. In some respects

certain minds are alone in their elevation. But it is only in certain respects. By perseverance, others may arrive at an equal height in some distinct department.

We have always been struck,—we may almost say amused, though in rather a sad way,—with the bearing of Napoleon towards Madame de Staël. To us, it always formed one of the most interesting passages in his and her history. His conduct towards this lady certainly was indicative of very peculiar sentiments, and betrayed the feelings of the man to a degree which the First Consul was not accustomed to allow. We recollect no person with whom he came into contact during his career, that occasioned him so much chagrin as the author of Corinna. All this was complimentary to her no doubt,—and we believe that she felt it to be so, notwithstanding her tone of complaint and vexation at her persecution; for to possess a mind capable of troubling one like Bonaparte's, and to be told of it too, was something out of the common order of things. The fact is, that Napoleon stood in singular fear of this extraordinary woman. Most of the sex he despised, or treated in a light manner, which his historians call playfulness; but we doubt whether he would have dared to pat Madame de Staël's neck, or pinch her ear. Still, though he did not literally lay ungentle hands on her, the story of his enmity and malignity towards her is enough to show what he was willing to bring himself to do through the agency of others, and how little a great man may become by listening to his selfishness and passions.

In the matter of her exile, we hardly know which to be struck with most,—the evil spirit of the despot, brought to the determination of effecting her banishment,—the diplomatic adroitness of Talleyrand,—or the shrewdness of the victim. The little scene in which the order of removal is broken to her, is well managed; and we present it, in the language of Mrs. Child.

'Napoleon requested Talleyrand to inform her that she must quit Paris. His characteristic *finesse* was shown in his manner of performing the embarrassing office assigned him by the First Consul. He called upon Madame de Staël, and, after a few compliments, said, "I hear, Madam, you are going to take a journey." "Oh, no! it is a mistake, I have no such intention." "Pardon me, I was informed you were going to Switzerland." "I have no such project, I assure you." "But I have been told,

on the best authority, that you would quit Paris in three days." Madame de Staël took the hint and went to Copet.'

'This was noble severity. To follow it up with something in perfect keeping,—"the minister of police gave out," in *certain terms*, that if Madame de Staël, on her return to Copet, should venture one foot within forty leagues of Paris, she was *a good prize*." The exile afterwards "drily remarks," says Mrs. Child, "that it was the custom of Bonaparte to order *conscripts* and *women* to be in readiness to quit France in twenty-four hours."'

In connexion with this subject, we quote one or two sayings of Napoleon as set down by Mrs. Child. They show, what we have intimated above, the fear in which he stood of his fair foe.

'When he was told that no woman, however talented, could shake the foundation of his power, he replied, "Madame de Staël carries a quiver full of arrows, that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow."

'Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena, excuses his uninterrupted persecution of Madame de Staël, by saying that she was an ambitious, intriguing woman, who would at any time have thrown her friends into the sea, for the sake of exercising her energy in saving them.'

A few years make almost necromantic changes in the fortunes of some people. How different the condition and tone of Talleyrand, the *diplomate* of Napoleon in this graceful *ruse*, just related, to get Madame de Staël out of Paris, because her arch enemy thought the air was bad for her,—of Talleyrand practising a little of his exquisite tact on one who had an almost equal portion with himself, and effecting a grand object for his master, in a tone of levity with which he would have arranged an excursion into the country,—from those of Talleyrand just returned from America, emptying his purse of fifteen francs,—his whole fortune,—on a table before Madame de Staël, and assuring her that unless she helped him, he should try what virtue there was in the Seine!

The result is known. As the story goes, Madame de Staël, then the most eloquent and powerful individual of the *coterie* that directed the Directory of Barras, interfered with good effect, in favor of her friend, and the ex-bishop became minister of Foreign Affairs. Since that time, fortune can hardly be said to have stood doubtfully with him, and the admirable sagacity with which he has managed to play Vicar of Bray on a digni-

fied scale, through all the phases of empire to which the French government has been subjected, is, we believe, universally acknowledged. That Madame de Staël should have felt some indignation towards her former *protégé*, now ambassador extraordinary indeed, in the capacity in which he stood before her, is hardly to be wondered at; and when we take into view all that may naturally have occurred to her mind on retrospect, as connected with the bearer of the consular hint, we must confess that the feeling of hatred which she conceived, and afterwards exhibited, was by no means singular. We suspect that she was not of a temper to forgive ingratitude as a matter of course. She was too ardent in her attachments not to be strong in her resentments.

The life of Madame Roland is, on the whole, a more interesting biography than that of Madame de Staël. For fortitude and daring, this woman has not her superior in history. Her persecution and suffering afford an example of the degrading pass to which man may be brought by the power of evil passion. The horrors of the French Revolution are proverbial; but if any one thing, more than another, exhibits in full relief, the malignity of man, it is the hunting down of woman to torture and death. Such depravity is a perfect inversion of the order of human nature,—and its exhibition is revolting, to the last degree. Napoleon, as we have intimated above, betrayed not a little of this ferocity in his conduct towards Madame de Staël. It was in principle the same disposition, that actuated the fiends who brought Madame Roland to the scaffold.

The second volume of the series contains the lives of two women, conspicuous, though in different ways, in their several times and countries; Lady Rachel Russell in England, and Madame Guyon in France. If Madame de Staël may be called a *great* example of her sex, the two personages here exhibited may with equal emphasis be pronounced *good* ones. The fortunes and fate of Lady Russell are familiar to all readers of English history. They are set forth here with considerable effect,—and we think her case worthy of preservation, in the way our author has chosen, as an instance of exceedingly praiseworthy regard and affection for her unfortunate husband, and of high and dignified endurance under a complication of singular sufferings. Her life embodies not a little of romantic and tragic incident; but doubtless much of the interest derivable

from that source, and which in our own day lends a melancholy attractiveness to her story, was lost upon the public mind in the troublous times of the Charleses. Unfortunately, persecution and suffering for conscience's sake were too common matters at that period, to permit an individual instance to be long regarded, or much wept over. Lady Rachel married Lord William Russell, while he was a younger brother; and it was after his accession to the title, and while he was necessarily absent during his elections, on political business in London, or in attendance at Oxford, that those letters were written, which are so peculiar for their warmheartedness and simplicity, and exhibit such a spirit of affection and zeal. These letters constitute most of that portion of the volume, which is devoted to Lady Russell. We gather from them, that she was of a pious inclination; and all her views and feelings seem to have partaken of a peculiar purity and holiness. The dispositions she manifested at this time were all in accordance with the true and unbending principle, which seems so well to have supported her in her after trials.

Lord Russell was a friend of liberty. He opposed openly the grasping prerogative of the king. He held with the people as to jealousy of French influence, and the intrigues of the Roman Catholics,—and he favored the bill to exclude James from the succession. Of course, even if he did not act, he professed enough to subject himself to the pains and penalties of meddling with such delicate and dangerous matters. Besides this he was one of a council of six, chosen to consult upon the measures necessary to check the despotic doings of Charles and his brother. This implicated him beyond escape,—and he was associated in his fate with Essex, and Monmouth, and Howard, and Hampden, and Sidney, who, it is well known, came to utter confusion in the cause they had undertaken. He was arrested,—and though escape was offered him, just before his commitment, by some connivance of the court, he was too well grounded in his principles, to take advantage of it.

'Burnet tells us,' observes our author, 'that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed many hours waiting near his door,—a measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner, (the back door of his house not being watched,) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away.' Had Lord Russell fallen into this

snare, it would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have given them a fine opportunity to blacken his character. But he, conscious of no other political opinions than those which he had long and openly avowed in Parliament, refused to avail himself of this insidious measure; and his 'faithful, obedient and most affectionate wife,' was tempted by no unworthy weakness to advise him to a course of conduct inconsistent with his innocence and honor.

Lord Russell would not attempt to leave the house, while the messenger from the Council was pacing before his door, although he was ignorant of what, and by whom, he was accused. His lady was sent to obtain information and consult his friends; with what anxiety the task was performed, we can well imagine. During the fortnight, that elapsed between his commitment to the Tower and his trial, she was diligently employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. She accompanied him to court on the day of his trial; on which occasion the crowd was so great, that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. When Lord Russell requested to have a person to take notes of the trial for him, the chief justice said, 'any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please.' To which Lord Russell replied, 'My wife is here to do it.' As he spoke, the excellent daughter of the virtuous Southampton rose up and stood by his side. It is much to be regretted, that history does not inform us how she supported herself through that fatal day, or how she received the tidings of the death of Lord Essex, which were suddenly brought into court, and which she was aware would have a material influence on her husband's destiny. We only know that she so commanded her feelings, as neither to disturb the court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell simply pleaded not guilty, and appealed to the laws of his country. But what were they, opposed to the *quiddities*, evasions and tricks of lawyers who would be courtiers, packed juries, and a judge whose sense of justice was so overruled by his fears, that he suffered '*I would* to wait upon I *dare not!*' Even as it was, our author observes that it was thought Chief Justice Pemberton did not state the matter with sufficient eagerness against the noble prisoner, and he was soon after turned out of his office.

Every measure was taken to save the victim. The Earl of Bedford, the writer remarks, offered the Duchess of Portsmouth the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds, if she would procure his son's pardon. But notwithstanding her love of money, she did not dare to move in the business. Offers, too, were made on every side, to aid him by force and stratagem to escape, but Lord Russell refused to listen to any proposition. The closing scene of his life is given with some effect. The author presents it in the language of some writer, whom she quotes.

'He went into his chamber about midnight, and I staid all night in the outer room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning; and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving,—for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me. He wound up his watch, and said, "Now I have done with time, and am going to eternity." Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said he hoped to sing better very soon. Observing the great crowds of people, he said, "I hope I shall soon see a much better assembly." When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it three or four times. Then he turned to the sheriff, and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the King's life, or government,—he prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion.'

Lord Russell, continues our author, was beheaded on the 21st July, 1683,—dying as he had lived, the firm friend of truth, of the Protestant religion, and of the liberties of his country. The substance of his speech to the sheriff was a profession of his sentiments in relation to the church, and an unqualified rebuke of Popery in every form. The same speech, and the paper he delivered to the officers on the scaffold, are still preserved, remarks the writer, at Woburn Abbey, in letters of gold.

From this time forward, the life of Lady Russell seems to have been a struggle between her duty and her grief. Profound as her sorrow was, and deep, oftentimes, as was the shadow of her melancholy, she seems never to have forgotten that

it was incumbent on her to resist their influence, for many and high reasons. She had children about her, now drawn nearer than ever by an interest doubly strong. This awoke her anew to all a parent's feelings and duties. She was left the guardian of her husband's principles and fame. This recalled her to all the duties of a wife. She was to exhibit to the world that she was proud of the sentiments professed by one who was called to suffer unjustly, and that the eternal principle of right afforded an inward support, that no power on earth could subdue. This recalled her to a consideration of herself. As an example in these respects, she was certainly uncommon, and not to be reached by every mind, though by every mind worthy of strong regard and active imitation in cases of weighty and accumulated trial. As might be supposed, attempts were made to distort the intentions, and blacken the character of Lord Russell, after he was gone, and as was suggested above, there was no occasion on which the good wife shone more conspicuous, than in his lady's unfailing defence of his excellent character, and constant effort to preserve the purity of his reputation.

Nothing can show more strongly the high estimation to which her lofty virtue commended her, and the sentiments of respect with which she was regarded, than the conduct of the Prince and Princess of Orange, in expressly ordering the Minister Dykvelt, as soon as he arrived as Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, to condole with her, and to express their sense of the loss sustained by the Protestant religion in the death of her husband. A reversal of his attainder was one of the first acts of William and Mary. Thus was the cloud in a degree lifted from the fame and fortunes of the house of Russell, and the faithful wife and noble mother came at last to bask in the sunshine that seemed to have been withdrawn from her forever. She died, our author informs us, at the age of eighty-seven, having survived her husband forty years. The whole range of history presents few women who reflect more honor on the sex, for high moral courage, uncommon kindness and devotion, unquestionable virtue, and unsullied purity.

The story of Madame Guyon is that of a devout enthusiast. It presents a curious instance of the extravagance to which the human mind will suffer itself to be carried, under the influence of strong excitement. The intensity of Madame Guyon's pious feelings seems to have been coincident with her youth; and several things that she relates, while they show

the depth of her childish devotion, betray also the absorbing spirit of her enthusiasm. On one or two occasions she seems to have been sensible of a *falling off*. She said of herself, 'I fell into a state of indifference and indevotion; though I still kept up the outside appearance with a good deal of care; and the habit I was in, of being at church with modesty, made me appear better than I was. Vanity, which had been excluded from my heart, now resumed its seat there. I began to pass a good deal of my time before a looking-glass. All seemed to me to look beautiful in my person, but I saw not that it covered a polluted soul.' And again, after her marriage, which seems to have been unfortunate, from the severity of her husband's treatment, she says,—'such heavy blows so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became *like a lamb that is shearing*. I found that whatever I said was offensive, even things which others would have been pleased with. I knew not how to act.' This unhappy marriage was in a few years dissolved by the death of her husband,—of whom, though she paid him exemplary attention during his last illness, she seems to have been willing to be relieved,—if we may gather any thing from her exclamation, when told that he had expired,—'Oh God, thou hast broken my bonds and I will offer thee a sacrifice of praise.' Still, self-inflicted torments seem to have been her delight. None of the austerities to which she subjected herself satisfied her love of suffering. Pincers, and all instruments of torture did not give her pain sufficient. Mortification perpetual and of the deepest kind seems to have been sought for with a morbid avidity. Nor was it confined to the body. She subjected the poor and tried spirit to denials on every occasion that offered. Some of them amuse from their simplicity as well as singularity. She kept a turbulent and troublesome girl, because, as our author says, she thought her soul needed 'a perpetual blister to sting it into passiveness.' She refused all company and amusements, as being in proper keeping with her profession of entire abstinence,—and on one occasion, being near the Queen, whom she had never seen, but strongly desired to see, she refused to look at her, supposing it to be the indulgence of a spirit at war with the self-denying one she had taken up. She had miraculous dreams,—and seems to have participated in all the extravagant spiritual movements, that distinguish people of unchecked devotional enthusiam. Perhaps nothing will prove this better than her story of her res-

toration from a fit of illness. A holy priest, Father la Combe by name, was her illuminator and supreme director in all things concerning her soul. We give the words of our author.

'I had not a penny to help myself with, as I had reserved nothing to myself. Thus I practised poverty, and was in necessity even among those to whom I had given all. They wrote to Father la Combe, desiring him to come to me, as I was so extremely ill. On hearing of my condition, he was so touched with compassion, as to walk on foot all night, it being eight leagues. As soon as he entered the house, my pains abated; and when he had prayed, and blessed me, laying his hand on my head, I was perfectly cured, to the great astonishment of my physicians, who were not willing to acknowledge the miracle.'

At length she and Father la Combe 'were accused of heresy and other great crimes.' The latter was imprisoned in the Bastille in 1687.

Of her acquaintance with Fenelon, our author says,—

'The family of Fouquet were intimate friends of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; and Madame Guyon had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. Having a dislike of every thing like an affectation of singularity, he was at first disposed to avoid her; but the modesty of her demeanor, and the extreme simplicity and gentleness of her manners soon prepossessed him in her favor. Although she was more unreserved and incautious than the Abbé Fenelon, she strongly resembled him in her disinterestedness, her love of God, her conscientious courage, and her total abandonment of herself to the guidance of Divine Providence; it is not strange, therefore, that he became one of her disciples, as well as a zealous friend and admirer.'

Fenelon was the only one of a commission appointed to examine the writings of Madame Guyon, who refused to sign a condemnation of them; which, our author says, implicated him in her impotent heresy,—even as his enemies wished. Madame Guyon was soon after imprisoned in the Bastille. While in confinement, 'she composed five volumes of hymns and spiritual poems, several of which have been translated by Cowper. They are full of devotional fervor, and the versification is free and flowing.'

It is stated that she recovered her liberty in 1701 or 1703, when she was exiled to Dizieux, near Blois, at which latter place, after fifteen years, she died at the age of seventy.

Upon a character like that of Madame Guyon much might be said or written, but it carries with it its own commentary; and we apprehend that Mrs. Child must have supposed that something in the way of warning as well as much instruction, was to be drawn from the example which it offers. It ought to serve as a rebuke of religious extravagance every where, by showing how easily enthusiasm may degenerate into absurdity, and how nearly allied our simplest and best feelings are to self-delusion. On the other hand, as an example of strenuous piety, of patience, humbleness, active benevolence, and sincerity, it is to be commended; and we have reason to be satisfied with so clever a portrait of 'one of the most remarkable of the mystics.'

In her 'Biographies of Good Wives,' which constitute the third volume of this series, and the last production of our author, Mrs. Child has given us some excellent pictures of women, many of whom were celebrated in their time, to an eminent degree; women who were great under many circumstances, and good under all. They have entered into history; and their characters go to form a portion of its exemplary matter in the particulars of praise-worthy endurance, conjugal fidelity, and active virtue,—in short, in the way of all excellence. The book is calculated to be interesting to intelligent young readers; and though most of the lives are familiar in their leading incidents to the general reader, there will still be something found in the volume new and pleasing even to children of an older growth. There is no portrait in the gallery here opened to us, to which we can point with peculiar emphasis, as containing any thing very extraordinary in its lineaments or execution. It is enough to say that there are many fine heads, and that the management of the coloring is generally judicious.

The story of Lady Fanshawe is one of the most entertaining in this volume. She was the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who came to be a personage of consequence with Charles the First, and under the Restoration. Of Sir Richard we are told that he was educated a lawyer, but loved travel better than the profession. He went to Paris with only five pounds. The night he arrived, two friars invited him to play,—and he proved himself a perfect pigeon in their hands. But it was a good lesson,—and nothing during his life could tempt him to play again. But though too poor to purchase a supper in France, he soon became a man in much demand in Eng-

land. He married; became secretary of embassy,—and afterwards ambassador. In all his travels, dangerous as they were at that time, when undertaken for the State, his wife proved his true and brave companion. Sir Richard undertook to carry letters from the Queen Mother to Charles II., then on his way to Scotland. He was well received by the wandering king, who entrusted him with the Privy Signet and Great Seal. But he was fated to ill fortune. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. Here again the true wife appears. Our author says she immediately hastened to London. 'They met in poverty and in sorrow; and there was an oppressive consciousness that each hour might be the last of the prisoner's life. He assumed a cheerful tone, saying, 'Let us lose no time, for I know not how little I may have to spare. This is the chance of war; so let us sit down and be merry while we may.' During his imprisonment, she never failed to go secretly with a dark lantern, at four o'clock in the morning, to his window. She minded neither darkness nor storms, and often stood talking with him, with her garments drenched in rain. She begged and obtained his release of Cromwell. After the Restoration, 'the King promised to reward Sir Richard Fanshawe's fidelity, by appointing him Secretary of State; but by the treachery of Lord Clarendon, the royal word was not fulfilled.' He was afterwards appointed ambassador to Portugal,—and subsequently to Spain,—where he died. The conduct of his wife, through all the scenes of trial which she passed so triumphantly, is worthy of all admiration.

In her sketch of Mrs. Flaxman, wife of the sculptor, our author introduces the following singular anecdote.

'One morning a stranger called upon him, and, presenting a book, said, "This work was sent to you by an Italian artist, and I am requested to apologize for its extraordinary dedication. It was generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead; and my friend, wishing to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, has inscribed his book '*Al ombra di Flaxman*,' [*To the shade of Flaxman.*] No sooner was it published, than the report of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, (which he rejoices to find a mistake) begs you will receive his work as an apology."

'Flaxman smiled,—accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family, and some of his friends.

'This singular occurrence happened on the 2d of December. The next day he took a cold, from which he never recovered. He died peacefully, as he had lived.'

In the life of Mrs. Blake, the following equally curious anecdote is told concerning that bold artist.

'His poetic mind threw its own glowing coloring over the most ordinary occurrences of life. "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said to a lady, who happened to sit by him in company. "Never, sir!" was the answer. "I have," said Blake, "but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

'The Ancient of Days was such a favorite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted with his choicest colors and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it,—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears,—she felt that this was to be the last of his works. "Stay, Kate!" cried Blake, "keep just as you are,—I will draw your portrait,—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.'

The wife of Luther figures among the subjects of the work. Our author introduces an anecdote, that sets the Reformer in a characteristic light.

'The spirit of light and liberty diffused by Luther, found its way even into the dark recesses of the cloister. It became no uncommon thing for monks to quit their profession; and at last woman's feebler nature arose and shook off the yoke that had broken many a pure and loving heart. In 1523, nine nuns escaped from the Convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event of course produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favorable to the reformed religion, did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

'But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to

throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time. Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a handsome woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring attachment on the part of Luther. Some lingering prejudices concerning the propriety of marriage between a monk and nun, induced him to repress his feelings for a time. But finding nothing in Scripture to support his scruples, and being strongly urged to it by his revered parents, he suddenly resolved to marry. He was united to Catherine de Bora in 1525; the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six. Considering the state of public opinion at that period, the power and rage of his enemies, and his own want of fortune, it was certainly a very bold step; but it was one which he never repented. The advocates of the Romish church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others that he was possessed by an evil spirit; and many loaded both him and his wife with epithets which it would pollute these pages to quote. The storm raged with such fury, that even the courageous Luther was a little disheartened at first. He says, "My marriage has made me so despicable, that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils." '

But we cannot stay to particularize. We refer our readers to the volume, as a volume of very pleasant and satisfactory reading. The biographies of the wives of Klopstock, Wieland, Huber, and Schiller, struck us as more particularly interesting, perhaps from the excellent virtues developed by those patterns of their sex,—and perhaps from their connexion with men so admirable in the ranks of learning and genius. We cannot but observe, by the way, that Mrs. Child proves by the examples she has adduced, what she professedly desires to illustrate, that a woman may be perfectly happy, though she bind herself, heart and hand, to a painter, a poet, or a politician; to one of the class that many call visionary or gifted, and which is perhaps better known, the world over, under the sweeping title of the *irritabile genus*. It is, as every observer knows, the common, good-natured misapprehension of the day, as it was of the days of our fathers, that if a person be so unfortunate as to be endowed by Providence with an uncommon share of the 'fine frenzy,' the gift must be accompanied, as of course, with a plentiful lack of that good sense, which is essential to the successful management of dollars or domestics, shop-keeping or house-keeping; and of that pure, substantial affection,

which is the only saving principle of wedded life. The hope of any good issue, from the alliance of a gentle with a strong and irritable spirit, has been thought absurd. We trust that this notion may get to be old fashioned, before the world advances much further; and we are glad to see instances held up, that go so far to prove that it is 'not law.' *

Meanwhile, it cannot but have struck the reader of this volume, that if Mrs. Child merely intended it to set forth the biographies of good wives, she has done more than was 'set down in the bond.' She has given us here the lives of good husbands as well as of good wives,—and that in so many instances, that it would warrant a change of the title. In some cases, it must be allowed that the wife plays but a second part in the story, and we are constrained to say, that on one or two occasions, the lady was in so dim a distance that we could hardly discern her. But these are trifles. The writer is true to her main object, in the leading portraits.

Many of Mrs. Child's books have been uncommonly popular. The republication of them in England † shows this, and while it

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* An entertaining work, lately published, entitled Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets, contains several instances of love and fidelity that might come into this collection. They prove that unless there be something dangerous in fervor and good faith, woman need not fear to put her heart in the keeping of genius. The case of Chaucer is a very pleasant one, as here related. That of James the First of Scotland and Lady Jane Beaufort is well known. The author thus refers to it.

'When the king of Scots was released, he wooed and won openly, and as a monarch, the woman he had adored in secret. The marriage was solemnized in 1423, and he carried Lady Jane to Scotland, where she was crowned soon after, his bride and queen.

'How well she merited, and how deeply she repaid the love of her devoted and all accomplished husband, is told in history. When James was surprised and murdered by some of his factious barons, his queen threw herself between him and the daggers of the assassins, received many of the wounds aimed at his heart, nor could they complete their purpose, till they had dragged her by force from his arms. She deserved to be a poet's queen and love! These are the souls, the deeds, which inspire poetry,—or rather which are themselves poetry, its principle and its essence. It was on this occasion, that Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's attendants, thrust her arm into the stanchion of the door, to serve the purpose of a bolt, and held it there till the savage assailants forced their way by shattering the frail defence. What times were these!—alas, the love of women, and the barbarity of men!'

Vol. I., p. 143.

† We have just been shown a beautiful edition of the Mother's Book, printed in London. We have also recently been told, on good author-

bears testimony to their extensive circulation, proves, moreover, the good sense of our brethren on the other side of the water.

But we must close. We trust that Mrs. Child will continue her useful labors, and have no doubt that they will be received with constantly increasing favor. We would not have her desert fiction altogether. This would be needless severity of construction, in determining what was useful. High and beautiful lessons may be inculcated by a good story, and as good a rule in morals *deduced*, as *laid down*. We are in favor of the employment of efficient mind in the realms of fancy. We want works of imagination that shall do us honor and good at the same time; and these we can have. Genius is not slumbering in our land, and there are a thousand fields, as yet untrodden by its restless foot. Prose, it must be confessed, is the favorite language of the time, both with authors and the world at large,—a consequence, as every one sees, of the matter-of-fact character of the age. As to writing grave essays in verse, or a treatise on the sciences in 'Lydian measure,' though once held not only possible but quite proper, men now would stare at the suggestion. Still we are no believers in the theory of those, who deem poetry altogether among the things of yesterday. Poetry can never die. It can never pass away. It is too much a part of ourselves. We hope for better things than our country has yet seen in this delightful art, and it lies with some of our best prose writers,—writers who have gone into the same fields with Mrs. Child, and given us poems in their sketches and tales,—to bring this about. There is too much inclination abroad to depreciate poetry; and the desertion of her standard by those who are best able to bear it bravely and well, is treachery to their country's honor, as well as to letters and themselves. We repeat, then, that we hope for better

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ity, an anecdote in reference to one of Mrs. Child's popular works, lately published in Great Britain, which is worth relating, as an example of the amiable spirit of *nationality*. The publisher took the precaution to mention in his preface that his edition was true to the original, save in those instances where he had expunged the *Americanisms*. As thus expurgated, it came before the English public. A copy has since been faithfully examined here, and compared with the Boston edition. The only alterations consist in inserting 'this country' in the place of America, or United States, so as to suit it to the meridian of the United Kingdom. Thus much for *Americanisms!*

things. We look for high and powerful efforts in this department of our literature, and trust that the time is not distant when we can point to works that shall be destined, and shall deserve, to live with those that have already become classic in our language.

ART. VII.—*Vaughan's Memorials of the Stuarts.*

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England from the Decease of Elizabeth to the Abdication of James II. By ROBERT VAUGHAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1831.

THIS book has not been republished in this country, and we have seen but one or two notices of it even in England. To explain its object, we cannot do better than to borrow the words of the Preface.

'The revolution of 1688 is the acknowledged epoch of our civil and religious liberties. That revolution, though accomplished with little effort and without commotion, was the result of a protracted struggle in behalf of popular rights, and of one maintained chiefly by religious men. In its earlier stages, this patriotic contention derived its main strength from the Puritans: and during the last, when it received important aid from members of the established church, it was an object of the utmost solicitude with the body of English non-conformists; nor is there any hazard in saying, that their weight was then found sufficient to turn the scale on the better side.

'The influence of these parties, and especially of the Puritans and their descendants, on the great question of civil freedom and liberty of conscience, is a topic of inquiry equally curious and valuable. It was not to have been expected that writers, having no sympathy with the religious principles of these men, should treat their story, in this view of it, either adequately or fairly: and it is a little singular that no non-conformist should ever have attempted that separate and continuous investigation of it, which its interest and importance so clearly demand. The leading design of the author has been to produce a work of this nature.'

In the phasis which the civilized world is now rapidly assuming, fresh motives are plentifully supplied to look back and study the events Mr. Vaughan has undertaken to describe. No portion of political history presents more striking lessons of

experience, and none will bear with less injury that varied construction, which the peculiar political views of each writer induce him to place upon it. We have now a Catholic history and a Protestant history, a royalist and a republican, a religious and a free-thinker's history, all of which, with certain qualifications, are useful to the world. They all tell some truth. Where the testimony is common, there can be no reasonable doubt: and where it is contradictory, the duty of the cool-minded reader is to sit in judgment as well upon the passions as the statements of each writer, and thus arrive with greater certainty at the object of which he is in search.

At this time of day, nobody thinks of placing reliance upon the account of the British revolution given by Mr. Hume. Many writers have within a few years combined to expose his inaccuracies of fact and his partiality of judgment. He was a Scotch tory of the last century in politics, and a skeptic in religion. He was bred up in attachment to that law which made the Roman Emperors absolute sovereigns in their dominions, and he nursed in himself a supreme contempt for every thing that savored of devotion. Admirable, therefore, as the literary acquirements of Mr. Hume certainly were, he was by no means the person to compose a text-book upon English history. He is to be heard not as a judge, but as an attorney pleading a cause, and his arguments are worth no more from him, than they would be coming from Clarendon himself. Indeed, they are not worth so much, for Clarendon was a religious man. He could understand the sincerity of religious belief, even when it did not come exactly within the line of his own practice.

Numerous as the corrections of Hume have been, few, we might say not one, has been directed particularly to the point where he was most unjust,—the history of the Puritans. We are therefore delighted at last to take up a work which undertakes to supply this deficiency; which proposes, in a brief compass, to review and rectify what has heretofore been written. Mr. Vaughan is evidently equal to his task. He writes with boldness, because he feels that he is doing an honorable duty, and has truth and justice to sustain him. His volumes may not meet with the applause which they deserve, but the cause will be apparent. The British public has been long in leading strings both in Church and State. It is only now making a struggle to get out of them. The events of the day merely

shadow forth as yet a portentous change. May we not hope that the change will be an improvement?

It can hardly be doubted, that the expulsion of the Stuarts was almost exclusively owing to the Puritans. They alone possessed the *determination*, which was necessary to effect that result. The Reformation, in our humble opinion, did far more for the liberty of England, than *Magna Charta*, the *confirmatio chartarum*, or the statute *de tallagio non concedendo*. It made the people think, and not the barons. It rested the public safety upon the basis of the public interest, and not that of the nobility. There have been many struggles where the name of liberty has been freely used, which have yet ended only in a change of despotism. Such efforts are of no use, unless the people act understandingly in the matter, —without this, civil wars are the curses of the earth, and the producers of them not a whit better than seditious disturbers of the public peace. Shall we be deemed enthusiasts if we go a step farther, and say that the cause of liberty must forever be united with the cause of the Christian religion? We mean that religion which is well understood,—that which appeals to the mind and not to the senses,—that which is the result of reflection and not of passion. The great and leading error of the church of Rome seems to have been the union of a temporal with the spiritual power; a union which the history of the Saviour expressly disavows, and of which even Dr. Lingard indirectly doubts the expediency. The interests of religion were made secondary to the interests of the Prince. The acquisition of power and of supremacy was too tempting an object to the minds of a succession of mere mortals, and the Christian virtues of forbearance and humility were consequently too often forgotten. Thus grew the gorgeous hierarchy, which so long governed the Christian world. Its basis was false and inconsistent with the spirit of the founder of the faith, and it could be sustained no longer than the people could be kept in mental ignorance. The slavery of the mind and the slavery of the body went hand in hand together. When the former was released, the latter necessarily followed. The spirit of inquiry, which examined the Testament and compared the simplicity of Christ and his followers with the arrogant pretensions of their self-appointed representatives, pushed itself with similar zeal and success into the subject of civil rights. The lessons were hardly learnt and dearly paid for, but they

were lessons which produced the British constitution and our own free system of government.

But if, on the one hand, the Bible teaches men to think and feel for themselves, instead of trusting the whole business in the hands of a Sovereign Prince, it equally teaches the necessity of a strong and self-restraining civil government. A well ordered and moral Christian government would never make an unhappy State. So true is this, that every demagogue, who cries for liberty and means licentiousness, thinks it necessary first to reject Christianity. It was the want of this restraining principle, that produced the horrors of the French revolution; it was the existence of it, though even in a mistaken form, which arrested similar horrors during the civil troubles in England,—and wherever the world is now in commotion, it would not be an idle foresight in the people to look well at the religious principles of their leaders and flatterers, before they move an inch. Revolution is not a business to be trifled with.

We have uttered a doctrine not much in fashion among politicians, nor properly considered in the world at large; but the present are perilous times and require extraordinary treatment. It is not right that the peace of numbers should be jeopardised every day by any person, however able he may be, merely because he takes the fancy into his head. If it be a security to a body politic that the men who aspire to lead should be moral and religious men, without cant or affectation, let those qualifications be required. If it be not, then the case of this world must be very bad indeed. At the same time, we are not to be understood as advocates of a union between church and state, any farther than as both mark the same course for human conduct. It is not about creeds that we would contend, but about practice. It remains yet to be proved to the world, by what rule of argument a bad character in private relations can be at the same time worthy of confidence in public affairs.

The Puritans have been unjustly treated. They were conscientious men. They were fearless and uncompromising in matters where they thought their duty concerned; and even their faults, many of which they undoubtedly had, were productive of some good to the world. They were stern and unamiable, but the times required such spirits. Would gentle and refined beings have carried on, at every disadvantage, a

contest, mental and physical, against all the power of prescription? They were bigoted and intolerant. The inconsistency between their professions and their practice has done infinite service to the cause of liberal Christianity. Time and suffering produced lessons upon which they themselves improved. Their history is a striking one, from the very fact that they meant well and did ill,—that they began right though they ended wrong. If the men who come after them imitate their virtues, it will be no hard task to avoid their faults.

We shall pass at once over the five chapters of the Introduction, and come to the important question, which presents itself at the very opening of the reign of James, What line of policy should then have been adopted towards the Puritans? There can be no doubt, that the decision of this point has a very important bearing upon the whole of the subsequent history. If James was right in the measures which he determined upon, then the whole of the subsequent resistance of the Puritans is unjustifiable. If on the other hand he was wrong, he and his advisers must be held responsible for the consequences. Mr. Vaughan discusses this subject in a new and a very powerful manner,—and we consider this portion of his book as by far the most valuable. He shows the moderate nature of the concessions which the Puritans required of James; he proves that they were favorably disposed to the king personally, and he endeavors to show, that they would have been satisfied with the indulgences originally requested, had they been granted. This last point involves the difficulty. It is not in the character of parties, whether religious or political, to stop the tide of success; and spirits were too eager in those days for the acquisition of supremacy to rest quiet with a bare toleration,—at least this has been the best argument used in defence of James. Mr. Vaughan brings us a powerful witness to show that it is not invincible. It is not a little singular that all preceding historians, not even excepting Mr. Hallam, should have overlooked him. Let us borrow the words of our author.

'Not long after the king's accession, Lord Bacon submitted a dispassionate review of the religious disputes of the period to the attention of the parties at issue,—and it is somewhat remarkable that historians and polemics, who have professed to furnish readers with a summary of the merits of the Puritan controversy, should have made so little use of the Chancellor's profound observations in relation to it. It is not, indeed, difficult to con-

jecture why the name of Bacon has been passed over in this subject, by writers, who can look at one side of a case only, and who, in this instance, have taken their place with the dominant party. Very few of the Chancellor's remarks will suit the purpose of such men; and some of his statements will be questioned by the persons, who, under the influence of a similar prejudice, but from a more generous feeling, become incapable of perceiving any grave fault in the conduct of the oppressed and suffering. But while neither party is held to be blameless, the scale, as presented by the acute and comprehensive genius of Bacon, turns greatly in favor of the Puritans,—and it must be remembered, that every thing in the character and conduct of this far-sighted man requires us to suppose, that whatever he ventured to publish in the cause of a party so obnoxious to the court, was extorted by a deep sense of justice and by the conviction, that a policy different from that which the court had adopted, would prove to be a benefit to the court itself.'

Lord Bacon, upon this subject, has every qualification that can entitle a witness to confidence,—and his testimony is tolerably decided. We must confess, that it has done much to clear up doubts which we had ourselves entertained. We admit that James, at so critical a moment, committed a fundamental error in policy at the outset, and we can easily trace the operation of that error upon the fortunes of his race, through all the succeeding events. Aside from these questions, however, we cannot deny ourselves an extract, which the powerful mind of Bacon has made applicable to every age.

'Again to my lords the bishops I say, that it is hard for them to avoid blame in the opinion of an indifferent person, in standing so precisely in altering nothing. Laws not refreshed with new laws, wax sour. Without change of ill, a man cannot continue the good. To take away many abuses supplanteth not good orders, but establisheth them. A contentious retaining of custom is a turbulent thing as well as innovation. A good husband is ever pruning in his vineyard or his field, not unseasonably indeed, not unskilfully, but lightly; he findeth ever somewhat to do. We have heard of no offers of the bishops of bills in Parliament, which no doubt proceeding from them to whom it properly belongeth, would have every where received acceptance. Their own constitutions and orders have reformed them little. Is nothing amiss? Can any man defend the use of excommunication, as a base process to lackey up and down for duties and fees, it being a precursory judgment of the latter day?'

Of course, it is not possible now to decide, what success the course suggested by the gifted mind of Bacon might have had. The British Solomon adopted a very different one. He had not reached that degree of wisdom, which brought one of the greatest of the ancient philosophers to the confession that he knew nothing. He invited the Petitioners to a conference at Hampton Court. Instead of conciliating, he disputed, and finished by announcing his determination not to concede, but 'to harry them out of the land.' Thus in the first year of his reign, without reflecting upon his ability to execute, he declared uncompromising war against a considerable, and an increasing religious party in his dominions.

At the same time it is but just to notice the motive that led James to this bold determination. It was not religious feeling, for he had been bred up in a Puritan school. It was a clear perception of the political consequences which might result. At the Hampton Court Conference, he had repeated the maxim, No bishop, no king. He threw himself upon the English Hierarchy to sustain the political doctrines he felt to be in danger from the Puritans. The act was a bold, and it might have been a successful one, if he had possessed the energy necessary to follow it up. The bishops served him and his successor faithfully. They labored to place their monarch's title upon the most immovable basis, by coming forward in the political arena, and urging the absolute doctrines which have been so perpetually used for the same purpose. The only consequence was, that the intended opposition to the church was concentrated upon the king, as all parties saw that, by his own election, that establishment was made to stand or to fall with him.

We have already expressed it as our belief, that the union of temporal with spiritual power in the Romish Church, was the source from which much of the misery of the human race has come. It embittered all the struggles of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, which were not carried on for toleration, but for power. The possibility of separating the interests of religion from the pretensions of the Pope, could not naturally come into the head of any Catholic, nor did any of the sects, who resisted those pretensions, do much more than assume the same to themselves.

James, therefore, in sustaining the established church, intended nothing more, than to sustain his favorite theory of govern-

ment. And in doing so, he exposed both equally to the attack of a bold and numerous party. Nor was he at the same time discreet in avoiding other subjects of just complaint. His favoritism, his vacillating foreign policy, the immorality of his court, and his inclination towards Catholic connexions, all tended to degrade him in the estimation of his people. Mr. Vaughan has briefly, but very satisfactorily, touched upon all these points.

Lord Bolingbroke has thought fit to attribute to James all the subsequent miseries of England. This opinion, like many of his lordship's, requires qualification. That he was very wrong may be true, though it must depend somewhat upon the opinion one forms upon the abovementioned testimony of Bacon; but, admitting that he was, there was something in the character of his successor, which had a material and independent influence on the course of events. He died, leaving nothing to that successor but his crown, his favorite and his difficulties. His threats and declarations had been all in vain. The Puritans had not been harried out of the land,—so far from it, they had grown and strengthened in every year of his reign, continually reminding him of their power, by thwarting his favorite measures. Every Parliament he summoned, showed their increase, and, (though it was not reserved to him to know this,) every injury he inflicted upon them, was destined to return with tenfold force upon the head of his son.

Our author has devoted two chapters to an explanation of the state of religious parties at this period. He has discriminated very forcibly among the divisions of the Puritans. One of these has been made most unjustly, and as it would seem unwillingly, to bear the name and the sins of its original founder, Robert Brown. After describing the principles peculiar to it, Mr. Vaughan adds with spirit and justice ;—

'That such a man should have given his name, even for a brief space, to a party, whose leading principles have since been advocated by some of the most enlightened men, and become the creed of millions, is a fact, which exposes the folly of reasoning indiscriminately, from the character of individuals to that of their system. Such, however, is the philosophical temper with which the story of these early separatists continues to be told by our most popular writers. The little occurrences which betray individual weakness, are culled with vigilance, and put forth with an air of triumph, as demonstrating the unmixed absurdities of

theories which the parties, thus caricatured, are said to have embraced. From this rule of proceeding, it follows, that the man who shall be aware of the atrocities of certain kings, or the worldliness of certain bishops, must regard kingship as every where a curse and bishoprics as the same. It is curious to observe how an affected superiority to vulgar natures may be thus coupled with a mode of reasoning borrowed from the veriest vulgar.'

The Independents are evidently a favorite sect with the author. We, on this side of the Atlantic, claim an interest in their leader, Robinson, as one of the founders of Plymouth, though he did not live to come out himself. We take pleasure in extracting the following spirited eulogy.

'Rarely do we meet with such lucid proof of sincerity, as in the case of this once persecuted and still calumniated people. No explanation of their conduct can be given, apart from that which they themselves supply,—a sacred sense of duty to their God. No other motive could have sustained them under sufferings so complicated and so protracted. Their state involved a relinquishment of every tie to earth, and what could have supported this, except that religion, which includes a vigorous hold on the future and the eternal? In the state of degradation to which they were reduced, they had no sensible monuments of former greatness to cheer them with that melancholy pleasure which such objects never fail to inspire. The Catholic exile could point to the most powerful nations, as devoted to his faith, and as adorning it with all the earthly majesty that wealth or genius could supply,—and even in those countries, where its dominion had ceased, he could assert the extended possessions which imparted so much dignity to a new race of priests, to be possessions pertaining of right to his communion, and could bid those splendid or mouldering ruins, which connect the imagination with the ages far remote, to speak for the greatness of that empire which his creed had once possessed. Not so these professors of a system so distinct from, and so unlike the kingdoms of this world. No nation had adopted their policy, and the clergy, even in the only spot of Europe where they could find an asylum, were frequently their persecutors.

'But they were not without reasons to assign in vindication of their conduct, nor without facts of pre-eminent grandeur to adduce in support of those peculiarities, which had exposed them to so much obloquy and suffering. They could trace their favorite opinions to an antiquity with which the cathedral and the monastery had no alliance. They could find the parallel of their

poverty, their reproaches and their many wrongs, in the history of the great founder of Christianity, and in the history of the men who were endowed by him with a greatness of nature, which raised them far above the common level of humanity. As to the ascendancy of creeds, they could tell of centuries, through which their own had maintained its ground, against every conceivable kind of hostility, extending its triumphs, as a system of truth, even in such circumstances, to the most distant nations. What it had done, in this respect, they were persuaded it would do again. It was their solemn conviction, that the cause, which in its own native strength had triumphed over the paganism of one empire, must prevail, in its appointed time, against the semi-paganism of that which had succeeded it. Through the first two centuries, their principles were those most generally recognised; and to the age of Constantine, Christianity was, as in their case, the religion of a people every where slandered and proscribed. They did not live to see their principles adopted by the most powerful states of the new world, and by many myriads of their countrymen; but they had their moments, in which they could anticipate a change even thus surprising, and in which they could brave any hazard, and apply themselves to any toil with a view to promote it.

'The first party in Christendom to advocate the cause of religious liberty,—we mean to advocate it fully and consistently, was this party of outcasts, and because, in this respect, they were wiser than their generation, they were long despised by it.'

We must now pass to the consideration of the critical reign of Charles the First. The history of England furnished to each of the great parties which divided the kingdom, the precedents upon which they rested their opposite claims. And each began to revive those practices, which were best likely to serve their present design. Charles and his lawyers found themselves sustained by the examples of the Tudors, while the other party looked beyond, to the reign of the Plantagenets. The monarch set in operation his forced loans, his benevolences, ship money, forest laws, the honor of arbitrary knighthood, Star Chamber and High Commission Courts, forming together a complete net-work of despotism over the country, while his opponents claimed the support of the Charter of Runymede and the authority of Parliament. Precedent has great influence in the way of restraining the passions of men, and is therefore always of considerable value as a support to justice. But we cannot admit that the case of the re-

sisting party could have been a whit less just, if every one of the acts of Charles had been practised from time immemorial, and there had been no offset against them to be shown on the face of the statute book. Man has rights beyond the bar of limitation, and it is only necessary for him to claim them *understandingly*, to place his cause upon an eternal basis. The British people had arrived so far in the reign of the first Charles, —and it was the wrong-headed resistance of that king which destroyed him, and drove them to madness.

It will be perceived, from this view of the case, that we are disposed to rely very little, for a justification of the Revolution, upon the mere records of ancient times,—nor are we at all aware that such reliance is necessary, excepting perhaps in a single point. A doubt might reasonably be entertained, whether forcible resistance was justifiable by the degree of oppression, that had yet been experienced by the people at large. The well known rule is, that the danger of suffering by submission must exceed that likely to result from any attempt at change. Clarendon has drawn a striking picture of the national prosperity at this time, for the purpose of illustrating that question; and even Mr. Fox, whose partialities are by no means on the same side, has, in his Historical Fragment, treated as a doubtful case the propriety of the appeal to the *ultima ratio*, at the time when it was made.

There is always a disadvantage attending measures of prevention. Men look back after a danger has passed harmlessly over, and wonder how they could have been so much alarmed, without reflecting that their own acts had dispelled it. In this way it is, that a skeptical nature, like that of Hume, has every advantage. The actual consequences of a measure do not appear to correspond with the dread entertained of it previously. Immediately, such an author attributes personal motives to the leaders for 'so unnecessarily' exciting the public feeling. Charles on the throne, having dissolved three Parliaments in less than his three first years, and reigning for twelve more without calling one, with Strafford for his right and Laud for his left hand man, and with all the instruments which the ingenuity of the crown lawyers were devising to support his tyranny, might well be deemed an enemy to the public peace, fit to be resisted. But apart from this consideration, so far as the Puritans constituted the popular party, they had no other resource. Archbishop Laud required conformity to that which

their consciences would not permit them to conform to,—and the only peaceable alternative, that of secession from the State, he as resolutely refused to them. Cromwell, Hampden, Haselrig and others were prevented, by his interposition, from sailing to this country, after they were actually on board a vessel. The choice, therefore, was to them between war or total humiliation. It seems difficult to suppose a case in which a struggle is justifiable, if this attack upon religious opinions and civil rights together do not make one. Mr. Fox seems to us to have erred, as many other writers have done,—by placing the contest of 1640 too exclusively in a popular light. Had resistance been confined strictly to the defenders of civil liberty, it may well be doubted, whether at that stage it was completely justifiable. We must be permitted to add a doubt, whether it would have happened. The Puritans and they alone felt the double motive.

It has been said, that the king was willing to concede, and did concede enough to satisfy reasonable men, but that his opponents never relaxed in their enmity,—and this has been brought as an argument to show their ambitious views. Nobody who judges fairly of the character of Charles, can be long blinded upon this point. It has been the practice of such writers as Hume, to cover this monarch's failings, under the mantle of sympathy for his hard fate. Yet it cannot be denied, that dissimulation and double dealing were his peculiar characteristics. The consequences were exceedingly unfortunate for himself. The popular leaders could never rely upon him, even when he was most sincere. They felt themselves embarked in a new and adventurous undertaking. Loyalty had all the power that European prescription could give it. The popular idea of 'the divinity that doth hedge a king,' was not then worn away. If they had submitted, and Charles had been false to his word, their cause would have been almost irrecoverably lost. Now that Charles would have been in fact false, there is every reason to believe. His letters found at Naseby prove it; his mode of treating the petition of right proves it; his first appearance before Parliament to bolster up Buckingham's false account of the business of the Spanish Marriage proves it; his voluntary and violated promise to impose a restriction upon his wife's religious establishment proves it. Throughout all his history, if we consider it by the aid of pri-

vate documents that have since reached the light, it would be difficult to fix upon one act of his reign, that can be called a *sincere* concession to the feelings of his people.

Yet this is the man, whose cause Mr. Hume takes up against what he considers the hypocrisy of the Puritans. This is the man in whose favor that historian ventures to make an insinuation against the memory of Hampden, and in justification of another of whose acts, he coolly pens the following paragraph.

'Because Sir John Eliot *happened* to die while in custody, a great clamor was raised against the administration, and he was universally regarded as a martyr to the liberties of England.'

Now Sir John Eliot was '*in custody*' three years on account of his performing a certain portion of his duty in Parliament; his physician declared his health to be affected by the imprisonment, and the king knew it, yet refused him any indulgence. We are somewhat at a loss to know, what claim short the stake or the axe, could be stronger to the title of a martyr. And withal the philosophical historian proceeds to generalize, and quotes with approbation some old royalist writer, who says that the Puritans, though they would not swear and drink, yet would lie and deceive. In just such a spirit does Mr. Achille Murat remark of the people of New England at this day, that they go to church, and are strict in the performance of religious exercises, while, at the same time, they do not stick at a fraudulent bankruptcy. The sweeping character of such charges ought always to inspire a doubt, not only of their correctness, but also of the authority that pretends to make them. All bodies of men are necessarily composed unequally. Some members will have gross vices. It is manifestly unjust to judge of the mass by the exceptions. The proper method of arriving at a conclusion, would be to compare the general character for morality of one portion of the community with that of another. New England need not shrink from such a comparison with any portion of the earth, nor will the character of the Puritans, even by Hume's own admission elsewhere, suffer by comparison with that of the cavaliers.

But it is hardly worth while to grow indignant against Hume. His work has much merit, even if he did forget the old rule, *ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* We will close our notice of him, by quoting, as strikingly applicable

to condemn him, the words of one of his contemporaries. 'The man,' says Dr. Johnson, 'who considers himself as constituted the ultimate judge of disputable characters, and entrusted with the distribution of the last terrestrial rewards of merit, ought to summon all his fortitude to the support of his integrity, and resolve to discharge an office of such dignity with the most vigilant caution and scrupulous justice. To deliver examples to posterity, and to regulate the opinion of future times, is no slight or trivial undertaking; nor is it easy to commit more atrocious treason against the great republic of humanity, than by falsifying its records and misguiding its decrees.'

We have unconsciously occupied so much space already, that we can barely recommend what it would have pleased us to extract,—the author's very eloquent treatment of the subject. From those who wish to examine fairly, we would claim particular attention to the chapter upon Laud and the clergy, to the three last pages of chapter seventh on Charles I., and to the closing ones in the first volume.

It is the general character of revolutions to begin well. The danger only comes from the impetus of the mass they set in motion. Powerful agents, whether in the physical or the moral world, can never be used safely by the inexperienced, nor in many ways by the wisest. The long Parliament, in the early part of its career, did itself great credit. It contained much of the wealth and the talent of the kingdom, and it redressed grievances and corrected abuses, with a judgment worthy of the commanding station it held. The proceeding against Strafford opened the way for all the subsequent violences. No question has been argued with more vehemence in our day, than that of the justice of this act. Mr. Vaughan devotes a whole chapter to it, and from the tone of the two leading British reviews, one might be led to conclude that the question of Reform itself was not more momentous. In one respect, it certainly is important. If the conduct of Strafford is to be justified, because the attainder is condemned, it will be as well to shut up the volume of History at once. Its lessons can do no good. If the man, who, from being a violent friend of popular rights, becomes a king's most arbitrary minister, and professes 'thorough and thorough' to be his motto, in sweeping off the liberties of his country, is not to be held up to the indignation of posterity, or, on the contrary, is to be

styled, as he is by the Quarterly Review, a most virtuous and suffering patriot, then it is the height of injustice for us to require any consistency in our public men, or to pass any censure whatever upon them. Benedict Arnold himself must be called an angel of light. We profess no sympathy for the fate of Strafford, although we have no hesitation in saying that his condemnation was a most illegal and arbitrary act.

The impeachment itself was one of those acts of policy, effective in itself, but which can be supported only by those who love party better than we do. The evidence brought forward at the time did not justify it. Strafford's own defence is too strong for it; and it is not too much to say, that the Commons were perfectly sensible of this themselves. Then came the act of attainder, in itself not justifiable, and much less so, when, as in this case, carried through by threats and intimidation. We can imagine no rule of more general application than this, that all prosecutions for the violation of law should be themselves strictly within it. Otherwise the very process to punish justifies the offender. If such a rule should apply in common cases, how much more so on great occasions in representative bodies. The moral sense of these degenerates much faster than that of individuals. Perhaps they are more slow to feel power, but once felt, they are quicker to forget right. Responsibility seems to rest no where. Inasmuch then, as the impeachment and disgrace of a public man derive all their importance from his being a warning example to all who come afterwards, it would seem requisite for the production of this effect, that the justice of the proceeding should be apparent.

The popular leaders felt very soon that they had overstepped the limit of right,—and the choice to them, was to sink or to go on still more boldly. The great object became, to establish the authority of Parliament as supreme, and the Government of England soon took the shape of an oligarchy, as intolerable and intolerant as the preceding monarchy. It had not even the merit of the latter, for it was not energetic, and was constantly agitated by internal divisions. The tendency of things is in these cases constantly demonstrated; until some single mind starts forth to assume the superior station that is its due, and to restore order and success.

Such a mind was Oliver Cromwell's. The crisis had arrived, when it was necessary to choose between long and disastrous confusion or the supremacy of the king. This man saved the

country from both. We are gratified to find Mr. Vaughan disposed to treat his memory with fairness. He was not so bad a man as most writers have chosen to represent him. He died, and was buried not many months before the party which attributed, and justly, its downfall to him, obtained undisputed possession of the land; and from that day, not only his poor remains were dragged forth to be food for beasts and birds of prey, but detraction of his character became the incense with which men paid their court to the vindictive passions of their new sovereign.

Cromwell has been painted with the powers as well as the wickedness of an evil spirit. In truth he had neither. He was much like other men, excelling them in some points, and falling below them in others; not able to control events, but knowing how to take advantage of them. If it be true, that mankind is always composed with a free admixture of virtues and vices, and that individual character varies only according to the predominance of the one or the other, it is fair to suspect the correctness of any description, where either quality appears too exclusively. There is but one perfect historical character in modern times. Why should there be any in the other extreme? Yet it is but lately that we read a French biography of Cromwell, by no mean literary name, which denies him almost every good quality under Heaven. The truth is, that his character is a study. It requires great acquaintance with the secret workings of the human heart in every situation, and a patience of investigation that very few will take the trouble to endure. Many writers have set portions of his conduct in a true light; few with more success than Dr. Lingard and even Voltaire, but we know of none who have presented a satisfactory explanation of it as a whole.

Of course we shall not attempt here to supply the deficiency. Our purpose will be answered by recommending the author's views upon the subject, and by extracting a passage or two, which bear more particularly upon acts for which Cromwell has been most blamed. The first relates to the celebrated self-denying ordinance, so often called a master stroke of policy.

'The members of both houses resigned their commissions, with the exception of a single individual, the very man who had proposed the self-denying regulation. This circumstance is alleged by many writers, as a proof of the consummate art with which Cromwell applied himself to remove impediments from the

path of his ambition. It is certain, however, that his continuance in office, suspicious as that circumstance may appear, resulted from a succession of occurrences which he could not possibly have foreseen. Before the day arrived on which the ordinance was to be enforced, Cromwell was sent with Waller to oppose the progress of the royalists in the West,—on his return, he was despatched to prevent the junction of the royal cavalry with the forces under the King; and he next received a commission to protect the associated counties. When the time prescribed by the ordinance was nearly closed, Fairfax expressed his unwillingness to part with so experienced an officer in the present state of affairs; and the two houses consented that he should remain forty days with the army. Before this interval had expired, the great battle of Naseby was fought, and in respect for the courage and capacity which had contributed so greatly to the fortunes of that day, the ordinance was again suspended in his favor for three months, and ever afterwards this indulgence was renewed as necessity was thought to require it.'

This extract is quoted by Mr. Vaughan from Lingard, and is fair, as that historian generally is, where his Catholic prejudices do not operate. It states merely the simple facts. If it had not been the fashion to attribute a bad motive to every thing done by Cromwell, nobody would have thought of blaming him for the self-denying ordinance. Considered in itself, it was a wise measure, and the only one that could have been successful in overcoming the difficulties of the moment. It is notorious that Essex and Manchester were weak and inefficient leaders of the army; it may well be doubted whether they were sincere. Yet their party in Parliament was so strong, that any thing like direct censure would have produced the most imminent danger to the common cause. Knowing this, and that his activity had made him obnoxious to the same party, Cromwell saw that nothing but a sacrifice on his part could bring on that sacrifice on theirs, which was absolutely necessary to insure success. He instantly made the sacrifice. No doubt he believed, that he would afterwards find some opportunity to restore himself to consequence. He was a man of great talents, and every such man believes that. Still it was for the time a sacrifice. He shut his eyes at the prospect which was opening at the moment before him. We must admit this, or we must at once assert, that when he offered his commission, he knew that Fairfax would command the army, that he would request his services at the expiration of the forty

days, and that the battle of Naseby would take place; a degree of fore-knowledge to which Cromwell himself, with all his saintly grace, never pretended. If every act of his life had been as little reprehensible as his share in the self-denying ordinance, instead of having merely to defend him, we should venture into the field of praise.

We *will* praise him where we think he deserves it. Cromwell was always a strenuous and consistent advocate of that liberty of religious opinion, which the Presbyterian party would never allow. His exertions effected a salutary change in this respect. Cromwell was in his own person a strictly moral man, and he was an admirable domestic character. Even his enemies confess this, by the romance they got up, about the royalist reproofs of his daughter Cleypool. Had we no high charges to bring against him, this would weigh down much of common error. Did we consider him as merely in the ordinary line of English kings, how would the acknowledged order and sobriety of his court and army, though both were splendidly and expensively supported, contrast with the venal prostitution and heartless, soulless profligacy of his successor? Lastly, Cromwell was never a mover of those extravagant and disorganizing opinions which were so popular in France in the last age, and which lead at once to the destruction of society,—and this position leads us to another portion of his history, upon which we propose to descant more freely.

The Presbyterian oligarchy, that governed Great Britain after Charles was delivered over by the Scots, was, as every body knows, suspicious of and suspected by Cromwell and the Independents, who made up the army. It is generally supposed that by that officer's instigation, Cornet Joyce and his troops took the decisive step of seizing the person of the king at Holmly. A negociation shortly after took place, the purpose of which was to restore the monarch. Now the question is, whether, in that negociation, Cromwell and his party were sincere. We have not a doubt that they were, because they incurred considerable risk, and that without any adequate motive unless we suppose them so. The king himself was then so low in fortune, that very little dependence could be placed upon any effort or co-operation of his. The design clearly was to get rid of the dominant party in Parliament, as well as the seditious and levelling spirits of the army. The propositions made were extremely liberal. Charles had

seen nothing like them for many a day. They did not claim the destruction of covenant or hierarchy, but merely that dissenters from either should not be liable to penalties for being so. They reserved for ten years to the Parliament the command of the army and navy, after which it was to revert in full to the Crown, and they were to except five royalists from pardon. These demands do not look selfish. The only objection that can reasonably be made to them, is, that they were too generous. The king was during all this time treated with great respect, and an indulgence he had not experienced under other guardians. His singular perverseness of mind blasted all this fair promise. He suspected this kindness to arise from the necessity which Cromwell and the army felt of his support, and presuming too boldly upon what was but partially true, he imagined the time was come for him to dictate his own terms, either to the army or the Parliament. However just his view might abstractly have been, he should have remembered that he was a captive and not at the head of an army, and that he was personally a heavy burden for either of the parties to sustain. He did not remember any of these things. He announced openly to Ireton, that he should play his *game* as well as he could. The consequence could not fail to come upon himself. The moment was one of all others, when sincerity on both sides was of the greatest importance. 'If your majesty have a *game* to play,' was the proud reply of Ireton, 'you must give us also the liberty to play ours.' Nothing further remained to be done, but for Cromwell and his friends to save themselves while it was yet time, and leave the king to find alone the bottom of the precipice into which he was resolved to plunge. Cromwell did save himself, but not without one of those daring measures, which always test the difference between a genius and a driveller. The Levellers had denounced him for his partiality to the king, and some of the regiments went so far as to mutiny in the field. The story is, that he shot one of the ring-leaders with his own hand,—and it is certain that his bold and instant action was the sole reason why the mutiny failed. Now we would ask, If Cromwell were not sincere in negociating with the king, what motive could he have had in risking his popularity with the army; that army too, which was in that case to be his only reliance? What could he gain by a tedious negociation, if he expected from the first to take the violent measures to which he resorted at

last? Why weaken the confidence of men, who were to be his most efficient instruments? On the other hand, if he were sincere, we meet with no corresponding difficulties. He was fearful of the authority of Parliament. He knew himself exposed to their hostility, and he felt that a union with the king would shield him, while it presented a favorable opportunity for a settlement of the affairs of the country, without an undue preponderance on the Parliament's side. We must be permitted to express our belief, that it was fortunate for him that no such union took place,—for with all his energy, his undertaking must have failed. There are only certain stages at which revolutions can be stopped. It was not long before Cromwell became himself aware of this, which accounts for his sudden change of conduct to open hostility. His only mode of keeping himself upon the surface, was to float for a time with the current that had set against the monarchy.

That Cromwell was usually influenced by mixed motives of action, after he became a military man, we do not doubt,—but there is no satisfactory evidence, that before the brilliant victories of Dunbar and Worcester, he aspired to govern the state in his own person. Whatever projects he might have entertained, could never have done for him what his military career did, and this he could not long have foreseen. In all states convulsed by internal broils, or indeed generally in any states, it is the plainest and commonest of steps from the command of a victorious army, to the government of the whole nation. There is no truth more palpable in history.

We shall not enlarge upon the career of Cromwell as Protector. Had he only been one of the legitimate line, England's annals would not be able to boast of a more successful, a more vigorous and a more patriotic prince. Which of them ever did so much of his own free will, to give the country a free and liberal government? Which of them more honorably sustained such generous spirits as Blake and Hale and others, although he knew they were unfriendly to him? Which of them, with a powerful and enthusiastic army at his command, would have voluntarily called three Parliaments in three years, in each of which a majority thought, spoke and acted against himself? The leading and irremediable defect that frustrated all his exertions, was the want of title to the place he held. The English people would not admit his right to rule over them. It was his perpetual labor to avoid resting this right upon his sword,

and he was perpetually driven to it. We are rejoiced that he was. We are rejoiced that his usurpation was so glaring, that no subsequent age can mistake it, but while we condemn him as a usurper, we must accord him the praise of being a very moderate one.

On the whole, Mr. Vaughan's summary deserves consideration.

'It is a fact,' he says, 'that until a few months before the late king's death, Cromwell was an advocate of monarchy, and even hazarded his own life to save that of his sovereign. It is a fact, that the fragment of a Parliament, which his violence dissolved in 1653, was on the eve of adopting measures, which, whether they saw it or not, must have brought back Charles Stuart, and with him the return of oppression to a large portion of the people, along with the penalties of death and confiscation to the leaders of the army, and to many besides. It is a fact, also, that in all his subsequent experiments with regard to Parliaments, the Protector consulted the general feeling of the nation, and labored to restore the ancient constitution quite as far as was consistent with his personal safety; and it is not less certain, that the constitution which his last efforts were employed to establish, accorded more nearly with the claims of all the parties, included in the British dominions, than any thing that had preceded it, or than any thing which followed until the revolution of 1688. Cromwell insisted with all parties on the general equity of his plans; and hoped that self-interest would aid the greater number in discerning it; but all continued blind, and all, save one, were to be made captives in their blindness.'

No doubt, self-interest would have been served, by admitting the title and the authority of Cromwell; but with deference we would submit, whether there may not have been a higher motive of action in resisting them. The deep stain upon the character of that man is selfish ambition. Was it for those who had openly and honestly acted with him for other purposes, to sacrifice their principles, and bow the knee to him, who had frustrated those purposes? Neither will it do to blame them for being made captives to Charles the Second, in their blindness. Cromwell is far more responsible for the consequences that ensued. He knew that he was not the choice of the people of England. Why did he persist in forcing himself upon them? He thus prevented that settlement of the nation, which he might have materially aided in

producing, and wearied the feelings of every body to such a degree, that at last they were willing, for the sake of peace, to take back Charles Stuart, even without conditions. He had not that highest degree of greatness of mind which makes a man willing to descend, and to be little.

Cromwell has done even more mischief yet to the world. He has inflicted a serious injury upon the cause of liberty and religion. It is to his name that the enemies of popular rights will point, for a justification of their resistance, even to the most righteous demands. It is such men as he and Napoleon Bonaparte who do infinite harm, by attracting the admiration of men to talent, instead of virtue, and by confounding so skilfully good ends with bad means to reach them, that reason loses all its force in contending with the impetuosity of enthusiasm. He has injured religion, by connecting his practice in the minds of men with hypocrisy. After he began to follow the *ignis fatuus* of ambition, he was a hypocrite. Dissimulation became a necessary instrument for his advancement. In proportion as his enthusiasm gave way before the cooler judgment that was requisite to conduct his plans, the void was to be filled by an artificial emotion. His example has, therefore, been the perpetual theme of scoffers at religion, and has had the effect of spreading his disgrace over a whole sect of conscientious men, who had no similar motives to lead them astray.

Cromwell was a kind and generous friend to New England, and we have, therefore, been induced to give more space to an impartial view of his character, than we could well afford. To sum up all in a few words, we can only say, that he appears to us to have been one of those extraordinary beings, formed for turbulent times and yet moulded in a degree by such times. A deep-toned enthusiast at first, acting sincerely and violently in the cause he had espoused, the superiority of his abilities raised him above all his fellows, and placed the supreme power within his reach. The temptation was too great for his virtue, and, in yielding, like Macbeth before him, he was driven 'to make his face a vizard to his heart, disguising what that was.'

There were many men in that day, who, in sternness of principle, were not unworthy of the ancient Roman character. These men had not resisted Charles, to favor Cromwell. It was tyranny under any shape that they opposed. But they had drawn their notions of government, not so much from an

accurate view of the condition of the people to be governed, as from the popular and dazzling examples of the ancient republics. England certainly was not then, (it may be doubted whether she ever was or will be), prepared for a democracy. Yet these men pressed on with so much inconsiderateness that they lost all influence, when that influence would have been of greatest use,—at the moment of the Restoration. The great majority of the people, weary of change, were easily led by early prejudices to wish back their kings. A union of the two intolerant religious parties with those who had no religion, and the head of the army effected, without a struggle, the return of the Stuart dynasty. And never, during the eighty-five years that it ruled in England, was there a moment when it might have fixed itself so firmly in the hearts of the nation. Charles the Second wantonly trifled with their affections. But history has yielded a lesson from it, which should be often considered when we are led to doubt the soundness of popular institutions. That lesson is, that the people learn wisdom by suffering, faster than monarchs do. It was strikingly shown after the return of the Stuarts. It has been shown not less so in the late instance of the Bourbons. On the other hand, the English settlement of the Constitution in 1688, was a real improvement upon the experiments of 1640, and the French Government of 1830 manifests still greater progress since the days of the Convention. There is a strong analogy between these cases in many respects,—in one, a difference which it is worth while here to point out. The *recall* of Charles was the spontaneous act of the nation,—the *return* of Louis touched no sympathies of the French. How much more criminal must have been the misconduct of the former!

The Royal Declaration issued at Breda confirmed little for which the people had been contending, and that little was not suffered to remain. The liberty for tender consciences which it guarantied, terminated in a complete re-establishment of the hierarchy and the enforcement of the act of uniformity. The indemnity for past offences was violated by a swelled list of exceptions. The record of twenty-four years is little else than a gradual retracing of steps to the point where the quarrel began,—and this too, with a mixture of far more shame. Venality and prostitution ran riot in the court. Profligacy of every description infected the nation. The monarch himself set a glorious example. His father, arbitrary though he was,

never received the gold of a foreign prince to betray the interests of his people,—nor lavished their substance upon mistresses of every description. He did both. His father assumed the reins of government, under all the difficulties accumulated upon him by his predecessor. He thoroughly exhausted the greatest share of popularity that fell to the lot of any of his race.

We have left ourselves no room to enter into any detail upon the suffering which the act of uniformity, so unjustly forced upon the nation after it had confided in the king's honor, produced. It is probable that the sum of it was greater than that which produced the revolution. The refusal to conform to ceremonies has besides been made, throughout their history, a reproach to the Puritans. It has been represented as unreasonable obstinacy upon trifles,—as if any thing were a trifle which involves a principle. We shall not venture to add any views of our own to the following spirited defence by Mr. Vaughan.

'Men who are acquainted with the character of the non-conformists at this time, must often be surprised at the language adopted concerning them by certain writers, who would be thought particularly enlightened on these subjects. It is almost amusing to observe the airs of wisdom, with which these persons affect to deplore the weakness of so many well-meaning individuals, who, to escape kneeling at an altar or wearing a surplice, could expose themselves to so much suffering. But these persons should, perhaps, be reminded that the sum which Hampden was called to pay under the name of ship-money, was a very small sum; but inasmuch as that small sum was a tax, and a tax imposed by an authority which had no right to impose taxes, it was a trifle involving a momentous precedent,—an embryo from which the most extensive revolutions might proceed. And men who look on these things with the eye of common sense, have yet to learn, why false authorities in the Church are not to be resisted quite as steadfastly, as false authorities in the State. If a sickly acquiescence has often been found to make way for despotism on the part of the Crown, has it not often made way for the same thing on the part of the mitre? And who, with the history of the papal hierarchy before him, will pretend that there is less to fear from the usurpations of the priest than from those of the magistrate? The men who stood forth in 1662, waging the war of freedom against the powers of intolerance, were, in no small measure, the saviours of their country; and well would it be, if

thousands who have since bestowed pity on their weakness, could be ascertained to possess any fair portion of their strength, —strength, we mean, to lay hold on important principles, and to suffer with a martyr's firmness in the cause of them. Such men as Baxter and Hume and Calamy had few equals in their day, either in learning or in the judgment of affairs.'

We cannot pass entirely over the name of Sydney. His condemnation alone would suffice to disgrace the reign of Charles. His career, like that of his greater predecessor, Cato, is calculated to strike the imaginations of men, though it may reasonably be doubted whether such persons ever effect any great practical results for their generation. The human race may sometimes be coaxed, but cannot be driven. It will not answer for one of them to set up for himself so rigid a rule of action that nobody can follow it, and then cry out because nobody does. Such a man may gain general respect, but he will never acquire any permanent or useful influence. Sydney could speculate upon a perfect republic, but he could neither check the ambitious designs of Cromwell, nor avert the unlimited settlement of the crown upon Charles. He seems either not to have had any influence, or at least, if he had, not to have used it to much purpose. Yet there is a moral lesson, to be drawn from the inhuman mode in which he was condemned, which may be beneficial to all posterity. A noble mind, struggling with adversity, according to an ancient writer, is a sight worthy of the gods. When that adversity is occasioned by the misdeeds of fellow mortals, something more than passive observation would seem requisite. There is hardly a stronger practical satire upon human justice, than the slow but sure destruction of a noble nature in the process of a court of law. Jeffries judging Algernon Sydney, Socrates condemned by the Tribunal at Athens, and we might add a still greater, if he had been a mortal example, guide a generous mind with more unerring certainty to the conviction of a future state. Their sufferings were not lost, for cases like theirs call most forcibly for the exercise in another world of those most splendid attributes which all men, who believe in a Supreme Being, love to ascribe to him.

We regret our inability to pursue more fully the author's history of the two last Stuarts. The non-conformists, it is true, had ceased to occupy the principal place in the nation, but their influence became at last of great importance in turn-

ing the scale. And to their credit be it said, that influence was exerted in favor of principle against their immediate interests. The established church, in order to sustain itself as well against a Catholic monarch on one side as against the Dissenters on the other, became more and more exclusive and intolerant,—while James endeavored to conciliate all who were dissatisfied, for the purpose of combining their force in support of his favorite schemes. At a period when private and public morals were almost universally corrupt, when the character of nearly every political party was too much in unison with the profligacy reigning in society, it is to the credit of the non-conformists that they at least adhered to their duty. But for a more detailed account of events, we must refer our readers to Mr. Vaughan's book, of which we now take leave by recommending it generally as a moderate and candid exposition of a momentous period in history, made on genuine foundations of principle, and though favorable to one side, not unjust to any.

The point we desire to establish is, that public conduct should in every state be placed upon the firm basis of private morality,—and there is no guarantee for morality like that of religion. It is in this view, that we attach much importance to works, in which the motives and conduct of religious and conscientious men and parties are not uniformly depreciated. The close of the last century brought forward writers, who have done much injury to the world. Most of them were distinguished for arbitrary political doctrines or religious infidelity, and not unfrequently for both together,—Gibbon and Voltaire attacked the foundations of the faith of the Christian world,—Hume labored in defence of English tyranny,—and Mitford attempted to raise up the monarchs of Persia and Macedon at the expense of a State, whose history is the history of the intellect of man. It is quite too bad that the lessons of experience should be twisted into arguments for rotten boroughs and a system of sinecures on one side, or Utopian infidel republics and Agrarian laws on the other. Let us hope that men are becoming wiser,—that we are not to lose sight entirely of the land-marks that time has preserved, while we derive advantage from the valuable practical instruction to be drawn from the annals of mankind.

ART. VII.—*The Union and the States.*

1. *The Speeches of Messrs. Calhoun, Webster, and Poindexter in the Senate of the United States on the Revenue Collection Bill.* Washington. 1833.
2. *A Review of the Proclamation of President Jackson of the 10th of December,* 1832, *in a Series of Numbers, originally published in the Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald, under the Signature of a Virginian.* Norfolk. 1833.

IN our number for January last, we discussed at some length the great question of the relations between the States and the Union, as it was presented by the pretension of South Carolina, to annul the Tariff laws. At that moment, it appeared to be doubtful whether the time for useful discussion had not already passed away, and whether it was not too late to employ with advantage, on either side, any other argument than that which has been significantly called the *last reason of kings.* South Carolina, through the organ of an extraordinary convention of the people, had published an act, declaring null and void some of the most important laws of the United States, and solemnly pledging herself to renounce her connexion with the Union, if any attempt should be made to carry them into effect by force. Her Legislature was engaged in maturing the measures required for the further prosecution of this course of policy. On the other hand, the President of the United States had pledged himself not less unequivocally, and in a tone, if possible, still more energetic and decisive, to execute the laws, if necessary, by actual force. The quarrel was thus brought to a direct issue, which could only be tried by the bayonet, and from which there seemed to be no escape; for it hardly occurred to any one, as a possible contingency, that Congress, after devoting the whole preceding session to an investigation of the Tariff, and finally adopting, on the principle of compromise, a law, which had not yet gone into operation, would make any new arrangement of the question, in season to be useful, or even were there more time, would make to a State actually in arms against the Government, such concessions as would prove satisfactory. An appeal to force was therefore, to all appearance, inevitable. The minds of good men throughout the country were accord-

ingly overwhelmed with gloomy forebodings, and although we expressed at the time a confident hope and expectation, that the ultimate result of the crisis would be favorable, we certainly did not anticipate that this favorable result would be obtained without a good deal of intestine discord, confusion, and perhaps actual bloodshed.

A few months only have passed away, and all these gloomy signs have, for the moment at least, entirely disappeared. At no period, since the establishment of the Government, has the country been more profoundly tranquil, more generally prosperous, or, as respects any immediate cause of apprehension, more entirely secure from dangers of all kinds than it is at present. On the means by which this change in our position and prospects, in itself so propitious, has been brought about, it is not our intention to enlarge, on the present occasion. Others more appropriate and convenient for this purpose, will probably occur hereafter. We will not now inquire, whether it was consistent with the honor or the well understood interest of the country to make concessions to a State in arms against the Government;—whether it was right to sacrifice great and acknowledged principles of national policy to considerations of merely temporary expediency;—whether the question of the relative pretensions of the Union and the State Governments,—which at one time or another must in all probability be settled by the sword,—could ever have been brought to this fearful test, under circumstances more propitious to a correct decision of it, than those which attended the recent crisis. Whatever may be the inclination of our private opinion upon these points, which the reader will easily collect from our mode of stating them, we can hardly bring ourselves to regret that the evil day of confusion and carnage,—supposing even that it must come at last,—is deferred. There is at least a chance that it may forever be avoided. This commonwealth, at all events, having firmly resisted the measures in question, by the vigorous and united action of her whole delegation in both Houses of Congress,—by the expression of the almost unanimous opinion of her State Legislature,—and by the most imposing declarations of public sentiment in various other forms, may fairly consider herself as exempt from all direct responsibility for their consequences, and may enjoy with the less scruple and the higher satisfaction, the immediate advantages which their adoption has conferred upon us in common with the whole Union.

The most unpleasant occurrences are commonly attended with some more or less agreeable results. The keen and searching inquiry into the theory of our Government, in some of its most important points, which grew out of the late proceedings of South Carolina, can hardly fail to be of great use, and may perhaps have considerable effect in preventing a recurrence of similar scenes. The moment for drawing the proper conclusions from this inquiry, has, of course, not yet arrived: but the speeches and documents elicited by it will remain on record, and will be turned to excellent account by future historians and political philosophers. It is in the hope of contributing our humble share to this stock of useful materials, and not with any idle pretension to settle questions upon which the most powerful minds in the country are divided, that we now propose to complete the imperfect sketch of the controversy, which we commenced in the article alluded to above. On that occasion we examined the doctrine of nullification, as it was stated in the Correspondence between Mr. Calhoun and Governor Hamilton, previously to the holding of the Carolina Convention. We shall now inquire whether any new light has been thrown upon the subject, by the debates in Congress during the last session, and, as far as our limits will admit, shall make allusions to the principles professed in the President's Proclamation, and in some other productions of no inconsiderable authority.

Mr. Calhoun, as our readers are aware, resigned the Vice-Presidency of the United States just before the opening of the late session of Congress, and was immediately appointed by the Legislature of Carolina, to fill the vacancy in the Senate, occasioned by the election of General Hayne to the post of Governor of the State. It was generally understood and expected that the Ex-Vice-President would appear in the Senate, prepared to explain and defend on that high theatre, to the satisfaction not merely of the members, but of a whole attentive people, the principles of a party of which he is the acknowledged leader. Public expectation was accordingly not disappointed, when soon after the report from the Judiciary Committee of the bill commonly called the Revenue Collection Bill, intended to enforce the execution of the Tariff Laws in South Carolina, Mr. Calhoun laid upon the table of the Senate a series of resolutions, embodying the leading points of his political creed. Although the principal debate did not take

place precisely upon these resolutions, but upon the bill itself, it may, perhaps, be agreeable to our readers, to see in this connexion the shape in which the Carolina doctrine was presented on this occasion, by its principal champion. The Resolutions are evidently drawn with much deliberation, and are as follows:

'*Resolved*, That the people of the several States composing these United States, are united as parties to a constitutional compact, to which the people of each State acceded as a separate and sovereign community, each binding itself by its own particular ratification; and that the Union, of which the said compact is the bond, is a Union *between the States* ratifying the same.

'*Resolved*, That the people of the several States thus united by the constitutional compact, in forming that instrument and in creating a General Government to carry into effect the objects for which it was formed, delegated to that Government, for that purpose, certain definite powers, to be exercised jointly, reserving at the same time, each State to itself, the residuary mass of powers to be exercised by its own separate Government: and that whenever the General Government assumes the exercise of powers not delegated by the compact, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no effect; and that the said Government is not made the final judge of the powers delegated to it, since that would make its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers, but that, as in all other cases of compact among sovereign parties, without any common judge, each has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction, as of the mode and measure of redress.

'*Resolved*, That the assertions, that the people of these United States, taken collectively, as individuals, are now or ever have been united on the principle of the social compact, and as such, are now formed into one nation, or people, or that they have ever been so united, in any one stage of their political existence; that the people of the several States, composing the Union, have not, as members thereof, retained their sovereignty; that the allegiance of their citizens has been transferred to the General Government; that they have parted with the right of punishing treason, through their respective State Governments; and that they have not the right of judging in the last resort, as to the extent of powers reserved, and of consequence, of those delegated; are not only without foundation in truth, but are contrary to the most certain and plain historical facts, and the clearest deductions of reason, and that all exercise of power on the part of the General Government, or any of its departments, deriving authority

from such erroneous assumptions, must of necessity be unconstitutional; must tend directly and inevitably to subvert the sovereignty of the States; to destroy the federal character of the Union; and to rear on its ruins a consolidated government, without constitutional check, or limitation, and which must necessarily terminate in the loss of liberty itself.'

The day after these resolutions were presented, Mr. Grundy of Tennessee, a leading friend of the administration, offered, in the form of an amendment, a series of counter resolutions in which, avoiding the general principles involved in the question, he confines himself to a naked assertion of the constitutionality of the particular operations of the General Government, to which South Carolina had taken exception. They are as follows.

'*Resolved*, That by the Constitution of the United States, certain powers are delegated to the General Government, and those not delegated nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people.

'2. *Resolved*, That one of the powers expressly granted by the Constitution to the General Government, and prohibited to the States, is that of laying duties on imports.

'3. *Resolved*, That the power to lay imposts is by the Constition wholly transferred from the State authorities to the General Government, without any reservation of power or right on the part of the State.

'4. *Resolved*, That the Tariff Laws of 1828 and 1832, are exercises of the constitutional power possessed by the Congress of the United States, whatever various opinions may exist as to their policy and justice.

'5. *Resolved*, That an attempt on the part of a State to annul an act of Congress passed upon any subject exclusively confided by the Constitution to Congress, is an encroachment on the rights of the General Government.

'6. *Resolved*, That attempts to obstruct or prevent the execution of the several acts of Congress imposing duties on imports, whether by Ordinances of Conventions or Legislative enactments, are not warranted by the Constitution, and are dangerous to the political institutions of the country.'

On the following day, Mr. Clayton of Delaware moved to amend the amendment of Mr. Grundy, by substituting for a part of it the following resolution, the language of which is borrowed in part, from the President's Proclamation.

'*Resolved*, That the power to annul the several acts of Congress, imposing duties on imports, or any other law of the United States, when assumed by a single State, is 'incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed;' that the people of these United States are for the purposes enumerated in their Constitution ONE PEOPLE AND A SINGLE NATION, having delegated full power to their common agents to preserve and defend their national interests for the purpose of attaining the great end of all government, the safety and happiness of the governed; that while the Constitution does provide for the interest and safety of all the States, it does not secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to any; that the allegiance of the people is rightfully due as it has been freely given to the General Government, to the extent of all the sovereign power expressly ceded to that Government in the Constitution; that the Supreme Court of the United States is the proper and only tribunal in the last resort for the decision of all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made under their authority; that resistance to the laws, founded on the inherent and inalienable right of all men to resist oppression is in its nature revolutionary and extra-constitutional,—and that entertaining these views, the Senate of the United States, while willing to concede every thing to any honest difference of opinion, which can be yielded consistently with the honor and interest of the nation, will not fail, in the faithful discharge of its most solemn duty, to support the Executive in the just administration of the Government, and clothe it with all constitutional power necessary to the faithful execution of the law and the preservation of the Union.'

Mr. Calhoun afterwards offered his original resolutions in a slightly varied shape, as an amendment to those which had been substituted for them, in order that the discussion might come on upon them and not upon the substitutes,—but as the original form was probably the one which he preferred, we deem it unnecessary to insert the new one. In offering his resolutions, Mr. Calhoun accompanied them with some eloquent and forcible remarks, to which we shall presently allude, and it was doubtless his wish and intention, that the great principles involved in the question should be discussed when the resolutions were taken up. But the Revenue Collection Bill naturally took the precedence, on account of the immediate and

urgent want of the powers conferred by it, and as it involved the same questions which were stated in the resolutions, the discussion of the latter was in a great measure anticipated. Mr. Calhoun, though professedly avoiding general principles, in fact said but little upon any thing else, and Mr. Webster, without adverting particularly to the other parts of his adversary's argument, avowedly made the general principles involved in the question his principal subject. After the Revenue Collection Bill was disposed of, Mr. Calhoun's resolutions were formally taken up. On this occasion, the Ex-Vice-President made a pretty full and elaborate rejoinder to Mr. Webster's reply to his former speech. This may be said to have closed the debate. Mr. Webster answered in a very few succinct remarks, and the resolutions, without any decisive action having been had upon them, were then laid upon the table.

Such was the form in which this great case was argued before the Senate of the United States. While the discussion was in progress, most of the State Legislatures held their annual sessions, and having received from the Governor of South Carolina copies of the proceedings of the Convention, naturally felt themselves called upon to express an opinion upon their character. The Governors generally recommended the subject to the attention of the Legislatures, and the latter adopted resolutions, accompanied, in several instances, with detailed reports, denouncing, we believe without a single exception, and in the most unequivocal terms, the doctrine of nullification as a palpable and dangerous heresy. The Legislature of Massachusetts authorized a Committee to collect and publish, in connexion with the Carolina documents, the reports and resolutions of all the State Legislatures upon the subject. The volume will form a very interesting memorial of the history of the times.

The only State whose proceedings varied materially from those of the rest, was Virginia. Governor Floyd, in his message to the Legislature, exhibited a decided leaning to the doctrine of Nullification, and there was a pretty strong party in favor of it in the Legislature. The subject was a long time under discussion, and several sets of Resolutions were successively adopted in the two Houses, but the friends of the Union maintained throughout a clear majority, and in the Resolutions which were finally adopted, on the principle of compromise, by an almost unanimous vote, the doctrine is decidedly condemned. But the most remarkable feature in the proceedings of the

Governor of Virginia, was the appointment of Mr. B. W. Leigh, as a special commissioner *near* the Government of South Carolina, for the purpose of endeavoring to persuade that State to suspend for the present the enforcement of the *nullifying ordinance.* This overture, in itself a curious and not unimportant proceeding, considered merely as an incident in our political history, seemed to imply a sort of pledge on the part of Virginia, that at a future period she would be prepared to sustain Carolina in her present pretensions. Had the general question taken a different turn, this measure would have had a good deal of influence in determining the course of subsequent events. The sudden compromise of the whole difficulty rendered it a matter of no importance, but there cannot be a doubt that the complexion of the proceedings of Virginia was among the motives that operated most strongly in inducing Mr. Clay to take the course he did. He in fact expressly said as much, in a speech with which he introduced his bill.

While the proceedings of Carolina were under discussion in Congress and in the State Legislatures, they formed of course a prominent topic in the newspapers; and essays of great power and value were published in various quarters of the Union. The most remarkable were those which appeared in the Norfolk Herald, under the title of a *Review of the President's Proclamation*, with the signature of *A Virginian*, attributed to Mr. Tazewell. We may here remark, *en passant*, that whatever may be thought of the correctness of the opinions of the Virginian school of statesmen, they are entitled to great credit for the persevering diligence with which they devote their time and labor to the political affairs of the country. The debates on important topics in the Virginia Legislature occupy more time, and are managed on the whole with far more care and ability than those of any other State. The Virginia newspapers are, as far as the amount and value of the political discussions contained in them are concerned, the best that appear in the Union. It is apparent in short from their conduct, that the men of education, property and talent in the Ancient Dominion, consider the political affairs of the country as a vast and important subject, in the regulation of which they are determined that their State shall possess her proper influence: and are willing to go through the labor that is necessary to secure it. This disposition, in connexion with their greater steadiness in supporting each other, and their comparative freedom from

the paltry personal jealousies and local factions, that are permitted to distract the councils and destroy the weight of the Eastern and Middle States, have always given, and continue to give, to Virginia, even in the present comparative decline of her wealth and material prosperity, a political power that has never been exercised by any other State, and which justifies, in some degree, her proud and favorite title. This superior influence is the natural, and we may add merited result of greater personal generosity and devotion to the public good in her citizens; the States that desire to emulate her superiority in this respect, must begin by practising the superior moral qualities by which it is acquired.

In the remarks which we now propose to offer upon the questions involved in the proceedings of South Carolina, and the acts and publications to which they have led, we shall direct our attention to the general principles, and without confining ourselves very strictly to an examination of the speeches and essays to which we have alluded, shall make such use of them as may appear best fitted to illustrate the argument.

The leading point in the Carolina doctrine, as our readers are well aware, is, that any State has a right to annul, at discretion, within its limits, any act of the General Government, which it may deem unconstitutional. The ground on which this pretension is defended, is, that the United States are not one people or nation, but a league or confederacy of powers mutually independent of each other, and that the Constitution is in the nature of a treaty between these powers, each of which possesses the same right to judge of the extent of the obligations imposed by it, and of the manner in which it is observed or violated by the others, that is ordinarily possessed and exercised by the parties to an alliance of independent sovereigns; that in all such cases a breach of the conditions of the treaty by one party, exempts the others from the obligation to observe it, and leaves them at liberty to renounce it entirely, or to take such other measures, not inconsistent with substantial justice, for the security of their rights, as they may deem expedient.

In our preceding article on this subject, we stated as the leading point in the reply to this argument, and as the great principle which governs the whole discussion, that the Constitution of the United States, being the instrument or charter which determines the form and regulates the action of the government of the country is, as such, a *social compact*, by which the parties to

it, whether states or individuals, formed themselves into one body politic, political society, people or nation, (these terms being all synonymous,) under a common government:—that such a compact or constitution of government,—whatever may be its form, character, or origin;—whether it be written or unwritten,—free, limited, or despotic;—whether founded in force, fraud or voluntary association;—whether created by a number of previously independent States, or by a number of previously independent individuals;—carries with it certain incidents, which belong to it as such, and are inseparable from its nature; that of these incidents, essential properties or characteristics of every such social compact or constitution of government, the first in order are that the parties to it have not a moral right to withdraw from it at discretion, or to construe at discretion the powers of the government created by it; but are bound to remain parties to it, and to acquiesce in the acts of the government created by it, excepting in those extreme cases, which justify open rebellion.

These principles are in substance the same which are laid down in the President's Proclamation of the tenth of December.

'The Constitution of the United States,' says the President, 'forms a government, not a league, and whether it be formed by compact between the States, or in any other manner, its character is the same. Each State having expressly parted with so many powers as to constitute jointly with the other States a single nation, cannot from that period possess any right to secede, because such secession does not break a league but destroys the unity of a nation. Because the Union was formed by compact, it is said, that the parties to that compact may, when they feel themselves aggrieved, depart from it: but it is precisely because it is a compact that they cannot. A compact is an agreement or binding obligation. It may, by its terms, have a sanction or penalty for its breach, or it may not. If it contain no sanction, it may be broken with no other consequence than moral guilt: if it have a sanction, then the breach incurs the designated or implied penalty. A league between independent nations, generally, has no sanction other than a moral one; or, if it should contain a penalty, as there is no common superior, it cannot be enforced. A government, on the contrary, always has a sanction, express or implied: and, in our case, it is both necessarily implied and expressly given. An attempt by force of arms to destroy a government, is an offence, by whatever means the constitutional

compact may have been formed; and such government has the right, by the law of self-defence, to pass acts for punishing the offender, unless that right is modified, restrained, or resumed, by the constitutional act. In our system, although it is modified in the case of treason, yet authority is expressly given to pass all laws necessary to carry its powers into effect, and under this grant provision has been made for punishing acts which obstruct the due administration of the laws.'

In this passage of the Proclamation, the theory of the question is stated with substantial correctness, although not (as may naturally enough be supposed in a document prepared in the hurry of official business,) with all the terseness and elegance that would be required in a deliberate treatise. It is not strictly just to say, that the parties to the Constitution have no right to depart from it when they think themselves aggrieved, *precisely because it is a compact.* There are some compacts, particularly of those concluded between independent States, the parties to which have a right to depart from them, when they honestly think themselves aggrieved. The precise reason why the parties that formed the Constitution have not a right to secede from it when they think themselves aggrieved, is,—not that it is a compact,—but that it is a *social compact:*—a compact of a particular description, of which it is one of the essential characteristics that the parties to it have not a right to depart from it at discretion, when they think themselves aggrieved.

Again:

'A compact is an agreement or binding obligation. It may by its terms have a sanction or it may not: if it contain no sanction, it may be broken with no other consequences than moral guilt: if it have a sanction, then the breach incurs the designated or implied penalty. A league between independent nations generally has no sanction other than a moral one: a government, on the contrary, always has a sanction, express or implied, and in our case it is both necessarily implied, and expressly given.'

This is a rather awkward, and in some degree incorrect statement of the principles applicable to the case, although the practical conclusions of the writer are perfectly just. A *sanction,* in the technical sense of the word, is the penalty annexed to the violation of a *law,* and is not properly an incident of any *compact,* whether in the nature of a league or a constitu-

tion of Government. The Constitution of the United States, for example, contains no specification of penalties to be suffered by those who violate it. As respects the *moral sanction*, a league and a constitution stand on nearly the same footing, they being, *in foro conscientiae*, equally obligatory to the extent to which they respectively operate. The distinction here taken between them in reference to their different sanctions, is, therefore, groundless, and, if better founded, would be foreign to the question. The difference between the obligations imposed by a treaty, and a constitution of government, is not the consequence of the difference between the sanctions by which they are respectively accompanied, whatever it may in fact be, but of the difference between the purposes and characters of the two instruments. Nor is it quite correct to say, that governments have a right, *by the law of self-defence*, to pass acts for the punishment of treason. A government, being a mere representative of the people, does not possess, as a government, the right of self-defence, or any other. The right of the people to pass, through the agency of the government, acts for the punishment of treason, does not rest on the principle of self-defence. It is simply one of the forms in which the people exercise the right and perform the duty of taking all measures that are required for the general welfare, and for carrying into effect the object for which political societies are established. It rests, in short, on precisely the same ground with the right to pass laws for the punishment of murder or theft, for the encouragement of learning, or for any other purpose of ordinary legislation.

In pointing out these inaccuracies in the language and reasoning of the Proclamation, it is not our intention to depreciate the merit of that document. We consider it, on the contrary, as one that, on many accounts, does great credit to the executive department of the government. It possesses precisely the qualities which the occasion called for; principles substantially just, if not enunciated throughout with technical correctness; a bold and energetic tone; and a warmth of patriotic feeling, that awakened a kindred glow in the heart of every honest citizen, throughout the country. We have no hesitation in saying, that, in our opinion, this document gave the death blow to nullification. But in proportion as we value the Proclamation more highly, do we consider it more important that the erroneous or doubtful principles contained in it, should

be distinctly indicated, lest in going forth to the public in this imposing shape, they should be received as acknowledged political truths. The moment when the excitement created by the subject has partially subsided, but is still sufficiently lively to attract some attention to it, seems to be precisely the one in which these corrections may be made with the greatest advantage, and it is with a view to these considerations, that we have ventured to submit the above remarks.

Such, however, as we have stated them, are the leading principles that govern the discussion of this great question, and constitute the proper reply to the Carolina doctrine of nullification. The Constitution of the United States is a social compact, by which the parties to it, whether States or individuals, formed themselves into one body politic under a common government: and it carries with it as such an inherent obligation upon these parties, whether States or individuals, or both, to obey the laws enacted by that Government, excepting in those extreme cases which justify rebellion.

Mr. Calhoun's resolutions were offered in the Senate in the way of rejoinder to this reply, as stated in the President's Proclamation and various other quarters. They affirm, as the reader has already seen, that the people of the several States are united as parties to a *constitutional compact* formed by the States, as distinct political communities, and deny explicitly, that, taken collectively as individuals, they are now or ever have been united on the principle of the *social compact* into one nation or people, at any stage of their political existence. In the remarks which he made on first presenting the resolutions, as they are reported in the Intelligencer, he developed this idea in the following manner:

'No such community ever existed, as the people of the United States, forming a collective body of individuals in one nation; and the idea that they are so united, by the present Constitution, as a social compact, as alleged by the Proclamation, is utterly false and absurd. To call the Constitution the social compact, is the greatest possible abuse of language. No two things are more dissimilar; there is not an expression in the whole science of politics, more perfectly definite in its meaning than the social compact. It means that association of individuals, founded on the implied assent of all its members, which precedes all government, and from which government or the constitutional compact springs; and yet, the President, in this daring attempt to put

down our *federal* system, has ventured to confound things so totally dissimilar. The sovereignty, then, is in the people of the several States, united in this Federal Union. It is not only in them, but in them unimpaired; not a particle resides in the Government; not one particle in the American people collectively.'

In his speech on the Revenue Collection Bill, Mr. Calhoun added little or nothing to his previous remarks on this particular point, in the hope that another opportunity would be afforded for more ample discussion. Mr. Webster, in his answer to the speech of Mr. Calhoun on the Revenue Collection Bill, addressed himself particularly, as we have already said, to a consideration of the principles announced in the resolutions, and treated at some length the question how far and in what sense the Constitution may properly be described as a compact. On this part of the subject he took the ground that, properly speaking, the Constitution is *not a compact at all*, but *a fundamental law*:—that it may be said to be founded in consent, agreement or compact, inasmuch as the formation and adoption of it were effected by the general assent of the people,—but that when adopted it became, what its name imports, a *constitution*, and is no longer a mere agreement. '*I do not agree*,' he says, '*that in strictness of language, it is a compact at all. But I do agree that it is founded on consent, or agreement, or on compact, if the gentleman prefers that word, and means no more by it, than voluntary consent or agreement. The people agreed to make a constitution, but when made, that constitution became what its name imports. It is no longer a mere agreement. There can be no longer a subsisting agreement or compact to form a constitution or government, after that constitution or government has been actually formed and established.*' We make no apology for quoting the entire passage which includes these detached remarks, and which, whatever may be thought of the correctness of the doctrine, is curious and valuable, as the opinion of a great master of constitutional law upon one of the most important questions in the science. It is as follows:

'Whether the Constitution be a compact between States in their sovereign capacities, is a question which must be mainly argued from what is contained in the instrument itself. We all agree that it is an instrument which has been, in some way, clothed with power. We all admit, that it speaks with authority. The first question then is, what does it say of itself? What does

it purport to be? Does it style itself a league, confederacy, or compact between sovereign States? It is to be remembered, sir, that the Constitution began to speak only after its adoption. Until it was ratified by nine States, it was but a proposal, the mere draught of an instrument. It was like a deed, drawn, but not executed. The Convention had framed it, sent it to Congress, then sitting under the Confederation, Congress had transmitted it to the State Legislatures, and by these last it was laid before conventions of the people in the several States. All this while it was inoperative paper. It had received no stamp of authority, no sanction; it spoke no language. But when ratified by the people in their respective conventions, then it had a voice, and spoke authentically. Every word in it had then received the sanction of the popular will, and was to be received as the expression of that will. What the Constitution says of itself, therefore, is as conclusive as what it says on any other point. Does it call itself a compact? Certainly not. It uses the word compact but once, and that is when it declares that the States shall enter into no compact. Does it call itself a league, a confederacy, a subsisting treaty between the States? Certainly not. There is not a particle of such language in all its pages. But it declares itself a CONSTITUTION. What is a *Constitution?* Certainly not a league, compact, or confederacy, but a *fundamental law.* That fundamental regulation which determines the manner in which the public authority is to be executed, is what forms the *Constitution of a State.* Those primary rules which concern the body itself, and the very being of the political society, the form of Government, and the manner in which power is to be exercised, —all, in a word, which form together the *Constitution of a State,* these are the fundamental laws. This, Sir, is the language of the public writers. But do we need to be informed, in this country, what a *Constitution* is? Is it not an idea perfectly familiar, definite and well settled? We are at no loss to understand what is meant by the Constitution of one of the States; and the Constitution of the United States speaks of itself as being an instrument of the same nature. It says, this *Constitution* shall be the law of the land, any thing in any State *Constitution* to the contrary notwithstanding. And it speaks of itself, too, in plain contradistinction from a confederation; for it says that all debts contracted, and all engagements entered into by the United States, shall be as valid under this *Constitution* as under the *Confederation.* It does not say, as valid under this *compact*, or this league, or this confederation, as under the former confederation, but as valid under this *Constitution.*

'This then, Sir, is declared to be a *Constitution.* A Constitu-

tion is the fundamental law of the State; and this is expressly declared to be the supreme law. It is as if the people had said, "we prescribe this fundamental law," or "this supreme law," for they do say that they establish this Constitution, and that it shall be the supreme law. They say that they *ordain and establish it.* Now, Sir, what is the common application of these words? We do not speak of *ordaining* leagues and compacts. If this was intended to be a compact or league, and the States to be parties to it, why was it not so said? Why is there found no one expression in the whole instrument, indicating such intent? The old Confederation was expressly called a *league*, and into this league it was declared that the States, as States, severally entered. Why was not similar language used in the Constitution, if a similar intention had existed? Why was it not said, "the States enter into this new league," "the States form this new confederation, or "the States agree to this new compact?" Or, why was it not said, in the language of the gentleman's resolution, that the people of the several States acceded to this compact in their sovereign capacities? What reason is there for supposing that the framers of the Constitution rejected expressions appropriate to their own meaning, and adopted others wholly at war with that meaning?

'Again, Sir, the Constitution speaks of that political system which it established as "*the Government of the United States.*" Is it not doing strange violence to language, to call a league or a compact between sovereign powers a *government?* The Government of a State is that organization in which the political power resides. It is the political being, created by the Constitution or fundamental law. The broad and clear difference between a government and a league or compact, is, that a government is a body politic; it has a will of its own, and it possesses powers and faculties to execute its own purposes. Every compact looks to some power to enforce its stipulations. Even in a compact between sovereign communities, there always exists this ultimate reference to a power to ensure its execution; although, in such case, this power is but the force of one party against the force of another,—that is to say, the power of war. But a *government* executes its decisions by its own supreme authority. Its use of force, in compelling obedience to its own enactments, is not war. It contemplates no opposing party having a right of resistance. It rests on its own power to enforce its own will; and when it ceases to possess this power, it is no longer a government.

'Mr. President, I concur so generally in the very able speech of the gentleman from Virginia, near me, (Mr. Rives) that it is not without diffidence and regret that I venture to differ with him

on any point. His opinions, Sir, are redolent of the doctrines of a very distinguished school, for which I have the highest regard, of whose doctrines I can say, what I also can say of the gentleman's speech, that, while I concur in the results, I must be permitted to hesitate about some of the premises. I do not agree that the Constitution is a compact between States in their sovereign capacities. I do not agree that, in strictness of language, *it is a compact* at all. But I do agree, *that it is founded on consent, or agreement;* or *on compact*, if the gentleman prefers that word, and means no more by it than voluntary consent or agreement. The Constitution, Sir, is not a contract, but the result of a contract; meaning, by contract, no more than assent. Founded on consent, it is a Government proper. Adopted by the agreement of the people of the United States, when adopted, it has become a Constitution. The people have agreed to make a Constitution; but when made, that Constitution becomes what its name imports. It is no longer a mere agreement. Our laws, sir, have their foundation in the agreement, or consent, of the two Houses of Congress. We say, habitually, that one House proposes a bill, and the other agrees to it; but the result of this agreement is not a compact, but a law. The law, the statute, is not the agreement, but something created by the agreement; and something which, when created, has a new character, and acts by its own authority. So the Constitution of the United States, founded in or on the consent of the people, may be said to rest on compact, or consent; but it is itself not the compact, but its result. When a people agree to erect a government, and actually erect it, the thing is done, and the agreement is at an end. The compact is executed, and the end designed by it attained. Henceforth, the fruit of the agreement exists, but the agreement itself is merged in its own accomplishment; since there can be no longer a subsisting agreement, or compact, *to form* a Constitution or Government, after that Constitution or Government has been actually formed and established.'

The principles here professed by Mr. Webster are substantially the same with those laid down by Dane in his Abridgement of the Common Law, the appendix to which is devoted entirely to an examination of this question, and by Judge Story in his recent valuable Commentaries on Constitutional Law. 'The Constitution of the United States,' says Dane, 'is not a compact or contract agreed to by two or more parties, to be construed by each for itself, and there to stop for want of a common arbiter to revise the construction of each party or State. It is, as the people have named, and called it, truly a

Constitution, and they properly said, *We, the People of the United States*, do ordain and establish this Constitution, and not *We, the People of each State.*'* This passage is quoted and adopted by Story, who also says that, 'A government may originate in the voluntary compact or assent of the people of the several States, or of a people never before united, and yet, when adopted and ratified by them, be no longer a matter resting in compact, but become an executed Government or Constitution, or fundamental law, and not a mere league.'†

In the subsequent debate on the resolutions, which came on upon the 26th of February, Mr. Calhoun rejoined at considerable length to Mr. Webster's reply to his former speech, and entered more fully than he had done on the other occasion into the merits of the case. He combated with much force, and we think, with success, Mr. Webster's leading point, that the Constitution is, in the proper sense of the term, *not a compact at all*, but a *fundamental law*. It is no doubt true, that the Constitution may be styled with propriety a *fundamental law*, or, as it is called in the instrument itself, *the Supreme Law of the Land*, because, being habitually enforced in the Courts of Justice under the same forms as the ordinary laws, it naturally enough comes under the same general appellation. But the important question is, whether the obligation to observe it is of the same character. On our view of the subject, transactions, determining the form of the government of a community, however denominated, are, as such, necessarily compacts. They are so described by the most judicious political writers, as well as the highest authorities of a practical character. The remarks of Mr. Calhoun on this subject are entitled to much attention.

'But the principal argument on which the Senator relied, to show that the Constitution is not a compact, rests on the provision in that instrument which declares that "this Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, and treaties made under their authority, are the supreme laws of the land." He asked, with marked emphasis, Can a compact be the supreme law of the land? I ask, in return, whether treaties are not compacts, and whether treaties, as well as the Constitution, are not declared to be the supreme law of the land? His argument, in fact, as conclusively proves that treaties are not compacts as it does that this

* Dane's Appendix, pp. 59, 60. † Story's Commentaries, I. 327, 335.

Constitution is not a compact. I might rest this point on this decisive answer; but as I desire to leave not a shadow of doubt on this important point, I shall follow the gentleman in the course of his reasoning.

'He defines a Constitution to be a fundamental law, which organizes the Government, and points out the mode of its action. I will not object to the definition, though, in my opinion, a more appropriate one, or at least one better adapted to American ideas could be given. My objection is not to the definition, but to the attempt to prove that the fundamental laws of a State cannot be a compact, as the Senator seems to suppose. I hold the very reverse to be the case; and that, according to the most approved writers on the subject of government, these very fundamental laws, which are now stated not only not to be compacts, but inconsistent with the very idea of compacts, are held invariably to be compacts; and in that character as distinguished from the ordinary laws of the country. I will cite a single authority, which is full and explicit on this point, from a writer of the highest repute.

'Burlamaqui says, vol. II., part I., chap. I., sec. 35, 36, 37, 38, "It entirely depends upon a free people to invest the sovereigns whom they place over their heads with an authority either absolute, or limited by certain laws. These regulations, by which the supreme authority is kept within bounds, are called *the fundamental laws of the State.*"

'"The fundamental laws of a State, taken in their full extent, are not only the decrees by which the entire body of the nation determine the form of Government, and the manner of succeeding to the crown, but are likewise covenants betwixt the people and the person on whom they confer the sovereignty, which regulate the manner of governing, and by which the supreme authority is limited."

'"These regulations are called fundamental laws, because they are the basis, as it were, and foundation of the State, on which the structure of the Government is raised, and because the people look upon these regulations as their principal strength and support."

'"*The name of laws, however, has been given to these regulations in an improper and figurative sense,—for, properly speaking, they are real covenants. But as those covenants are obligatory between the contracting parties, they have the force of laws themselves.*"

'The same,—2d vol. part II., ch. I, sec. 19 and 22, in part. "The whole body of the nation, in whom the supreme power originally resides, may regulate the Government by a fundamen-

tal law, in such manner as to commit the exercise of the different parts of the supreme power to different persons or bodies, who may act independently of each other, in regard to the rights committed to them; but still subordinate to the laws from which those rights are derived."

'"*And these fundamental laws are real covenants, or what the civilians call pacta conventa, between the different orders of the Republic,* by which they stipulate that each shall have a particular part of the sovereignty, and that this shall establish the form of government. It is evident that by these means each of the contracting parties acquires a right not only of exercising the power granted to it, but also of preserving that original right."

'But why should I refer to writers upon the subject of government, or inquire into the Constitution of foreign States, when there are such decisive proofs, that our Constitution is a compact? On this point the Senator is estopped. I borrow from the gentleman, and thank him for the word. His adopted State, which he so ably represents on this floor, and his native State, the States of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, both declared, in their ratification of the Constitution, that it was a compact. The ratification of Massachusetts is in the following words: (Here Mr. C. read.)

'"*In Convention of the Delegates of the People of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Feb.* 6, 1788.

'"The Convention having impartially discussed and fully considered the Constitution of the United States of America, reported to Congress by the Convention of Delegates from the United States of America, and submitted to us by a resolution of the General Court of said Commonwealth, passed the 25th day of October last past, and acknowledging with grateful hearts the goodness of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in affording the people of the United States, in the course of his Providence, an opportunity, deliberately and peaceably, without fraud or surprise, of entering into an explicit and *solemn compact* with each other, by assenting to and ratifying a new Constitution, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, assent to, and ratify the said Constitution for the United States of America."

'The ratification of New Hampshire is taken from that of Massachusetts, and is almost in the same words.'

Mr. Calhoun afterwards quotes for the same purpose the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, in which the Constitution is de-

nominated a *compact to which the States are parties*, and the reply to those Resolutions by the Legislature of Massachusetts of the same year, in which it is called a *solemn compact*, and inquires, with some reason, whether Massachusetts is not *estopped* by this public declaration, from any subsequent denial of the same proposition.

In another part of his remarks upon the same subject, Mr. Calhoun seems to have misapprehended the meaning of Mr. Webster's assertion, that the Constitution, though it may properly enough be considered as the result of an agreement or compact among the people to form a constitution, is itself no compact at all. He supposes Mr. Webster to mean, that the Constitution having once been a compact or agreement, has changed its nature, and is no longer such, but has become a government or fundamental law. In order to show that this view is incorrect, Mr. Calhoun appeals to the language of the seventh article of the Constitution itself, which declares, that 'the ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution, *between* the States ratifying the same.' 'The little word *between*,' according to the Ex-Vice-President, 'means a volume. Compacts, *not* laws, bind *between* the States.' We venture to differ from Mr. Calhoun in regard to the importance of this *little word*, and are even inclined to doubt whether it be, in the correct use of language, admissible in the connexion in which he introduces it. A compact *between* two or more parties is binding *upon* them, and cannot, in the ordinary use of the terms, be said to 'bind *between* them.' But independently of this, Mr. Webster, as we understand him, did not mean to intimate that the Constitution, having once been a compact or agreement, had changed its character, and become a fundamental law. What he meant to say was, that the establishment of the Constitution was preceded by a different act, in the nature of a compact, by which the people agreed to form a constitution, and which he elsewhere describes as the *social compact* of the European writers. The Constitution thus formed is, therefore, the result of a compact, but is not, never was, and of course never will be a compact itself. Such, we say, is Mr. Webster's doctrine, and it is the more remarkable that Mr. Calhoun should have misunderstood him upon this point, inasmuch as his own opinion, in regard to it, is substantially the same. He, like Mr. Webster, divides the political organization

of the community into two transactions:—a *social compact* which precedes all government, and by which the parties agree to form themselves into one political society, and a *constitutional compact* which, according to him, *springs from*, as Mr. Webster calls the Constitution *a result of, the social compact.* The only difference between them is, that Mr. Calhoun considers the second transaction a *compact* as well as the first, while Mr. Webster prefers to describe the first as a compact, and the second as the establishment of a fundamental law. On either view of the proceeding, it is obvious that the acts in question, whether *compacts* or *laws*, never change their character, but always remain what they were at the time of their conclusion.

But although the Ex-Vice-President seems to have misapprehended, in part, the remarks of Mr. Webster, upon this subject, there is, as we have said, a good deal of force in his objections to the leading point, that the Constitution is not a compact, but a fundamental law. The reply of Mr. Webster to the second speech of Mr. Calhoun was very brief. The only remarks, bearing upon the question we are now considering, are the following.

'The honorable gentleman does not understand how the Constitution can have a compact, or consent, for its basis, and yet not be a compact between sovereign States. It appears to me that the distinction is broad and plain enough. The people may agree to form a government, this is assent, consent, or compact; this is the social compact of the European writers. When the Government is formed, it rests on this assent of the governed; that is, it rests on the assent of the people. The whole error of the gentleman's argument arises from the notion, that the people, of their own authority, can make but one government; or that the people of all the States have not united, and cannot unite, in establishing a constitution, connecting them together, directly, as individuals united under one government. He seems unwilling to admit, that while the people of a single State may unite together, and form a government for some purposes, the people of all the States may also unite together, and form another government, for other purposes. But what he will not thus admit, appears to me to be the simple truth, the plain matter of fact, in regard to our political institutions.'

We do not adopt the opinion of those who separate the political organization of a community into two distinct trans-

actions. The form of the government to be established, would, in all such cases, be by far the most important circumstance to be attended to, and would, therefore, necessarily constitute a part of the original contract. The object of this contract is not to form *a* constitution, but to form *the* particular constitution which the parties prefer, and unless they were assured that they were to have a constitution of this particular form, and no other, it is obvious, that they would never consent to enter into any political association. The form of the government to be established is, therefore, the principal condition and consequently a component part of the original agreement, which constitutes the society. This consideration proves that the constitution, or the instrument that regulates the form of the government, is in the nature of a compact. That it is not and cannot be in the nature of a law, using the term in any strict and proper sense, results from the authorities quoted by Mr. Calhoun, as far as they have weight; and is also apparent on other grounds, some of which, —as the question is one of great importance,—we will now succinctly state.

When, in order to avoid the conclusions that have been drawn from the proposition of Mr. Calhoun, that the Constitution is a compact between the States as distinct communities, Mr. Webster affirms that the Constitution is *no compact at all*, but a fundamental law, he means, of course, to be understood, that the obligation which the citizens are under to observe it does not result from the principles which render contracts obligatory, but from those which render the laws obligatory. Contracts are obligatory, simply on the general principles of moral and religious duty. The laws, on the other hand, are obligatory, as expressions of the will of the community, declared in the form prescribed for this purpose by the Constitution. Every community has an inherent right to regulate at discretion, the conduct of its members, under the limitations prescribed by the moral law, and its own constitution. The declarations of the will of the community, made in the form prescribed for this purpose, are denominated laws, and are binding as such. That the Constitution of the United States is not obligatory on this principle is nearly self-evident, and results very clearly from the two following considerations.

1. *A law is an expression of the will of a community.* To say that the Constitution is obligatory as a law, presupposes,

therefore, that it was the act of an existing community;—that the United States before its adoption were combined by their previous acts of Union, or in some other way into one political society or *people*. This we know to be the opinion of Mr. Webster, as it is also that of Mr. J. Q. Adams, of the writer of the President's Proclamation, and of many other persons of great discretion. It is well known, however, that statesmen of not inferior authority,—among whom we may mention particularly Mr. Madison,—entertain a different sentiment upon this point, and believe that the United States before the adoption of the Constitution were distinct and essentially independent communities, combined on the principle of a confederacy or league. We have no hesitation in saying,—as we remarked in our preceding article,—that the leaning of our own minds is in this direction. The question, it will be observed, is not whether the several States have or have not been from their first settlement up to the present day, in consequence of their neighborhood and community of origin, language, laws and manners, *substantially* one people, but whether, between the time of the Declaration of Independence and that of the adoption of the present Constitution, they were not, as respects the *form* of their political institutions, mutually independent communities. The period was a short and stormy one: the country was in a state of transition from one condition of political existence to another, and a general confusion prevailed in every department of business, public and private. The administration of the Government, like every thing else, was in some degree unsettled, and it is not improbable that a careful inquirer might discover in the pretensions, and even acts of the States and of Congress, some things at variance with any consistent theory of their mutual relations. On the whole, however, we are of opinion that the States considered themselves at the time, and will be regarded by the future historian, as having been during this interval free, sovereign and independent of each other, as they are expressly said to be in the Articles of Confederation. Without enlarging on this subject, we will merely say, that to our minds the single fact that two of them declined, for several years, to adopt the Constitution, and remained without the pale of the Union, is of itself conclusive. Had the States been previously regarded as forming one community, a decision of the majority would, of course, have bound the whole. The language of the preamble to the Constitution,

—*We the people of the United States*,—is sometimes relied on as proving of itself, that the States composed *one people* before the adoption of the Constitution: but the word *people*, having no distinct plural, may as well be considered plural as singular, and must be so considered if the context be thought to require it. Our own impression is, that it was employed in the preamble of the Constitution, not in contradistinction to *States*, which term is also used, but to *Governments*, the object having been to show that the instrument was in each State the act of the community at large and not of the State authorities. If this be true, the use of the word has no bearing whatever upon the question of the mutual relations between the States and the Union.

2. A law is an expression of the will of a community, *in the form prescribed by the Constitution for that purpose.* Were it even admitted, that previously to the adoption of the Constitution the States composed one people:—that the Congress of the Confederation was a government exercising legislative power, although it is known to all that its acts were merely recommendations to the States:—still the theory of Mr. Webster is encumbered with another apparently insurmountable difficulty, which renders it an unsafe basis, upon which to rest the ark of our political safety. In order that an act or instrument should possess obligatory force as a *law*, it is not only necessary that it should be the act of one people, but that it should express the will of this people *in the form previously prescribed for the making of laws.* Now the adoption of the Constitution was not an exercise of the ordinary legislative power of the Government of the old Confederacy, (if Government there was,) still less of the new Government which it was intended to establish; but was an act in its nature revolutionary, by which the members of the Confederacy agreed to abandon the mode previously in use for making laws, and to introduce another. The proceeding, supposing it to be the work of a community already in existence, was precisely similar in its character and in the nature of the obligations imposed by it, to that by which States or individuals, mutually independent of each other, agree to form themselves into one body politic, to be governed by laws made in a certain way. It is quite clear that an act of this description, the object of which is to determine the way in which the laws shall be made, is not itself, in the proper sense of the term, a *law*, and that, if binding at all, it must derive its obligatory force from a different principle.

The Constitution is in fact the source from which the laws derive their own obligatory character. They are binding as laws, solely because they wear the form prescribed by the Constitution for the expression of the will of the community. This is the proper and only test that is habitually employed by the citizen, in order to ascertain, whether a document, which is presented to him as a rule for his conduct, is obligatory as a law or not. To say that the Constitution is obligatory as a law, is to say, in other words, that it was formed and adopted in the mode prescribed by itself for the making of laws.—A law, in short, must be as such, the act of a government: and as no government can act before it has existence, it follows of necessity that the instrument which *constitutes* a government, or in other words gives it existence, cannot be a law. It is almost needless to add, that if the Constitution had been a law, that is, an act of the Government, it would have become obligatory upon the whole people at one and the same time, and not successively upon each of the States as they respectively gave in a voluntary adhesion to it. The Constitution is, no doubt, enforced in the courts of justice in the same form in which the laws are enforced. It is described in one of its own articles, as a part of the *Supreme Law of the land*, and is frequently called, as it is by Mr. Webster, a *fundamental law*. The same language has been applied to the written constitutions of other countries. That of the Netherlands, for example, takes in its French form the title of *Loi Fondamentale*. There is no more impropriety in the use of the phrase, than in the use of such phrases as *natural law*, *moral law*, *club law*, or any other combination of terms in which the word *law* is included, and which means something entirely different from a *law* in the ordinary use of the word: but it should be distinctly understood, whenever the phrase is employed in scientific discussion, that constitutions, though described as *Supreme or Fundamental Laws*, emanate from a different authority, and are obligatory on a different principle from *laws*. Laws are the acts of governments; constitutions are not and cannot from their nature be the acts of governments, and if binding at all must of course be binding on another principle.

It is obvious that this principle is and can be no other than that of *compact*. Individuals or States intending to form a new political society cannot, until they have *constituted* it, act in that capacity. Each is still entirely independent of all the

rest, and can only be brought under any obligation by his own voluntary consent. Now consent, or the union of wills for the accomplishment of some particular purpose, is the essence of an *agreement*, *contract* or *compact*. A transaction of this kind, whether verbal or written, although the parties may be politically independent of each other, being fairly concluded, gives to each the rights over the others which result from its nature and condition, and becomes morally obligatory. Such is the character of the Constitution of the United States. It is a contract or *compact*, by which those States agree to *constitute* one body politic, under a particular form of government therein described. Hence, as we have said before, the consent of each State was required, and no State was considered as bound by the Constitution, until its adhesion had been expressly given. It would be obviously incorrect to describe the *agreement to form a constitution*,—whether considered as implied in the whole course of the proceedings, or as expressed in the preamble,—as the only thing about the transaction having the nature of a *compact*. It is, on the contrary, quite evident, as we have already remarked, that the agreement of the parties was not to form A constitution, but to form THE particular constitution which they did form, and no other; that it was solely on condition that they should have a constitution of this particular kind, that they agreed to form a new political society, and that, if there had been the least uncertainty as to the kind of constitution they were to have, not one of the old thirteen States would have committed itself to any agreement whatever on the subject. The whole transaction was therefore in the nature of a *compact:* it belongs to the class denominated *social compacts*, that is, compacts for the purpose of constituting new political societies: the instrument entitled the *Constitution of the United States* is a written record of it, and is one of the very few examples in the history of the world, in which a compact of this description has been *expressly* concluded, and recorded at the time in a written form.

For these reasons, fortified as they are by the authorities, speculative and practical, cited by Mr. Calhoun, the number of which might, if necessary, be indefinitely extended, we fully agree with him in the opinion that the Constitution, though properly enough denominated a *fundamental law*, is essentially in its nature a *compact*. We also think with him, that the parties to this compact were the several States, acting as dis-

tinct and politically independent communities. Thus far he appears to have made out his case in a pretty satisfactory manner. In attempting to establish his other proposition,—that the States remained after the conclusion of the compact distinct and politically independent communities, as they were before, and that they are not now and never have been at any stage of their existence combined into one political society or people, he is far from being equally successful.

1. On these points his doctrine is, in the first place, very fully and satisfactorily refuted by his own admissions. He tells us, for example, unequivocally and repeatedly, in his correspondence with Governor Hamilton, and in the speeches now before us, that 'the present system is a constitution and a government, while the old Confederation was not a constitution or a government.' He admits, that the Government constituted by the present system, bears the same relation to the parties subject to it, which the State Governments bear to their citizens respectively, or in general which all governments bear to the communities over which they are established. Again: he remarks in his letter to Governor Hamilton, that the General Government is 'the joint organ of all the States, confederated into ONE GREAT COMMUNITY;' and that, 'in the exercise of the delegated powers, the Union is no longer regarded in reference to its parts, but as forming ONE GREAT COMMUNITY, to be GOVERNED BY A COMMON WILL.' Now the proper definition of the term *people* or *nation*, is a political society or community, subject to a common government,—governed by a common will: an agreement having for its object to constitute such a political society or community, whether made by previously independent States, or by previously independent individuals, is a *social compact*. In admitting, therefore, as Mr. Calhoun does, not accidentally or unguardedly, but fully, freely, repeatedly and intentionally, that the United States constitute one great community under a common government, he has, as we conceive, entirely *estopped* himself (to use his own language,) from denying that they constitute one people; that the Constitution is a *social compact;* or that the parties who framed it, whether States or individuals, are subject to the obligation naturally devolving upon all who live under a common government, to obey the laws made by that government, except in the extreme cases that justify rebellion.

The distinction taken in the resolutions between a *social* and a *constitutional compact* is somewhat curious; and, as farther developed in the remarks made by Mr. Calhoun on presenting them, may be worth a moment's attention. 'To call the Constitution a *social compact*,' said the Ex-Vice-President, 'is the greatest possible abuse of language. No two things can be more dissimilar. There is not an expression in the whole science of politics more perfectly definite in its meaning, than the *Social Compact*. It means that association of individuals, founded on the implied assent of all its members, which precedes all government, and from which government or the *Constitutional Compact* springs.' It is accordingly affirmed in the first resolution, that the United States are parties to a *Constitutional Compact*, and expressly denied in the third, that they have ever been or are now connected on the principle of a *social one*.

As Mr. Calhoun appears to suppose that the meaning of the phrase *Social Compact* is perfectly well settled, it is rather remarkable, that he should have given an explanation of it which is not only, as we think, incorrect, but exceedingly indefinite and vague. 'It is *that association* of *individuals* which precedes all government, and from which government or the constitutional compact springs.' Here we are told, that the social compact is an association of *individuals*,—that it is prior in the order of time to all government, and that government, or the constitutional compact, springs from it. But as to its character and purpose,—as to what it is, or the object for which it is formed, we are as much in the dark as before. On our understanding of the phrase, a *Social Compact* is an agreement by which the contracting parties,—whoever or whatever they may be,—form themselves into a body politic under a common government. If we are right in this,—and we are inclined to think that the correctness of the definition will not be disputed by judicious men of any party,—it follows that a social compact is not necessarily an association of *individuals*. Every one knows that political societies are much more frequently formed by the aggregation of previously existing communities, than by associations of previously independent individuals,—that the former is, in fact, one of the ordinary and usual methods of creating new political societies, while of the latter method there is no recorded example in the history of the world.

The explanation given by Mr. Calhoun of this *perfectly definite* term is therefore incorrect as well as vague. What his understanding of its meaning really is, is quite uncertain. As far as we can gather his intentions from his language, he appears to suppose that a social compact is an agreement, by which the contracting parties, (who, as he erroneously thinks, must be necessarily individuals), form themselves into a political society; but the conditions, upon which this transaction has been concluded, or in other words, the principles on which the society so constituted is to be governed, are the objects of another subsequent agreement, to which he gives the name of the *Constitutional Compact.* This is the only rational and consistent construction, that we can find for the loose expressions, that the *Social Compact* is *that* association which precedes all government, and from which government or the constitutional compact *springs.*

Now, if this be the correct construction of Mr. Calhoun's language, it must be apparent to every intelligent reader, that his principle is not only wholly untenable in itself, but that, if it could be maintained, it would be fatal to his own argument, and amount to a concession by him of the whole ground in dispute. To attempt to separate the agreement by which the contracting parties form themselves into one political society, and that by which they regulate the mode in which the society so constituted shall be governed, is, in the first place, incorrect in the theory of the subject. The mode in which they are to be governed, is, as we have already remarked, the principal condition upon which the parties to a social compact agree to form one political society. No collection, whether of States or individuals, would ever give their consent to the naked proposition to form a political society, leaving it uncertain whether they were afterwards to be governed by a military despot, a Pope, a Council of Ten, or an elective President and Congress. In each particular case, the contracting parties desire to be governed in a particular way, and their main object in entering into an agreement to constitute a new political society, is to establish a government of the form which they consider as preferable to any other. The agreement to form a political society, and to regulate the manner in which it shall be governed, are therefore necessarily parts of one and the same transaction; and the attempt of Mr. Calhoun, to distinguish between a *Social* and a *Constitutional Compact,* is wholly unsuccessful.

But secondly, the distinction, if tenable, would be fatal to his own argument, and would amount to a concession by him of the whole ground in dispute. The social compact, says Mr. Calhoun, is that association [of individuals] which precedes all government, and from which government or the constitutional compact springs. On this theory the constitutional compact, —that which regulates the form of the government,—follows in the order of time and *springs from* the social compact. This being the case, the existence of a constitutional compact necessarily presupposes and proves the previous existence of a social compact between the same parties. The existence of the offspring presupposes and proves that of the parent. If the United States be, as Mr. Calhoun affirms, parties to a constitutional compact, and if, as he also affirms, the constitutional compact follows in the order of time, and *springs from* the social compact, the necessary conclusion is, that the United States are also parties to a *social compact.* To affirm that they are parties to a constitutional compact, and after saying that a constitutional compact follows in the order of time and springs from the social compact, to deny in the same breath that they are parties to a social compact, is one of the most curious and glaring examples of inconsistency in reasoning, which we recollect to have met with; one which we certainly should not have expected to find, in the work of so acute a metaphysician as the Senator from South Carolina.

The distinction taken by Mr. Calhoun between a social and a constitutional compact, is therefore not only untenable in itself, but, if admitted, would be fatal to his own cause. In recognising as he does the existence of a constitutional compact between the several United States, he recognises on his own principles, the existence of a social compact between them,and this, as he also tacitly admits, is wholly inconsistent with the pretensions of South Carolina.

Mr. Calhoun is, therefore, entirely precluded and *estopped* by his own admissions, from denying that the United States constitute one people; that the Constitution is a social compact, or that the parties who framed it, whether States or individuals, are subject to the obligation naturally devolving upon all who live under a common government, to obey the laws made by that government, except in the extreme cases that justify rebellion. But

2. Independently of any admissions, the doctrine of the Ex-

Vice-President is upon the face of it openly absurd and self-contradictory. The precise object of an agreement by which the parties form themselves into one community, under a common government, is to terminate their previous state of political independence or sovereignty. This is not an incidental result of the act, but as we have said, its precise object; —the very purpose and end for which it is performed ;—just as it is the end and object of a contract of marriage to terminate the condition of single blessedness, in which the parties were living before. In both cases the parties avow and publish to the world, that for certain reasons which they state, they mean to change, and do in fact, in the way which is acknowledged to be proper and valid for this purpose, change in a very important particular their previous condition, and assume a new one. To pretend in either case that the parties, after such a public act and declaration, admitted to be valid and regular in its way, retain their previous condition, with all its incidents, in the precise point in which they intended to change, and did in fact change it, is a piece of wanton absurdity that one would rather have expected from a petulant school-boy than a grave, experienced and really able senator and statesman. This, however, is the exact amount of the assertion that the States, after forming themselves into one community under a common government, retain with all its incidents the political independence or sovereignty, which they possessed before. The assertion is, as we have said, self-contradictory, and requires no other refutation than a mere statement of its terms. In our preceding article, we accordingly rested the case upon this simple issue. It may, however, be thought due to the respectability of the advocates of the doctrine in question, to notice the course of argument, by which a theory in itself so plausible and reasonable, was supported in the Senate.

After establishing his preliminary propositions as laid down in the first resolution : viz. that the Constitution is a compact ; that it was formed and adopted by the States as distinct communities ; and that it is binding upon them as such :—in all which we agree with him, Mr. Calhoun proceeded to draw what he calls conclusions from these premises, in the following terms.

'I have now established, I hope, beyond the power of controversy, every allegation contained in the first resolution :—That

the Constitution is a compact formed by the people of the several States, as distinct political communities, subsisting and binding between the States in the same characters; which brings me to the consideration of the consequences which may be fairly deduced in reference to the character of our political system, from these established facts.

'The first, and most important, is, that they conclusively establish that ours is a federal system,—a system of States, arranged in a federal Union, and each retaining its distinct existence and sovereignty. Ours has every attribute which belongs to a federative system. It is founded on compact:—it is formed by sovereign communities:—and is binding between them in the sovereign capacity. I might appeal, in confirmation of this assertion, to all elementary writers on the subject of government; but will content myself with citing one only. Burlamaqui, quoted with approbation by Judge Tucker, in his Commentary on Blackstone, himself a high authority, says: (Here Mr. C. read from Tucker's Blackstone as follows:)

'"Political bodies, whether great or small, if they are constituted by a people formerly independent, and under no civil subjection, or by those who justly claim independency from any civil power they were formerly subject to, have the civil supremacy in themselves, and are in a state of equal right and liberty with respect to all other States, whether great or small. No regard is to be had in this matter to names; whether the body politic be called a kingdom, an empire, a principality, a dukedom, a country, a republic or a free town. If it can exercise justly all the essential parts of civil power within itself, independently of any other person or body politic, and no other hath any right to rescind or annul its acts, it has the civil supremacy, how small soever its territory may be, or the number of its people, and has all the rights of an independent State.

'"This independency of States, and their being distinct political bodies from each other, is not obstructed by any alliance or confederacies whatsoever, about exercising jointly any parts of the supreme power, such as those of peace and war, in league offensive and defensive. Two States, notwithstanding such treaties, are separate bodies and independent.

'"These are, then, only deemed politically united when some one person, or council, is constituted with a right to exercise some essential powers for both, and to hinder either from exercising them separately. If any person or council is empowered to exercise all these essential powers for both, they are then one State: such is the State of England and Scotland, since the act of union made at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where-

by the two kingdoms were incorporated into one, all parts of the supreme power of both kingdoms being thenceforward united, and vested in the three estates of the realm of Great Britain; by which entire coalition, though both kingdoms retain their ancient laws and usages in many respects, they are as effectually united and incorporated, as the several petty kingdoms which composed the heptarchy, were before that period.

'"But when only a portion of the supreme civil power is vested in one person or council for both, such as that of peace and war, or of deciding controversies between different States, or their subjects, whilst each within itself exercises other parts of the supreme power, independently of all the others; in this case they are called *systems of states;* which Burlamaqui defines to be an assemblage of perfect governments, strictly united by some common bond, so that they seem to make but a single body with respect to those affairs which interest them in common, though each preserves its sovereignty, full and entire, independently of all others. And in this case, he adds, the confederate states engage to each other only to exercise with common consent, certain parts of the sovereignty, especially that which relates to their mutual defence against foreign enemies. But each of the confederates retains an entire liberty of exercising as it thinks proper, those parts of the sovereignty, which are not mentioned in the treaty of Union, as parts that ought to be exercised in common. And of this nature is the American Confederacy, in which each State has resigned the exercise of certain parts of the supreme civil power which they possessed before, (except in common with the other States included in the confederacy,) reserving to themselves all their former powers, which are not delegated to the United States by the common bond of Union.

'"A visible distinction, and not less important than obvious, occurs to our observation in comparing these different kinds of union. The kingdoms of England and Scotland are united into one kingdom: and the two contracting States, by such an incorporate union, are, in the opinion of Judge Blackstone, totally annihilated, without any power of revival; and a third arises from their conjunction, in which all the rights of sovereignty, and particularly that of legislation, are vested. From whence he expresses a doubt, whether any infringement of the fundamental and essential conditions of the union, would of itself dissolve the union of those kingdoms; though he readily admits, that in the case of a *federate* alliance, such an infringement would certainly rescind the compact between the confederate States. In the United States of America, on the contrary, each State retains its own antecedent form of government; its own laws, subject to the

alteration and control of its own legislature only; its own executive officers, and council of state; its own courts of judicature, its own judges, its own magistrates, civil officers, and officers of the militia; and, in short, its own civil State, or body politic in every respect whatsoever. And by the express declaration of the 12th article of the amendments to the Constitution, the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. In Great Britain, a new *civil state* is created by the annihilation of two antecedent civil states; in the American States, a general *federal* council and administration is provided for the joint exercise of such of their several powers, as can be more conveniently exercised in that mode than any other; leaving their *civil state* unaltered; and all the other powers, which the States antecedently possessed, to be exercised by them respectively, as if no union or connexion were established between them.

'"The ancient Achaia seems to have been a confederacy founded upon a similar plan; each of those little states had its distinct possessions, territories, and boundaries; each had its Senate or Assembly, its magistrates and judges; and every state sent deputies to the general convention, and had equal weight in all determinations. And most of the neighboring states which, moved by fear of danger, acceded to this confederacy, had reason to felicitate themselves.

'"These confederacies, by which several states are united together by a perpetual league of alliance, are chiefly founded upon this circumstance, that each particular people choose to remain their own masters, and yet are not strong enough to make head against a common enemy. The purport of such an agreement usually is, that they shall not exercise some part of the sovereignty there specified, without the general consent of each other. For the leagues to which these systems owe their rise, seem distinguished from others, (so frequent among different states) chiefly by this consideration; that in the latter, each confederate people determine themselves, by their own judgment, to certain mutual performances, yet so, that in all other respects they design not in the least to make the exercise of that part of the sovereignty, whence these performances proceed, dependent on the consent of their allies, or to retrench any thing from their full and unlimited power of governing their own states. Thus we see that ordinary treaties propose, for the most part, as their aim, only some particular advantage of the states thus transacting,—their interests happening at present to fall in with each other,—but do not produce any lasting union as to the chief man-

agement of affairs. Such was the treaty of alliance between America and France, in the year 1778, by which, among other articles, it was agreed, that neither of the two parties should conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain, without the formal consent of the other first obtained, and whereby they mutually engaged not to lay down their arms, until the independence of the United States should be formally or tacitly assured by the treaty or treaties which should terminate the war. Whereas, in these confederacies, of which we are now speaking, the contrary is observable, they being established with this design, that the several States shall forever link their safety one with another, and, in order to their mutual defence, shall engage themselves not to exercise certain parts of their sovereign power, otherwise than by a common agreement and approbation. Such were the stipulations, among others, contained in the articles of confederation, and perpetual union between the American States, by which it was agreed, that no State should, without the consent of the United States in Congress assembled, send any embassy to, or receive any embassy from, or enter into any conference, agreement, alliance, or treaty with, any king, prince, or state; nor keep up any vessels of war, or body of forces, in time of peace; nor engage in any war, without the consent of the United States in Congress assembled, unless actually invaded; nor grant commissions to any ships of war, or letters of marque and reprisal, except after a declaration of war, by the United States in Congress assembled; with several others; yet each State, respectively, retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled. The promises made in these two cases here compared, run very differently; in the former thus: "I will join you in this particular war, as a confederate, and the manner of our attacking the enemy shall be concerted by our common advice; nor will we desist from war, till the particular end thereof, the establishment of the independence of the United States, be obtained." In the latter, thus: "None of us who have entered into this alliance will make use of our right as to the affairs of war and peace, except by the general consent of the whole confederacy." We observed before, that these unions submit only some certain parts of the sovereignty to mutual direction. For it seems hardly possible that the affairs of different States should have so close a connexion, as that all and each of them should look on it as their interest to have no part of the chief government exercised without the general concurrence. The most convenient method, therefore, seems to be, that the particular States reserve to themselves all

those branches of the supreme authority, the management of which can have little or no influence in the affairs of the rest." —(Mr. Calhoun proceeded.)

'If we compare our present system with the old Confederation, which all acknowledge to have been *federal* in its character, we shall find that it possesses all the attributes which belong to that form of government, as fully and completely as that did. In fact, *in this particular*, there is but a single difference, and that not essential, as regards the point immediately under consideration, though very important in other respects. The Confederation was the act of the State governments, and formed an union of governments. The present Constitution is the act of the States themselves, or, which is the same thing, of the people of the several States, and forms an union of them as sovereign communities. The States, previous to the adoption of the Constitution, were as separate and distinct political bodies as the governments which represent them, and there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent them from uniting under a compact, in a federal Union, without being blended in one mass, any more than uniting the governments themselves, in like manner, without merging them in a single Government. To illustrate what I have stated, by reference to ordinary transactions, the Confederation was a contract between agents,—the present Constitution between the principals themselves:—or, to take a more analogous case, one is a league made by ambassadors, the other a league made by sovereigns;—the latter no more tending to unite the parties into a single sovereignty than the former. The only difference is in the solemnity of the act and the force of the obligation.

'There indeed results a most important difference, under our theory of government, as to the nature and character of the act itself, whether executed by the States themselves, or by their governments; but a result, as I have already stated, not at all affecting the question under consideration, but which will throw much light on a subject, in relation to which I must think the Senator from Massachusetts has formed very confused conceptions.

'The Senator dwelt much on the point, that the present system is a Constitution and a Government, in contradistinction to the old Confederation, with a view of proving that the Constitution was not a compact. Now, I concede to the Senator, that our present system is a Constitution and a Government, and that the former, the old Confederation, was not a Constitution or Government:—not, however, for the reason which he assigned, that the former was a compact, and the latter not; but from the difference of the origin, from which the two compacts are derived.

According to our American conception, the people alone can form constitutions or a government, and not their agents. It is this difference, and this alone, which makes the distinction. Had the old Confederation been the act of the people of the several States, and not of their governments, that instrument, imperfect as it is, would have been a Constitution, and the agency, which it created to execute its powers, a government. This is the true cause of the difference between the two acts, and not that in which the Senator seems to be bewildered.'

In the closing passage of this extract, the Ex-Vice-President appears to assume that any agreement, made by States acting in their sovereign capacity, and not through the agency of their governments, is necessarily a constitution. It would be easy to show that, in regard to this matter, the party bewildered is not the Senator from Massachusetts. A State can act in its sovereign capacity, that is, as a State, only through its Government. If the individuals or other members composing a state, undertake to form a new constitution, they relinquish, *ipso facto*, their sovereign capacity, in order to make as individuals a new compact, by the effect of which they will recover that sovereign capacity in a new shape. Every such act is in its nature revolutionary, and must, of necessity, be performed by persons and parties in their individual character. But this is a point not at all material to the present purpose.

As respects the reasoning contained in the above extract, it is only necessary to say, that the effect of every compact, whether made by states or individuals, must be determined by the nature and conditions of that compact, and not by the effect of other compacts, of a different character, made at other times and places, and in other conditions. States which form themselves into a confederacy, retain their political independence, and come under no other obligations, than such as result from a league or alliance of this description. Such was the case with the United States under the old Confederation, and such were the cases to which the remarks of Burlamaqui, quoted in the above extract, were intended to apply. On the other hand, states which form themselves into one community under a common government, contract the obligations which result from a compact of this description. The opinion of Burlamaqui, (in itself of little importance,) is, therefore, not to the purpose. The only authority which accompanies the extract, is that of the author, Judge Tucker, a well-known partisan of

the State-right doctrine, in its false and exaggerated form. In the remarks which Mr. Calhoun has added to the extract, he tells us, that 'the States, previously to the adoption of the Constitution, were separate and distinct political bodies, and that there was nothing *in the nature of things* to prevent them from uniting under a compact, in a Federal Union, without being blended into one mass.' This is perfectly true; the States were, in fact, united in a Federal Union, without being blended into one mass, under the old Confederacy: there was nothing *in the nature of things* to prevent them from making a new compact of the same description. But this is not to the purpose. What they might have done is one thing: what they did, another. The question is, did they, when they adopted the Constitution, form a new compact, similar in its character and effects to the articles of the old Confederacy; or did they form a different one? Mr. Calhoun himself gives us the answer in the same extract. 'I concede to the Senator, that our present system is a Constitution and a Government, and that the former,—the old Confederation,—was not a Constitution or Government.' There was nothing *in the nature of things* to prevent them from adopting either of these systems at their discretion. If they had chosen the confederacy, they would have retained their political independence, and not been blended into one mass. As it happened, they preferred the Constitution, and took it, of course, with all the usual and necessary incidents.

In this debate, as in most other discussions of the same question, the mystical terms *sovereign* and *sovereignty* performed their usual office of spreading confusion and uncertainty over the whole matter. Although the States, by the admission of Mr. Calhoun, have formed themselves into one great community, under a common Government, they still retain their *sovereignty*, and the Union is, of course, nothing more than a league or alliance of sovereign powers. 'In spite of all that has been said, I maintain,' says he, in his speech on the Revenue Collection Bill, 'that sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme power in a State, and we might just as well speak of half a square or half a triangle, as of half a sovereignty. A sovereign may delegate his powers to be exercised by as many agents as he may think proper, under such conditions, and with such limitations as he may impose; but to surrender any portion of his sovereignty to another, is to annihilate the whole.'

It is not a little curious, that the phrases which Mr. Calhoun here introduces as incongruous and self-contradictory, for the purpose of illustrating the supposed incongruity of a divided sovereignty, are perfectly correct and intelligible, and analogous to others, that are in familiar use. There is no more difficulty in conceiving of half a square, or of half a triangle, than there is in conceiving of a semi-circle, which every schoolboy has in his case of mathematical instruments. So much for the illustration, and as to the theory illustrated, it is obvious, that the sovereign power, that is, the power of making laws for all the ordinary purposes of a political society, is in its nature susceptible of division into as many different parts, as there are laws to be made. The supreme or sovereign power *in a State* means, in the proper and natural acceptation of the term, the highest power,—the power paramount to all others ; that is, the power of making and executing laws, which is inherent in all communities, and which is habitually exercised through the agency of the legislative, executive and judiciary departments of the Government. It is perfectly conceivable in theory, that a community should retain in its own hands the power of making a part of the laws, and surrender the power of making others, although it is apparent, that such a surrender could only be made with prudence and safety to a larger community, of which the one surrendering was itself to form a part. The existence of such a division is expressly provided for in the political system of the United States. Our institutions, State and Federal, recognise in the States the right of exercising legislative, executive and judiciary powers for certain purposes, and in the great body politic, composed of all the States, the right of exercising these powers for certain other purposes. The sovereignty is therefore divided. When Mr. Calhoun speaks of *sovereignty* as a thing in its nature indivisible, he probably attaches to the word some vague and indefinite sense, entirely distinct from that which it bears in correct usage, and which he would find it difficult to render intelligible to himself or others.

Mr. Tazewell is equally clear upon the point that *sovereignty* is indivisible. 'Sovereignty, like truth, is an indivisible unit.' 'If the States have ever surrendered the smallest fractional part of their sovereignty, they thereupon ceased to be sovereign. Show me the transfer by the States of any portion of the sovereignty, and I willingly admit that all of it is lost.' This, however, is denied, on the ground that sovereignty is not one

of the powers expressly granted in the Constitution, and that all powers, not expressly granted in the Constitution, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the People.

'If the author of this Proclamation had asserted, that the several States, by the Federal Constitution, had parted with much of their power, jurisdiction and authority, he would have asserted a fact, that no one ever has, or probably ever will deny; because it is a truth obvious to all who read that instrument. The only question is, do the powers, thereby transferred, comprehend sovereignty? If they do, then the Government of the United States, the assignee of these powers, is a sovereign. But if they do not, that government is not a sovereign; and as this Constitution does not profess to transfer any power, jurisdiction or authority, to any other, than to the government which it creates, the former possessors must still retain their sovereignty, this Constitution *non obstante.*

'This results from the very nature of this Constitution, that all admit to be a grant of enumerated powers; and which, therefore, cannot convey what it does not enumerate. Even what lawyers would call implied powers, that is to say, such as are not granted in terms, but are necessary to give effect to others which are so granted, strictly speaking, do not exist under this Constitution. Because, all such powers are given, expressly, by the seventeenth paragraph of the eighth section of its first article; and of course are not implied powers. Nothing could better illustrate the excessive jealousy that dictated the instrument, than this simple fact; or prove more conclusively, that the sovereignty, which the Proclamation, in this part of it, concedes to have formerly abided in the States, could not pass to the Government of the United States, under this Constitution. Because sovereignty is no where therein granted in terms; and it cannot be believed, that when powers actually "necessary and proper for carrying into execution" other powers granted expressly, are not left to necessary implication, but are made the subjects of a positive grant, that sovereignty, the greatest of all human powers, would be left to mere inference, and to inference too from the grant of a few only of its many incidents, and these not necessary to its existence. The shadow may follow the substance by which it is caused, but that substance can never follow its own shadow, except when hurried on by the crazed brain of a madman.

'But this is not all. Notwithstanding it was conceded on all hands, that the Federal Constitution was but a grant of enumerated powers, and of course would convey only what it enumerated, yet such was the jealousy felt by the States, that while

adopting it, a number of the different Conventions by whom it was ratified, to guard against the possible misconstruction and abuse of the powers therein granted, proposed various amendments to it. In consequence of this, the very first Congress which assembled under this Constitution, at its very first session, acting under the authority given to them by the fifth article, proposed these amendments to the Legislatures of the several States, by whom ten of them were ratified, in the mode pointed out in this article. These amendments, thereupon, became "valid to all intents and purposes, as parts of this Constitution." Two of them, the ninth and the tenth, are in the following words:

'*Ninth.*—The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the People.

'*Tenth.*—The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the People.'

Our readers will, we think, agree with us, that it would be difficult to argue an important point in a less conclusive and satisfactory way. '*Sovereignty,*' according to the account given of it by Mr. Tazewell himself, 'is *supremacy;* a sovereign is one who is over all his subjects,—who may of right do within his own dominions all that is physically possible, and which does not contravene the will of his God.' This definition, though not very precise or elegant is, so far as it goes, sufficiently correct. In order to render it complete and intelligible, it is only necessary to add, that the will of the sovereign, in order to be obligatory upon the subject or citizen, must be declared in the form prescribed by the Constitution, written or unwritten, for this purpose; and that, when so declared, it is denominated *law. Sovereignty,* therefore, or *the supreme power in a State,* is neither more nor less than the power inherent in every community of making and executing laws for its own government. It includes, under one comprehensive term, the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers, that are habitually exercised through the corresponding departments of the government, as these powers originally existt ogether in the hands of the people. This, we say, is Mr. Tazewell's definition of *sovereignty* developed and completed; and the meaning of the term being thus settled, it is easy to see whether the thing intended is, or is not *indivisible,* and whether it has or has not been granted by the States in the Constitution. It needs no argument to show that the power of making laws is,

as we have already remarked, susceptible of division into as many parts as there are laws to be made; and it is equally certain, that the power of making a very large portion of the laws necessary for the government of the country, is granted by the States in the Constitution, and is habitually exercised by the Government of the United States. It is granted, however, not to that Government, but to the *great community*, as Mr. Calhoun correctly calls it, of the United States. The remark of Mr. Tazewell, in the above extract, that 'the Constitution does not profess to transfer any power, jurisdiction, or authority, to any other, than to the Government which it creates,' is singularly at variance with the real state of the case. Mr. Tazewell is himself the first to admit, or rather to proclaim and insist that the Government is a mere agent, exercising powers that belong elsewhere. The Constitution specifies the powers that are to be exercised by the General Government, and provides the form in which this Government shall be constituted by the States. What is this but a grant of this portion of the sovereign power by the States respectively to the United States, to be exercised, of course, by delegation, in the ordinary way?

As Mr. Tazewell might possibly object to the manner in which we have developed and completed his definition of sovereignty, although we think it perfectly correct, and consistent with his own ideas, we will refer him to another test, furnished by himself, and which settles very decisively the question where the sovereignty actually resides. 'The right to create new, or to abolish former governments, is the sure index and test of sovereignty. Wherever a power exists in any country, which power is admitted by all of that country to possess the right of creating or abolishing the government of that country, this power must be superior to the government created by itself, and is *the true and only sovereign of that country.*' In other words, the power of amending the Constitution, wherever it may be lodged, carries with it the sovereignty. Where then does the power of amending the Constitution, and with it, the sovereignty, reside in our political system? Mr. Tazewell tells us himself, in the same connexion, that it is granted in the Constitution to the United States, to be exercised through the consent of three-fourths of the number. The *great community* of the United States is therefore, and according to his own account, *the true, and only sovereign of the*

country; and such is undoubtedly the fact. The Constitution recognises in the States, as distinct communities, the present possession of a certain portion of the sovereign power, and in the community of the United States the present possession of a certain other portion; but in giving to the latter community a discretionary amending power, which may be exercised over each State without its consent, it, in fact, gives to the United States the whole sovereignty, with the single reservation to the States, as distinct communities, of being always represented on a footing of equality in the Senate. This is, after all, the only division that really exists. Mr. Calhoun is pleased to say, that 'the amending clause is no more inconsistent, as has been supposed, with the sovereignty of the States, than any other contained in the compact,' but has not condescended to illustrate or explain the remark, which will hardly be received for gospel upon the mere strength of his *ipse dixit*, in opposition to the plain and obvious truth of the case. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in repeating what we have already said in our preceding article on this subject, that if there were no other consideration applicable to it, the amending clause of the Constitution would be, of itself, entirely decisive of the whole question at issue.

Having disposed, to his own satisfaction, of the matter of *sovereignty*, Mr. Calhoun finally reaches the last point in his doctrine, and the one that regulates the practical application of the whole. The purpose for which the claim of sovereignty is put in with so much zeal in favor of the States, is to secure to them the right of judging in the last resort, whether the acts of the General Government are, or are not obligatory, and of obeying them or annulling them accordingly, at discretion. On this point his remarks are as follows.

'Having now said what I intended in relation to my first resolution, both in reply to the Senator from Massachusetts, and in vindication of its correctness, I will now proceed to consider the conclusions drawn from it in the second resolution; that the General Government is not the exclusive and final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, but that the States, as parties to the compact, have a right to judge, in the last resort, of the infractions of the compact, and of the mode and measure of redress.

'It can scarcely be necessary, before so enlightened a body, to premise, that our system comprehends two distinct governments,

—the General and State Governments,—which, properly considered, form but one. The former, representing the joint authority of the States in their confederate capacity, and the latter, that of each State separately. I have premised this fact, simply with a view of presenting distinctly the answer to the argument offered by the Senator from Massachusetts, to prove that the General Government has a final and exclusive right to judge, not only of its delegated powers, but also of those reserved to the States. That gentleman relies, for his main argument, on the assertion, that a government, which he defines to be an organized body, endowed with both will and power and authority, in *proprio vigore*, to execute its purpose, has a right inherently to judge of its powers. It is not my intention to comment upon the definition of the Senator, though it would not be difficult to show that his ideas of government are not very American. My object is to deal with the conclusion and not the definition. Admit, then, that the Government has the right of judging of its powers, for which he contends. How then will he withhold, upon his own principle, the right of judging from the State Government, which he has attributed to the General Government? If it belongs to one, on his principle, it belongs to both,—and if to both, if they differ, the veto, so abhorred by the Senator, is the necessary result; as neither, if the right be possessed by both, can control the other.

'The Senator felt the force of this argument, and in order to sustain his main position, he fell back on that clause of the Constitution, which provides, that "this Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land."

'This is admitted; no one has ever denied that the Constitution, and the laws made in *pursuance* of it, are of paramount authority. But it is equally undeniable, that laws *not* made in pursuance, are not only not of paramount authority, but are of no authority whatever; being of themselves null and void; which presents the question, who are to judge whether the laws be or be not pursuant to the Constitution, and thus the difficulty, instead of being taken away, is removed but one step farther back. This the Senator also felt, and has attempted to overcome the difficulty, by setting up, on the part of Congress, and the Judiciary, the final and exclusive right of judging, both for the Federal Government and the States, as to the extent of their powers.

'But I contend that the States have a far clearer right to the sole construction of their powers, than any of the departments of the Federal Government can have; this power is expressly reserved, as I have stated on another occasion, not only against the

several departments of the General Government, but against the United States themselves. I will not repeat the arguments which I then offered on this point, and which remain unanswered, but I must be permitted to offer some additional proof of the views then taken, and which, if I am not mistaken, are conclusive on this point.'

Mr. Calhoun here quotes, in support of his opinion, passages from the ratification of the Constitution by the State of Virginia, and from the Virginia Resolutions of 1799, which our limits compel us to omit, and proceeds as follows:

'But why should I waste words in reply to these or any other authorities, when it has been so clearly established that the rights of the States are reserved against all and every department of the Government, that no authority in opposition can possibly shake a position so well established? Nor do I think it necessary to repeat the argument which I offered, when the bill was under discussion, to show that the clause in the Constitution, which provides that the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, and to the laws and treaties made under its authority, has no bearing on the point in controversy; and that even the boasted power of the Supreme Court to decide a law to be unconstitutional, so far from being derived from this or any other portion of the Constitution, results from the necessity of the case, where two rules of unequal authority come in conflict, and is a power belonging to all courts, superior and inferior, State and general, domestic and foreign.

'I have now, I trust, shown satisfactorily that there is no provision in the Constitution to authorize the General Government, through any of its departments, to control the action of the State, within the sphere of its reserved powers; and that, of course, according to the principle laid down by the Senator from Massachusetts himself, the Government of the States, as well as the General Government, has the right to determine the extent of their respective powers, without the right on the part of either to control the other. The necessary result is the veto, to which he so much objects; and to get clear of which, he informs us, was the object for which the present Constitution was formed. I know not whence he has derived his information, but my impression is very different, as to the immediate motives which led to the formation of that instrument. I have always understood, that the principal object was to give to Congress the power to regulate commerce, to lay impost duties, and to raise a revenue for the payment of the public debt and the expenses of the Government, and to subject the action of the citizens, individually, to

the operation of the laws, as a substitute for force. If the object had been to get clear of the veto of the States, as the Senator states, the Convention certainly performed their work in a most bungling manner. There was unquestionably a large party in that body, headed by men of distinguished talents and influence, who commenced early, and worked earnestly to the last, to deprive the States,—not directly, for that would have been too bold an attempt, but indirectly,—of the veto. The good sense of the Convention, however, put down every effort, however disguised and perseveringly made. I do not deem it necessary to give from the journals the history of these various and unsuccessful attempts, though it would afford a very instructive lesson. It is sufficient to say, that it was attempted by proposing to give Congress power to annul the acts of the States, which they might deem inconsistent with the Constitution; to give to the President the power of appointing the Governors of the States, with a view of vetoing State laws through his authority; and, finally, to give to the judiciary the power to decide controversies between the States and the General Government; all of which failed,—fortunately for the liberty of the country,—utterly and entirely failed; and, in their failure, we have the strongest evidence that it was not the intention of the Convention to deprive the States of the veto power. Had the attempt to deprive them of this power been directly made, and failed, every one would have seen and felt that it would furnish conclusive evidence in favor of its existence. Now, I would ask, what possible difference can it make, in what form this attempt was made? Whether by attempting to confer on the General Government a power incompatible with the exercise of the veto on the part of the States, or by attempting directly to deprive them of the right of exercising it. We have thus direct and strong proof, that, in the opinion of the Convention, the States, unless deprived of it, possess the veto power; or, what is another name for the same thing, the right of nullification. I know that there is a diversity of opinion among the friends of State rights, in regard to this power, which I regret; as I cannot but consider it as a power essential to the protection of the minor interests of the community, and the liberty and the union of the country. It was the very shield of State rights; and the only power by which that system of injustice, against which we have contended for more than thirteen years, could be arrested; by which a system of hostile legislation, of plundering by law, which must necessarily lead to a conflict of arms, can be prevented.

'But I rest the right of a State to judge of the extent of its reserved powers, in the last resort, on higher grounds;—that the Constitution is a compact to which the States are parties, in their

sovereign capacity; and that, as in all other cases of compact between parties having no common umpire, each has a right to judge for itself. To the truth of this proposition, the Senator from Massachusetts has himself assented, if the Constitution itself be a compact,—and that it is, I have shown, I trust, beyond the possibility of doubt. Having established that point, I now claim, as I stated I would do in the course of the discussion, the admissions of the Senator, and, among them, the right of secession and nullification, which he conceded would necessarily follow, if the Constitution be indeed a compact.'

In the above remarks of the Ex-Vice-President, it is admitted that the Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are of paramount authority. It is admitted, on the other hand, by all, that laws not made in pursuance of the Constitution are not binding, and the question is, therefore, narrowed down to this: who is to judge, whether the laws, made by the General Government, are or are not made in pursuance of the Constitution? On this point, Mr. Calhoun appears to us to misapprehend a little the principles professed by the intelligent opponents of nullification. They do not, as we understand the matter, deny to the States the right of judging whether laws made by the General Government are or are not constitutional, nor that of judging of the extent of their own reserved powers. What they contend for is, that this power is to be exercised through the courts of justice, and that the courts of justice, whether State or Federal, are bound to give effect to the acts of the General Government, which they may themselves declare to be made in pursuance of the Constitution, when they come into collision with those of the States. In our political system, the sovereign power,—that is, the power of making and executing the laws,—is divided between the 'great community' of the United States, and the several States. In exercising the shares of the sovereign power respectively belonging to them, the United States and the several States proceed independently of each other, with a free and unlimited discretion as respects the extent of their powers. The Federal and State Governments make laws at discretion upon any subject, and in any way which they deem expedient. The Federal and State Courts decide, with equal freedom, upon the constitutionality of all these laws; and having first settled the question, whether the laws applicable to the case, by whatever authority enacted, are or are

not constitutional, they then proceed to apply them, and if there be a collision between a Federal and a State law, they give the paramount authority to the former, under the express provision of the Constitution. It is not true, therefore, that the opponents of nullification attribute to the United States an exclusive right of judging of the extent of their own powers, or deny to the States the right of judging of the extent of their reserved powers. They admit, with perfect readiness, the right of the States, to judge not only of the extent of their own reserved powers, but of the extent of the powers of the General Government. What they affirm is, that this *judicial* power can only be exercised by both through the appropriate department of the Government, that is, the *judiciary*. The nullifiers, on the contrary, claim for the legislative department of the State Governments, or for the inhabitants of the States assembled in convention in their individual capacity, the right of exercising *judiciary functions* in reference to the acts of the General Government. A proceeding of this kind may in an extreme case be substantially justifiable, but is clearly not contemplated in the Constitution, nor consistent with the ordinary practice of any regular government, and, whether justifiable or not, is essentially extra-constitutional and of course revolutionary.

In this, as in most other passages of his speeches and letters, there is much apparent inconsistency in the remarks of the Ex-Vice-President, and we cannot well conceive in what way he can escape from the consequences of his own admissions. He tells us, for example, in the above extract, that 'the Governments of the States, as well as the General Government, have the right to determine the extent of their respective powers, *without the right on the part of either to control the other.*' This is precisely the doctrine we have just laid down, excepting so far as the two governments exercise a mutual control over each other's proceedings, through their respective courts of justice. But what follows? *The necessary result*, says Mr. Calhoun, *is the veto, to which the Senator*, (Mr. Webster,) *so much objects.* By what process of reasoning a State *veto*, that is, a right in the State to abrogate or annul the acts of the General Government, is made to be *the necessary result* of the principle that neither of the Governments has any control over the other, is to us, we confess, entirely incomprehensible. On the ordinary modes of drawing conclusions, the necessary result of this principle would be, that neither Government had a right to

annul or confirm the acts of the other, and such we hold to be the case, excepting always the regular action of both through the courts. The General Government has no more right to annul an act of a State Government, than a State Government has to annul an act of the General Government. Each acts independently of the other, executes its laws by its own officers, and, in its ordinary proceedings, takes no official cognizance of the other's existence. The State Governments often express opinions in the form of resolutions respecting the proceedings of the General Government, but no example has yet occurred of any attempt by any one of them to add to or take away from the binding authority of a Federal law. Mr. Calhoun himself does not claim the abrogating power for the State acting through its Government, but for the State acting in Convention *in its sovereign capacity*,—the only occasion, by the by, on which it does not act in its sovereign capacity. If the States really possessed any such power, they would, of course, exercise it through the appropriate department of their own Governments; and they do, in fact, habitually exercise through their courts of justice the power of declaring the acts of the General Government unconstitutional. In relying, for the exercise of the supposed abrogating or nullifying power, upon a form of proceeding, avowedly extra-constitutional and appropriated to the purpose of amending and altering the existing form of government, Mr. Calhoun tacitly admits, that the act contemplated is itself, as we have repeatedly described it, of an extra-constitutional, irregular and revolutionary character.

In these, as in some of his former publications, Mr. Calhoun expresses the opinion, that the clause of the Constitution, giving to the Federal Courts jurisdiction over all cases arising under the Constitution, has no bearing on the question, and that 'the boasted power of the Supreme Court to decide a law to be unconstitutional, so far from being derived from this or any other portion of the Constitution, *results from the necessity of the case*, where there are two rules of unequal authority, and is a power belonging to all courts, superior and inferior, State and general, foreign and domestic.'

The general power of the Supreme Court to declare a law to be unconstitutional, is, no doubt, incidental, and possessed, as we have already said, in an equal degree by all the other Courts, whether State or Federal; nor has it any direct bear-

ing on the question at issue. The obligation imposed upon the Supreme and all the other Courts, State and Federal, to consider the Constitution and the Federal laws, which they may themselves judge to be made in pursuance of it, as of paramount authority to those of the States, is unquestionably derived from an express provision of the Constitution: and that clause has a very important bearing upon the question at issue; because it proves that all the Courts, State and Federal, are bound, in the regular exercise of their authority, and with the aid, if necessary, of the whole military force of the country, to prevent and punish any attempt, made under pretext of State authority, to resist a Federal law.

There are some other points of great interest, connected with this subject, to which we would willingly invite the attention of our readers; but the length to which this article has already extended itself, reminds us that it is high time to draw it to a close. We have thought it the more necessary to discuss the question of the mutual relations of the Union and the States at this time, because the speech of Mr. Webster, which was justly regarded, in point of ability and importance, as the leading argument in defence of the constitutional side, did not appear to us to place it precisely on the right ground. We, of course, feel much diffidence in dissenting from the opinion of this deservedly eminent jurist and statesman, but the most powerful minds are subject to occasional error, especially when acting under the hurry and excitement that are necessarily incident to all debates upon matters of deep temporary interest. Of the speeches delivered in the Senate upon this subject, that of Mr. Rives, though inferior, perhaps, in power of logic and language to those of the two principal champions, is the one, which, in our judgment, approaches most nearly to a correct statement of the political doctrines applicable to the case. He holds, in substance, that the Constitution is a compact made by the States, as distinct communities, and binding upon them as such; that by this compact, they formed themselves, for various important purposes, into one body politic or people, under a common government, and granted to the body politic thus formed the share of the sovereign power, necessary for carrying these purposes into effect, reserving to themselves in their separate capacity the possession and exercise of the remainder; that, in the regular course of their proceedings, neither the States nor the Union have, as political bodies, any control over each

other, excepting through their respective courts of justice, and in particular, that the pretended right of the States to annul the laws of the General Government is entirely imaginary. These are substantially the principles which we have, however imperfectly, attempted to illustrate in this and our preceding article on the same subject. The most important of them, and those which have an immediate practical application, are held in common by all the opponents of the recently promulgated heresies. On some of the general principles, we have the misfortune to differ from gentlemen whose opinion we habitually respect and commonly share. It is a satisfaction to us, that in regard to these points we are sustained by the concurrence of the illustrious Madison, perhaps on the whole the highest living authority on a question of constitutional law. His letter, appended to our article on the debate on Foot's Resolutions, contains what we think a correct exposition of the whole doctrine applicable to the case. It is expressly quoted by Mr. Rives, and seems to be the source from which he has derived his leading principles. We have heard it pronounced by competent judges the best of all Mr. Madison's writings; and, considering the advanced age at which it was published, we cannot but view it as one of the most remarkable productions of the day. We regard it as a fortunate incident in the course of our humble labors, to have furnished the occasion and the channel for bringing so valuable a document before the world. It will survive the present controversies, and be studied and admired hereafter as a simple, just, and elegant summary of the true constitutional faith: the quintessence in a few pages of the Federalist; and the true exposition, by their author, of the often misrepresented Virginia Report and Resolutions.

The remarks of Mr. Rives upon the importance of the States, considered as distinct communities, and of the manner in which they ought to exercise their influence, are exceedingly judicious. At a period, when the federal principles of our institutions are violently attacked, there is some danger, that in the ardor of defending them, the value of those which regard the existence and political action of the States should be overlooked. Independently of the aid afforded by the States in the actual business of government, which could not possibly be carried on, at least under the present form, by one central power, Mr. Rives correctly describes them as furnishing, in their moral influence, a permanent peaceful check upon any tendency to en-

croachment in the General Government, and in their organized military forces, a means of applying, with comparatively trifling inconvenience, the last remedy of an oppressed people,—an actual revolution. Strong expressions of opinion by the States, upon the measures and policy of the General Government, far from being in any way objectionable, are among the most natural and healthy operations of our political system; and should it ever become necessary for the people, in any part of the Union, to seek redress by violence against the acts of the General Government, they would undoubtedly do it through the agency of those of the States. In the theory of our institutions, the States supply, as we think in a much superior form, the wholesome control over the operations and tendencies of the central government, which is furnished in other forms of government by orders of nobility, established churches, entails of property, and various other devices, all more or less inconsistent with natural justice. Nothing evinces more clearly the looseness of the notions of the Carolina statesmen upon this whole subject, than their attempts to confound the lawful exercise of state influence, to which we now allude, with their own illegal and unconstitutional pretensions. Thus the Resolves adopted by the Massachusetts Legislature at their last session, in which they denounced Mr. Verplanck's Tariff Bill, then pending in the House of Representatives of the United States, as ruinous to the interest of this Commonwealth, and subversive of the spirit of the Constitution, were represented in many of the newspapers as involving the heresy of nullification. A phrase, in the original report, which was struck out in the Senate, and which intimated that the passage of the bill might perhaps justify a resort to forcible resistance, was particularly objected to on this ground, even in Congress. A similar objection was made at the time to the Resolves of the same Legislature, in its preceding session, upon the North Eastern Boundary, which declared, among other things, that a cession by the General Government of any part of the territory of a State, without its consent previously obtained, would be null and void. It is hardly necessary to say, that whether the opinions thus expressed be correct or not, the expression of them by the Massachusetts Legislature was perfectly regular, and especially bore no resemblance or affinity whatever to nullification. The right of the people to express their opinion,

in any form in which they may choose to act, upon the political state of the country, and the measures of the Government, is undisputed. The right of resistance in cases of extreme oppression is equally so. The precise error of the partisans of nullification consists in clothing the States with a right,—not of resisting in cases of extreme oppression, which nobody would contest,—but of annulling, in the ordinary exercise of their own constitutional power, the acts of the General Government. It is sufficiently obvious that the proceedings of the Legislature of Massachusetts give no countenance to this pretension, and can be supposed to do so only by those who have no precise or correct notion of the character of either. We quote with pleasure, from the speech of Mr. Rives, the following remarks upon this branch of the subject.

'The moral interposition of the States, of which I have spoken, Mr. President, resting on the force of reason, and appeals to public opinion, will, I am persuaded, be found sufficient to redress every real grievance in the practical operations of our system, whenever it shall be resorted to by any respectable number of States, though short of a majority of the whole. The success of this constitutional remedy does not merely depend on its intrinsic force, however great that must be in every free government; but it derives a decisive efficacy from the knowledge of those ulterior, though dormant remedies, which lie in the hands of the States, above and beyond the Constitution. I refer, sir, to those natural rights and powerful means of self-defence and active resistance, which the States possess in their complete municipal organizations, civil and military. It is in this view, that, in all the contemporary discussions on the adoption of the Constitution, the State Governments were constantly referred to as "affording, in every possible contingency, a complete security against invasions of the public liberty by the federal authority."—*Fed. No.* 28. They were to be ultimately not only the voice, but if necessary the arm, of the public discontent.—*Fed. No.* 26. The advantages they possessed, through their civil and military organizations, for "combining all the resources of the community in a regular plan of opposition," of "communicating with one another, and uniting their common forces for the protection of their common liberty," "for collecting the public will, and directing the public force," all these advantages and means of self-defence, on the part of the States, were constantly referred to, and insisted on, as demonstrating the extreme improbability of any serious attempt, by the General Government, upon the liberties of the people or the States, and the certain triumph of the public cause, should

such an attempt be made. The remedies, here alluded to, are clearly revolutionary,—"above and beyond the Constitution." They are such as, I do firmly believe, there never will be any occasion, in the progress of our system, to call into exercise. But their potential existence is of value, as giving certain efficacy to the moral remedies which are within the limits of the Constitution, whenever those milder remedies shall be resorted to by any respectable portion of the States; and it is in that view I now refer to them.'

We must now terminate this protracted, we fear fatiguing article, and with it, we trust, for a long time to come, the discussion of the subject. The theory of government is undoubtedly the most important topic (of a merely temporal character,) that can engage the attention; but after dwelling upon it with intense, at times almost agonizing interest, for several years, the community are now quite ready and well disposed to turn,—were it only for variety,—to others, perhaps of less enduring consequence. Should the present fair prospects of general peace and prosperity continue, our citizens will probably, for many years to come, be more intent on inquiries connected with the direct practical improvement of their individual and social condition, than with any very deep researches into abstract theories. In the mean time, however, as we have already said, the results of the late discussions will remain on record, and will aid materially, in maturing the opinions of those who may next be called upon to encounter a dangerous crisis in the political affairs of the country. They compose a well-furnished arsenal, in which future patriots will find an armor of proof, wherewith to defend the sacred entrenchments of the Constitution and the Union, against the attacks of future advocates of disorganization, under whatever specious name it may, for the time, be disguised. In the humble share, which we have ventured to take in these discussions, we have made it our principal endeavor to avoid the least appearance of exaggeration; and to render the fullest justice to the rights and pretensions of the States, as well as to those of the Union. The slightest disposition to *ultraism* on either side drives the other at once to the opposite extreme, and it is highly important to the success of the good cause, that it should always be defended, as far as may be, with the strictest moderation, and the nicest regard for conflicting interests, as well as with the necessary

vigor and decision. If, by our feeble efforts, we shall have contributed in the slightest degree to place the public opinion upon a correct basis,—to indicate a doctrine, which, while it provides a full security for the rights of the Union, may yet be received with some degree of favor by the moderate and judicious friends of State Rights; we shall flatter ourselves that our labors have not been wholly in vain. Some of the distinctions on which we have insisted may appear to superficial readers insignificant and technical; but all precise discussion wears this aspect in the eyes of those who are unaccustomed to it, or who feel no interest in the subject. The correct use of language is only another phrase for correctness of reasoning, and in questions involving such immense interests, a mistake in regard to the proper definition of a word may have an important bearing on the happiness of millions. Considered under this point of view, the observations we have made upon the distinction between a compact and a fundamental law, between a social and a constitutional compact, and upon the meaning of the terms, *sovereign* and *sovereignty*, will not, we trust, appear like merely verbal criticism. The questions involved in these distinctions lie at the very foundation of political society, and accordingly as they are settled in one way or another, the whole fabric must assume a different shape and character. It is obvious, therefore, that a correct state of the public opinion respecting them, is a matter of high importance to the successful operation of our political institutions.

We are aware, however, that a correct state of the public opinion upon the theory of the Government, though doubtless important, is only one of the elements that contribute to keep it in successful operation. Constitutions of government,—written or unwritten,—as far as they have any pretension to substantial value and durability, are merely expressions of the condition of the community in which they are established, and the questions that arise in regard to the construction of written or unwritten constitutions are decided, not so much by mere discussion, although this is not to be neglected, as by the gradual developments and changes that take place in the society itself. If the Constitution of the United States, for example, was, at the time of its adoption, as we suppose, or rather know it to have been, a sort of compromise between the conflicting views of those who supported respectively the pretensions of the Union and the States, the extent to which

these pretensions may, in future, be admitted, and established, —in other words, the practical construction of the Constitution in this particular,—will be settled, not so much by reasoning upon the true meaning of the terms of that instrument, or the intentions of its framers, as by the progress of events and their influence on the comparative importance of the different elements, that make up the mass of our political institutions. If the tendency of events, as they occur, be to increase the importance of particular States as compared with that of the Union, and to keep the States apart from each other in feeling and interest, then the State-right doctrine will ultimately gain the ascendency, and the Constitution will be construed in accordance with that doctrine. If, on the other hand, the tendency of events be to diminish the importance of the States, and to bring them constantly into closer union with each other, the popular sentiment, and with it the course of the administration of the Government will follow the same direction, and the Constitution will generally be construed in favor of the Union.

Without undertaking to enlarge, at the close of a long article, upon a question which would furnish, of itself, an ample subject for a volume, we may venture to remark,—and the view that we take of the subject is a source of much consolation and satisfaction to us,—that the natural operation of almost all the changes and developments that are going on among us, is in favor of the Union. Take, for example, the continual increase in the number of the States, which is undoubtedly the most important and striking fact in the progress of our political history. If the Union had been and were forever to be composed only of the original thirteen States, and had, in other particulars, advanced as it has done and is likely to do, it is quite apparent that New York and Pennsylvania would have become at no distant period the Austria and Prussia of our confederacy, and that Congress would have rapidly degenerated into a mere German Diet, of no practical use, but to register the edicts of the Empire States. The constant accession of new members to the Union and the overpowering ascendency which some of them are acquiring in their giant youth over the mature greatness of the most powerful of their sisters, keep down the undue preponderance of the latter, and permit the principles that operate in favor of the Union to have their perfect work. Again:—if there were but little intercourse and communication for the ordinary purposes of life among the

different sections of the country, the attachments of the people would naturally centre upon local objects: but when this intercourse and communication are exceedingly active, and yearly becoming more so;—when the coasting and internal trade is constantly assuming a thousand new ramifications;—when steamboats and rail-roads have almost annihilated time and space, and brought into daily or weekly contact places, that thirty years ago were considered as entirely out of reach of each other;—when millions of newspapers maintain the most intimate sympathy through all the members of the body politic, so that a nerve which is touched at the centre vibrates almost simultaneously at all the extremities;—when the whole North and East are pouring out one unceasing flood of emigration upon the West, and the whole West looking back with fond and heartfelt longing to the East, as a region hallowed by the most sacred and endearing associations;—when, we say, all these living, substantial, and constantly strengthening bonds draw the States together, it is altogether idle to suppose, that any process of argument, any little fever of local excitement stirred up by personal ambition or inveterate prejudice, can put them asunder. It is easy enough for a skilful man to make the worse appear the better reason, upon almost any question: but when all is said, the seal remains upon the bond. If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it. If, as we believe to be the case, the progress of events, the force of circumstances, or,—in more religious and truer language,—the will of Providence has decreed that these States shall be united, it will require a power far greater than the eloquence of Calhoun or the chivalry of Hayne and Hamilton, to plant the palmetto or any other State or local banner upon the ruins of the Capitol.

There is only one important circumstance in our condition, which may be expected to operate in a manner unfavorable to the permanence of the Union;—we allude to the existence of slavery in the Southern States. This institution modifies very essentially the whole political economy of every society in which it prevails, and establishes, of course, a very marked line of distinction between the States, which tolerate it, and those which do not. If the interests of these two portions of the Union, considered as such, should ever be brought into collision, the necessary result would be an immediate separation. How far such a catastrophe is to be seriously apprehended, and what

will be the probable termination of the present excitement on the subject, in the English public on both sides of the Atlantic, are questions of the highest moment, which we have not now room to discuss, but which we hope to find some early opportunity of examining, with the attention they deserve. For the present, we can only say, that if the final triumph of the cause of liberty throughout the Christian world may fairly be considered as to a very great extent identified with the success of our political experiment, Liberty may well say, in the language of the Spanish proverb, 'Save me from my friends, and I will save myself from my enemies.' Of the circumstances, that are likely to impede,—perhaps defeat,—the farther progress of liberal political principles, by far the most threatening is the injudicious zeal of the advocates of the immediate abolition of slavery, especially in this country. If the question were confined to Great Britain, where it affects immediately only a few remote and insignificant colonies, it would be of little moment; and it is accordingly easy to conceive the apparent indifference, with which it is brought into view by the British ministry. In this country the case is different. Here the question involves interests of paramount magnitude; it affects immediately the condition of half the Union; it cannot be agitated without shaking the whole political fabric to its foundation. We have been struck with alarm,—we had almost said dismay,—at the disposition, recently shown by some persons of intelligence and high respectability in this quarter, to encourage projects having in view the immediate abolition of slavery. It is not unnatural that reckless and unprincipled adventurers, who can only acquire consequence in times of trouble and confusion, should set such projects on foot; but it is melancholy enough, that men who have a large share in the preservation of the public tranquillity, and who act habitually upon full deliberation, and with the best motives, should be so far deluded by a few specious phrases, as to lend them their names and influence. We entreat such persons to consider what they are doing, and to change their course, before it is too late. They may rest assured, that the formation and activity of a party in this quarter, avowedly bent upon the immediate abolition of slavery, would produce, in the Southern States, a feeling entirely incompatible with the existence of the Union. A separation of these States, we hardly need to say, would be attended with results, infinitely more disastrous to the cause of

freedom and humanity, than the continuance of slavery, as it now exists in this country, for a thousand years. But this is not the alternative presented. The institution of slavery contains within itself the principles of its own destruction, and will die a natural death at one time or another. Whether this catastrophe can be much expedited by the use of any artificial expedients, is exceedingly doubtful. That it will not be expedited by the agitation of projects of immediate abolition in the free States, is a point that admits of no doubt, and one which we earnestly recommend to the attention of the real friends of humanity and the country.

ART. IX.—*Franklin's Familiar Letters.*

A Collection of the Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin; now for the first time published. Boston. 1833.

THE impression has always prevailed to a considerable extent, that Franklin was a selfish man, and that he took no interest in any thing which did not tend either to flatter his vanity, or advance the purposes of his ambition. It was sufficiently evident that the philosophic repose, which has always been ascribed to him, by no means prevented him from observing others; and that, instead of being indifferent to them, he was one of the most shrewd and sarcastic of men: but there are no traces of bitterness,—no appearances of envy or jealousy,—no attempts to injure the standing of others, in any of his writings which the world has ever seen; so that this impression concerning him seems rather traditional and indefinite, than sustained either by the spirit of his familiar writings, the records of his life, or the testimony of those who knew him best.

Political men may have been prejudiced against him from personal motives, and their hostile feelings would, of course, be shared by all the members of their party. The impression, too, would be confirmed by inferences drawn from the spirit of some of his writings. He gave practical rules for the government of life; he recommended a thriving, minute attention to the details of business, a close regard to small gains, which, to many, would have an air of selfishness about them,

since they seem to concentrate upon one's own prosperity all the powers of the mind and the affections of the heart. But those who are acquainted with men, know full well that so far from being inconsistent with generous feeling, this habitual exactness is necessary, to make generosity of any value: without this practical sagacity, it spends itself in feeling, or runs to waste, and neither benefits its possessor nor the world. He was in the habit of attaching conditions to his gifts, which sometimes seemed to lessen his reputation for liberality: but it was afterwards found, that the favor had been doubled instead of diminished, by a compliance with the conditions which had been exacted. We have seen more instances than one, of princely benefactions, thus accompanied with conditions, which at first seemed embarrassing and impracticable, but which afterwards proved to be so judicious, and tended so much to the prosperity of the receiver, that he felt as much gratitude to his benefactor for those conditions, as for the donation itself. That kind of liberality, which secures as far as possible the right use of its gifts, is the most desirable in the world. It is true, that there are those, who insist upon doing favors in their own way as they call it, and make it manifest that they are thinking all the while more of themselves than of others. Such, however, was not the case with Franklin.

Those who have indulged the suspicion that the integrity of Franklin was apt to be overcome by self-interest, have brought forward certain passages in his published correspondence, in which he alludes to a proposed grant from the crown, which, they imagined was solicited for himself and his son. Mr. Sparks, however, has removed all the mystery of this transaction. It appears, that while Franklin was residing in England, as agent for Pennsylvania, a company was formed by Sir William Johnson and others in America, who requested Dr. Franklin to use his influence to procure for them a grant of land in the Ohio country. This bore the name of *Walpole's Grant*, so called from Mr. Walpole, a banker in London, who was placed at the head of the company. All the petitions and other proceedings of this company were public, and Franklin had no more personal interest, than any other individual of the numerous proprietors. The plan succeeded so far as respected the grant, but the disorders of the country, which were then beginning, prevented its execution.

But those who have never doubted the uprightness of Dr.

Franklin, and have given him credit for general liberality, and good feeling, have not, we believe, regarded him as a warm-hearted man or an active friend. This book will serve to give a different impression. There is something exceedingly pleasing in the interest which he expresses for his connexions, the kind attention and advice which he gives them, the forbearance with which he treats their faults, and the pleasure with which he encourages their virtues. Some of these letters were written more than a century ago, when he was poor and unknown: they therefore show the man as he was,—not when he lived in the broad sunshine of life, where it is easy to be generous,—but as he was when struggling with difficulties, and laden with cares, which seem to have left him little time to think of others. But we will let them speak for themselves. They will bear a favorable testimony to the character of Franklin.

It may be proper here to remark, that all of the thirteen brothers and sisters of Dr. Franklin, who reached the age of maturity, excepting two, died before he had attained to wealth and eminence; but his correspondence with his sister, who resided in this city, was affectionate and unremitted till the last moment of his life. The three letters which follow were addressed to his sister Jane Franklin, afterwards Mrs. Mecom.

'*Philadelphia*, 6 *January*, 1726–7.

'I am highly pleased with the account Captain Freeman gives me of you. I always judged by your behavior when a child, that you would make a good, agreeable woman, and you know you were ever my peculiar favorite. I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I considered, that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning-wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection.

'Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me.'

'*Philadelphia*, 21 *May*, 1752.

'I received yours with the affecting news of our dear good mother's death. I thank you for your long continued care of her in her old age and sickness. Our distance made it impracticable for us to attend her, but you have supplied all. She has lived a good life, as well as a long one, and is happy.'

'*New York*, 19 *April*, 1757.

'I wrote a few lines to you yesterday, but omitted to answer yours, relating to sister Douse. As *having their own way* is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that, as well as in any thing else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it, as the tortoise with his shell; they die, if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, 't is ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn.

'And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent, they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death may make that person tender and careful of her, and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so, they are put to the best use they possibly can be.

'I hope you visit sister as often as your affairs will permit, and afford her what assistance and comfort you can in her present situation. *Old age*, *infirmities* and *poverty*, joined, are afflictions enough. The *neglect* and *slights* of friends and near relations should never be added. People in her circumstances are apt to suspect this sometimes without a cause; *appearances* should therefore be attended to, in our conduct towards them, as well as *realities*. I write by this post to cousin Williams, to continue his care, which I doubt not he will do.'

Another letter, addressed in 1760 to his sister, contains the following account of his family.

'It is remarkable, that so many breaches by death should be made in our family in so short a space. Out of seventeen children, that our father had, thirteen lived to grow up and settle in the world. I remember these thirteen (some of us then very young) all at one table, when an entertainment was made at our house, on occasion of the return of our brother Josiah, who had

been absent in the East Indies, and unheard of for nine years. Of these thirteen, there now remain but three. As our number diminishes, let our affection to each other rather increase; for, besides its being our duty, 't is our interest, since the more affectionate relations are to each other, the more they are respected by the rest of the world.'

The following characteristic letter was addressed to Miss Stevenson, afterwards Mrs. Hewson, the daughter of a lady at whose house he resided during his visit to London in 1758. His regard for both these ladies appears to have been firm and constant. It is observed by Mr. Sparks, that this house is still standing in Craven Street, in London, and is yet considered, from the circumstance of Franklin's residence in it, as an object of curiosity, by travellers.

'*Paris*, 14 *September*, 1767.

'I am always pleased with a letter from you, and I flatter myself you may be sometimes pleased in receiving one from me, though it should be of little importance, such as this, which is to consist of a few occasional remarks made here, and in my journey hither.

'Soon after I left you in that agreeable society at Bromley, I took the resolution of making a trip with Sir John Pringle into France. We set out on the 28th past. All the way to Dover we were furnished with post-chaises, hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes, like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country; which being one of my great pleasures, I was engaged in perpetual disputes with the innkeepers, ostlers, and postilions, about getting the straps taken up a hole or two before, and let down as much behind, they insisting that the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows reluctance. They added other reasons, that were no reasons at all, and made me, as upon a hundred other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

'At Dover, the next morning, we embarked for Calais with a number of passengers, who had never before been at sea. They would previously make a hearty breakfast, because, if the wind should fail, we might not get over till supper time. Doubtless they thought, that when they had paid for their breakfast they

had a right to it, and that when they had swallowed it they were sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an hour, before the sea laid claim to it, and they were obliged to deliver it up. So that it seems there are uncertainties, even beyond those between the cup and the lip. If ever you go to sea, take my advice, and live sparingly a day or two beforehand. The sickness, if any, will be lighter and sooner over. We got to Calais that evening.

'Various impositions we suffered from boatmen, porters, and the like, on both sides the water. I know not which are most rapacious, the English or French, but the latter have, with their knavery, most politeness.

'The roads we found equally good with ours in England, in some places paved with smooth stones, like our new streets, for many miles together, and rows of trees on each side, and yet there are no turnpikes. But then the poor peasants complained to us grievously, that they were obliged to work upon the roads full two months in the year, without being paid for their labor. Whether this is truth, or whether, like Englishmen, they grumble, cause or no cause, I have not yet been able fully to inform myself.

'The women we saw at Calais, on the road, at Boulogne, and in the inns and villages, were generally of dark complexions; but arriving at Abbeville we found a sudden change, a multitude of both women and men in that place appearing remarkably fair. Whether this is owing to a small colony of spinners, wool-combers, and weavers, brought hither from Holland with the woollen manufactory about sixty years ago, or to their being less exposed to the sun, than in other places, their business keeping them much within doors, I know not. Perhaps, as in some other cases, different causes may club in producing the effect, but the effect itself is certain. Never was I in a place of greater industry, wheels and looms going in every house.

'As soon as we left Abbeville, the swarthiness returned. I speak generally; for here are some fair women at Paris, who, I think, are not whitened by art. As to rouge, they don't pretend to imitate nature in laying it on. There is no gradual diminution of the color, from the full bloom in the middle of the cheek to the faint tint near the sides, nor does it show itself differently in different faces. I have not had the honor of being at any lady's toilette to see how it is laid on, but I fancy I can tell you how it is or may be done. Cut a hole of three inches diameter in a piece of paper; place it on the side of your face in such a manner, as that the top of the hole may be just under the eye;

then, with a brush dipped in the color, paint face and paper together; so when the paper is taken off, there will remain a round patch of red exactly the form of the hole. This is the mode, from the actresses on the stage upwards through all ranks of ladies to the princesses of the blood; but it stops there, the Queen not using it, having in the serenity, complacence, and benignity, that shine so eminently in, or rather through her countenance, sufficient beauty, though now an old woman, to do extremely well without it.

'You see I speak of the Queen as if I had seen her; and so I have, for you must know I have been at court. We went to Versailles last Sunday, and had the honor of being presented to the King; he spoke to both of us very graciously and very cheerfully, is a handsome man, has a very lively look, and appears younger than he is. In the evening we were at the *Grand Concert*, where the family sup in public. The table was half a hollow square, the service gold. When either made a sign for drink, the word was given by one of the waiters. *A boire pour le Roi*, or, *A boire pour la Reine.* Then two persons came from within, the one with wine and the other with water in *carafes;* each drank a little glass of what he brought, and then put both the *carafes* with a glass on a salver, and then presented it. Their distance from each other was such as that other chairs might have been placed between any two of them. An officer of the court brought us up through the crowd of spectators, and placed Sir John so as to stand between the Queen and Madame Victoire. The king talked a good deal to Sir John, asking many questions about our royal family; and did me too the honor of taking some notice of me; that is saying enough; for I would not have you think me so much pleased with this king and queen, as to have a whit less regard than I used to have for ours. No Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own king and queen the very best in the world, and the most amiable.

'The civilities we everywhere receive give us the strongest impressions of the French politeness. It seems to be a point settled here universally, that strangers are to be treated with respect; and one has just the same deference shown one here by being a stranger, as in England by being a lady. The custom-house officers at Port St. Denis, as we entered Paris, were about to seize two dozen of excellent Bordeaux wine given us at Boulogne, and which we brought with us; but as soon as they found we were strangers, it was immediately remitted on that account. At the Church of Notre Dame, where we went to see a magnificent illumination, with figures, &c. for the deceased Dauphiness,

we found an immense crowd, who were kept out by guards; but the officer being told, that we were strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, accompanied and showed us every thing. Why don't we practise this urbanity to Frenchmen? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in any thing?

'Travelling is one way of lengthening life, at least in appearance. It is but about a fortnight since we left London, but the variety of scenes we have gone through makes it seem equal to six months living in one place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater change, too, in my own person, than I could have done in six years at home. I had not been here six days, before my tailor and perruquier had transformed me into a Frenchman. Only think what a figure I make in a little bag-wig and with naked ears! They told me I was become twenty years younger, and looked very gallant.'

In the two letters which follow, we see another added to the many existing evidences of the activity of Dr. Franklin's mind. He had prepared a scheme for a new alphabet, in which all the words in the language were to be spelled according to the natural sounds of the letters, by the introduction of six new characters, and by certain changes in the vowels. The first letter was written in his own characters, and is transcribed by the editor in the common orthography.

'*Craven Street*, 28 *September*, 1768.

'The objection you make to rectifying our alphabet, "that it will be attended with inconveniences and difficulties," is a natural one; for it always occurs when any reformation is proposed, whether in religion, government, laws, and even down as low as roads and wheel-carriages. The true question, then, is not whether there will be any difficulties or inconveniences, but whether the difficulties may not be surmounted, and whether the conveniences will not, on the whole, be greater than the inconveniences. In this case, the difficulties are only in the beginning of the practice. When they are overcome, the advantages are lasting. To either you or me, who spell well in the present mode, I imagine the difficulty of changing that mode for the new is not so great, but that we might perfectly get over it in a week's time.

'As to those, who do not spell well, if the two difficulties are compared, namely, that of teaching them true spelling in the present mode, and that of teaching them the new alphabet, and the new spelling according to it, I am confident that the latter would be by far the least. They naturally fall into the new method al-

ready, as much as the imperfection of their alphabet will admit of. Their present bad spelling is only bad, because contrary to the present bad rules. The difficulty of learning to spell well in the old way is so great, that few attain it, thousands and thousands writing on to old age, without ever being able to acquire it. It is, besides, a difficulty continually increasing, as the sound gradually varies more and more from the spelling, and to foreigners it makes the learning to pronounce our language, as written in our books, almost impossible.

'Now, as to the *inconveniences* you mention, the first is, "that all our etymologies would be lost, and consequently we could not ascertain the meaning of many words." Etymologies are at present very uncertain; but such as they are, the old books would still preserve them, and etymologists would there find them. Words in the course of time change their meanings, as well as their spelling and pronunciation, and we do not look to etymology for their present meanings. If I should call a man a *knave* and a *villain*, he would hardly be satisfied with my telling him, that one of the words originally signified only a lad or servant; and the other an under-ploughman, or the inhabitant of a village. It is from present usage only, that the meaning of words is to be determined.

'Your second inconvenience is, that "the distinction between words of different meaning and similar sound would be destroyed." That distinction is already destroyed in pronouncing them; and you rely on the sense alone of the sentence to ascertain which of the several words, similar in sound, we intend. If this is sufficient in the rapidity of discourse, it will be much more so in written sentences, which may be read leisurely, and attended to more particularly in case of difficulty, than you can attend to a past sentence, while a speaker is hurrying you along with new ones.

'Your third inconvenience is, that "all the books already written would be useless." This inconvenience would only come on gradually, in a course of ages. You, and I, and other now living readers, would hardly forget the use of them. People would long learn to read the old writing, though they practised the new. And the inconvenience is not greater, than what has actually happened in a similar case in Italy. Formerly, its inhabitants all spoke and wrote Latin; as the language changed, the spelling followed it. It is true, that, at present, a mere unlearned Italian cannot read the Latin books, though they are still read and understood by many. But, if the spelling had never been changed, he would now have found it much more difficult to read and write his own language, for written words would

have had no relation to sounds, they would only have stood for things; so that, if he would express in writing the idea he has, when he sounds the word *Vescovo*, he must use the letters *Episcopus*. In short, whatever the difficulties and inconveniences now are, they will be more easily surmounted now, than hereafter; and some time or other it must be done, or our writing will become the same with the Chinese, as to the difficulty of learning and using it. And it would already have been such, if we had continued the Saxon spelling and writing, used by our forefathers.'

Philadelphia, 4 *July*, 1786.

'———You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance. A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words,—*Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what *yf* was. "Why," says she, "*y f* spells *wife*, what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling *wife*, than *Doubleyou, i, ef, e*, which in reality spell *Doubleyifey*.'

In a letter to Miss Catherine Ray, of Block Island, he says:

'If it was not quite unreasonable, I should desire you to write to me every post, whether you hear from me or not. As to your spelling, don't let those laughing girls put you out of conceit with it. 'T is the best in the world, for every letter of it stands for something.'

We are not sure, that the advice contained in the first part of the extract which follows, is likely to prove so advantageous, as Dr. Franklin supposes: but the suggestions of such a mind are not to be neglected.

'I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready,

either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility; or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And as many of the terms of science are such, as you cannot have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the mean time you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding.'

There are several letters in this volume, containing expositions of the views of Dr. Franklin on subjects connected with religious faith. We select one, written on the occasion of the death of his brother, as indicating his views in relation to the close of life.

'*Philadelphia*, 23 *February*, 1756.

'I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But is is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve, that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society?

'We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He, who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he, who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains, and possibilities of pains and diseases, which it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.'

The world is not always in haste to listen to the suggestions of wisdom, even where they evidently coincide with interest.

If it were so, the views of Dr. Franklin on the subject of war and the security of trading vessels, would have been more generally adopted.

'Every thing here in Europe continues to wear a good face. Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland are raising a strong naval force to establish the free navigation for neutral ships, and of all their cargoes, though belonging to enemies, except contraband, that is, military stores. France and Spain have approved of it, and it is likely to become henceforth the law of nations, that *free ships make free goods.* England does not like this confederacy. I wish they would extend it still farther, and ordain, that unarmed trading ships, as well as fishermen and farmers, should be respected, as working for the common benefit of mankind, and never be interrupted in their operations, even by national enemies; but let those only fight with one another, whose trade it is, and who are armed and paid for the purpose.'

'At length we are in peace, God be praised, and long, very long, may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.'

In 1774, Dr. Franklin thus writes from London to a friend in this country on the subject of some imputations, unfavorable to his character for patriotism.

'I see in a Boston paper of August 18th, an article expressing, "that it is generally believed Dr. Franklin has received a promise of being restored to the royal favor, and promoted to an office superior to that which he resigned." I have made no public answer to any of the abuse I have received in the papers here, nor shall I to this. But as I am anxious to preserve your good opinion, and as I know your sentiments, and that you must be much afflicted yourself, and even despise me, if you thought me capable of accepting any office from this government, while it is acting with so much hostility towards my native country, I cannot miss this first opportunity of assuring you, that there is not the least foundation for such a report; that, so far from having any promise of royal favor, I hear of nothing but royal and ministerial displeasure, which, indeed, as things at present stand, I consider as an honor. I have seen no minister since January, nor had the least communication with them. The generous and noble friends of America in both Houses do indeed favor me

with their notice and regard; but they are in disgrace at court, as well as myself. Be satisfied, that I shall do nothing to lessen me in your esteem, or my own. I shall not, by the least concurrence with the present measures, merit any court favor, nor accept of any, if it were offered me, which, however, is not at all likely to happen.'

The following letter was written after his final return from Europe, and a few years only before his death. It gives perhaps as near a view as it is possible now to obtain, of the domestic life of the great philosopher.

'I have found my family here in health, good circumstances, and well respected by their fellow citizens. The companions of my youth are indeed almost all departed, but I find an agreeable society among their children and grandchildren. I have public business enough to preserve me from *ennui*, and private amusement besides in conversation, books, my garden, and *cribbage*. Considering our well furnished, plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine, in the midst of which my house stands, into grass plots and gravel walks, with trees and flowering shrubs. Cards we sometimes play here, in long winter evenings, but it is as they play at chess, not for money, but for honor, or the pleasure of beating one another. This will not be quite a novelty to you, as you may remember we played together in that manner during the winter at Passy. I have indeed now and then a little compunction, in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering, "*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*" So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favor of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game.

'As to public amusements, we have neither plays nor operas, but we had yesterday a kind of oratorio, as you will see by the enclosed paper; and we have assemblies, balls, and concerts, besides little parties at one another's houses, in which there is sometimes dancing, and frequently good music; so that we jog on in life as pleasantly as you do in England, any where but in London, for there you have plays performed by good actors. That, however, is, I think, the only advantage London has over Philadelphia.'

Our limits have restricted us to a very cursory notice of this interesting volume, which is rendered more valuable by the

fact, that a small portion only of the familiar correspondence of Dr. Franklin has heretofore been given to the world. Mr. Sparks, its editor, has placed the public under new obligations to himself, for the ability and diligence with which he is laboring to preserve from oblivion the facts and documents that may serve to illustrate our history, and of the characters of our distinguished men.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXI.

OCTOBER, 1833.

ART. I.—*Fidler's Observations on the United States. Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners and Emigration in the United States and Canada, made during a Residence in* 1832, *by the Rev. Isaac Fidler, for a short time Missionary of Thornhill on Yonge Street, near York, Upper Canada.* New York. 1833.

THIS is another precious specimen of the class of books with which John Bull is now regularly *humbugged* three or four times a year, under the name of observations on the state of society, manners and literature in the United States. There is one important omission in the titles of these works, which renders them in fact a complete fraud upon the public. If they were called, as they ought to be, observations on the state of society, manners, and literature in the taverns, steamboats and stage-coaches of the United States, honest John would know what he was buying, and whether he was likely to get his money's worth. The very names of the persons who indite these burlesque itineraries are, in general, such as to prepare the reader pretty well for the ridicule with which they are regularly blasted, as soon as they appear. The last in the series was by Mrs. *Trollope*, and the one before us is by the Rev. Isaac *Fidler*. The worthy divine himself does not seem to be particularly delighted with his 'family cognomen,' as he learnedly calls it. He tells us, in his own inimita-

ble style, 'I never loved my musical name, and the next time I *voyage to the States* I may choose to have it altered.' The manner in which he supposes that this alteration is to be accomplished, will give a good idea of the correctness of his information respecting the political and legal institutions of the country.

'I was told, that a person in the States, who is dissatisfied with his surname,' (Christian names cannot it seems be altered) 'can easily have it changed to another more suitable to his taste and inclination. It was a subject of discussion sometimes, and the information I obtained was this, that a person, on *taking up his citizenship*, needs only go to a particular office appropriated to this purpose, and having selected another appellation, get it registered as his *family cognomen*, whereby he and his children may be designated afterwards. This, *if true*,' (there is much virtue in this *if*) 'must render the genealogies of families extremely difficult to trace: yet I must confess that it is very *accommodating* to persons of dubious character, to whom a change of surname must be a great *consideration*.'

It is pretty plain that the Rev. Mr. Fidler was *hoaxed* in regard to this matter, and we incline to think that this was an accident which happened to him not unfrequently during his *voyage to the States*. His immediate friends must in fact have taken strange liberties with him in this way, as appears from the following anecdote, which he gives upon the authority of 'a divine of eminence.'

'The clergy of America are prohibited by an act of the legislature from sitting in the *Chamber of Representatives*. This was not always the case, but was brought about after the following manner. One of the members of Congress, a clergyman, was very desirous that some permanent provision should be made for the Episcopal Church, and was urgent with a friend of his, a member also, to use his endeavors to accomplish it. This friend, probably annoyed by frequent solicitations, and being, as Americans in general are represented, a *summer's day friend*,' (an evident improvement upon Gray's *summer friend*) 'promised *(upon)* his word of honor that he would do something for the church. Accordingly he mentioned this circumstance in Congress on the first opportunity, and, *relating his promise*, moved that no clergyman should thenceforth sit in that House. *The motion was carried by a vast majority*, and cler-

gymen, with their golden anticipations, vanished from it forever. This was told me by a divine of eminence.'

After this, we shall doubtless hear no more of the famous *journée des dupes.* This ridiculous fable, which one of his clerical brethren probably amused himself with imposing upon the simplicity of our author as a piece of real history, is gravely quoted as such by the London Literary Gazette.

It is time, however, to introduce our author more particularly to the acquaintance of the reader, who is not yet aware of his personal character and pretensions. We have the honor then to inform him, that the Rev. Isaac Fidler was intended for the church, although he has failed to obtain employment in his profession, and received his education under the Rev. James Tate of Richmond, 'whose name,' he says, 'I found to be held in great esteem among scholars in America.' We would suggest *en passant* to Mr. Fidler, that there is a slight inconsistency between the purport of this passage, and that of another, in which he represents himself as telling Mr. John Pickering that he (Fidler) 'discovered the day after his arrival at New York, that there is no literature in the United States.' Where there is no literature there are of course no scholars, and where there are no scholars, it is impossible that scholars can hold in great esteem the Rev. James Tate. For ourselves, we are free to say that we never heard of the learned gentleman, until his name was made known to us by the labors of his still more erudite pupil.

The character and fortunes of the latter appear to resemble in some respects those of the celebrated tutor of Miss Lucy Bertram. The Rev. Mr. Fidler combines, in fact, the same *pro-di-gi-ous e-ru-di-ti-on* in the oriental languages with the same antique simplicity,—to give it no other name,—in regard to every thing that concerns the business of life, which distinguished the Rev. Mr. Sampson. He is not, however, quite so honest as the worthy Dominie, but evinces at times a decided disposition for drawing a long bow. He was educated, as we have said, for the church; but not having obtained, and, as he tells us himself, not being likely to obtain preferment, undertook to mend his fortune by teaching the Eastern languages to young men preparing for the service of the East India Company. In this occupation he also met with slight success, but does not inform us of the reasons of his failure. We only know, that finding no profitable employment at home,

he concluded to embark for this country, expecting to realize a rapid and brilliant fortune, by teaching Sanscrit and Hindostanee to the citizens of the United States. On arriving at New York, he determined, by way of recommending himself, to publish immediately a work, whether original or not does not appear, in the Sanscrit language, apparently forgetting that the people would not be able to read it, until they had first had the advantage of his instruction. This project was nipped in the bud by the wrongheadedness of the publisher to whom Mr. Fidler addressed himself, and who not only had no Sanscrit types at his disposal, but positively refused to import any, and even affirmed, that if Mr. Fidler would furnish him with a fount free of expense, he would not give it storeroom; so limited, in his opinion, was the demand for Sanscrit literature in this community.

Our author's other friends concurred in the main with the publisher, and advised him to give up the plan of a Sanscrit school and open one for the instruction of young men in Latin and Greek, and the other branches of a common liberal education. This was a feasible common-sense scheme, which, had it been acted on, would doubtless have succeeded; but after much inquiry and long deliberation, our author seems to have been fairly frightened out of it by a brother pedagogue, who gave him an alarming account of the loose state of discipline in the American schools, and of a battle royal which he had recently had with his own pupils. We extract the passage containing this account, which, in the newspaper phrase, is somewhat 'curious if true,' but which merits confirmation. We incline to think that our author was in this, as in so many other instances, *hoaxed* by his fellow emigrant, who seems to have been a person of much more shrewdnesss than Mr. Fidler, and perhaps had it in view to keep a competitor out of the market. The story is as follows.

'"I regret," said he, "that I ever engaged in the school. I have been obliged to expel *eight* of my scholars. The noise and uproar of my school had been increasing every day, till at last it reached so high a pitch, that neither I nor my pupils could be distinctly heard. I reprimanded such as appeared most riotous, but some of them told me they would not be restrained by any English tyrant; so I visited one of them with a stroke. Hereupon the whole school became a scene of anarchy. I was pelted on all sides, with books, and slates, and copies, and obliged to leave my seat. All the scholars pressed on, and endeavor-

ed to strike or kick me. I was compelled to take refuge behind a pillar, against which I placed my back, and protected myself in front, by a chair. Such as approached near enough I knocked down, and kept the whole rabble of them at bay. At last, snatching a piece of wood out of the hands of the oldest, I put my pupils on the defensive; and when I had completely subdued every appearance of resistance, I turned the ringleaders out of doors. Every symptom of insubordination has vanished; but you cannot conceive how much mortification I have experienced."'

The main difficulty with our author in regard to the establishment of a school, seems to have been an apprehension that he should not be permitted, by the usage of the country, to wield the birch with sufficient freedom, and should thus be materially abridged of what he appears to have regarded as the most enviable privilege of his office. We cannot undertake to answer for the state of things in this respect at New York, but we can venture to assure him that in Boston, at least, he would have found no cause of complaint. If he were placed at the head of one of our city schools, he would have no occasion to envy the whipping franchises of the masters of Westminster, Eton, or Harrow. Our boys are literally, what Sir Francis Burdett has so often declared his countrymen to be, a *flogged nation.* Such, if we are rightly informed, is the strictness of the discipline in our city schools, that the slightest failure in the performance of the literary exercises,—an error, for example, in the spelling of a single word,—is rewarded, *argent comptant,* by a most liberal administration of the birch or the ferule. A knowledge of this fact would have gone pretty far, we suspect, in removing the unfavorable impressions entertained by our author, respecting the state of professions, literature, manners and emigration in this country. For ourselves, with all our reverence for the ancient and venerable engines of scholastic rule to which we have just alluded, endeared to us, as they are, by the tenderest recollections of early years, we are yet free to say, that we think this one of the cases in which there may be too much even of a good thing. We recommend it to the city authorities, if, as we greatly doubt, they honor us so far as to read our poor lucubrations, to take this hint, lest the people should in process of time give them another of a broader description.

At the same time that he was making inquiry in regard to the practicability of establishing a school, Mr. Fidler, who has

more than one string to his bow, long as it is, was also endeavoring to procure a situation as a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, or a professor in a college. In these attempts, he was not much more successful than in the other. Most of the persons to whom he addressed himself for advice and assistance, received his advances in a very discouraging style. He had brought, it seems, good recommendations from England; but several persons hinted to him, that high recommendations from England 'are a man's greatest detriment.' Others, again, and Dr. Milnor among the number, assured him that 'such testimony is indispensable,' and advised him to write home for more. This, in our opinion, is a much more plausible view of the matter than the other. 'Many persons, capable of giving correct information, candidly informed him that no man, whatever be his worth or acquirements, has much chance of obtaining either collegiate or clerical promotion in the United States, unless he have personal influence with a majority of the electors.' We must own that we do not well see how the case could be otherwise. Where places are conferred by election, it would seem that a candidate can only be successful by securing, in one way or another, a personal influence with a majority of the electors. He was repeatedly asked if he would accept a situation in Ohio, and as repeatedly declined such a place of exile. 'My habits had fitted me for other scenes, and required more domestic comforts than a wilderness can furnish. Besides, I was early made acquainted with the sort of people I was likely to find for associates in places *remote from the frontier*. As I perceived that persons of the same standing, even in New York, are not the most amiable or *liberable*, I feared their manners would not be improved by contiguity to forests, bears, and Indians.' This is rather an unkind cut at the reverend gentleman's clerical acquaintance in New York, whose courtesy and kindness he elsewhere acknowledges in very warm terms. We would respectfully hint to Mr. Fidler that *liberable*, though it may doubtless pass for very good English at the school of the Rev. James Tate, has not yet gained admission into the *American* vocabulary. We would also suggest to him that, in the opinion of many discreet persons, Ohio is somewhat less *remote from the frontier* than New York.

In the course of these inquiries the winter wore away, and our author, already discouraged by most of their results in regard to the probability of accomplishing his objects, finally met

with an English lady established at New York, who advised him to give the matter up, and return at once to England. This advice appears to have been decisive with him, and he accordingly made up his mind at once to leave this country. We may remark in general, that our author possesses a wonderful docility to counsels of any kind, and governs himself in most cases by the last he receives. At this period he met with another of his countrymen, who advised him, before he returned, to visit Boston, which he forthwith did. We shall advert presently to his account of his adventures upon this excursion. On his return from Boston to New York, he waited on the British Consul, to obtain his assistance in making the arrangements for his departure, when the Consul strenuously urged him to try his luck in Canada. To Canada accordingly he went,—*coelum, si jusseris, ibit:*—and by his account he found it in fact an earthly paradise. He had come out to the United States a 'thorough-going radical,' but his experiences at New York had already converted him into as thorough-going a Tory, or in the modern phrase, *Conservative:* and as he could find nothing but ignorance, selfishness, vice and misery in the Republic of the United States, he was quite prepared to see every thing *couleur-de-rose* among our monarchical neighbors.

On arriving in Canada, he accordingly forgets his fastidiousness about a residence remote from the frontier, among forests, bears, and Indians; and after rejecting the pulpits of Ohio, actually accepts a missionary station at a place called Thornhill, on Yonge Street, on a salary of fifty pounds a year, where he established himself with his wife and family. This little place was too aristocratic to admit of the residence of any such plebeian characters as bakers or butchers, and Mr. Fidler's lodgings being destitute of the accommodation of an oven, he was fain to subsist, as he best might, upon salted pork and unleavened bread. His lodgings were, in other respects, not of the most convenient description; 'the upper rooms were merely lathed, but not plastered, and consequently could be seen into from the outside.' Of furniture there was little or none to be had, and our worthy missionary would have been, to all appearance, obliged to rest his learned limbs upon the soft side of a deal board, had not 'the lady of the house where I remained all night on my first ramble up Yonge Street, accommodated us most obligingly with a good feather-bed, which she permitted us to use during our residence at Thornhill.' Such accommoda-

tions, one would suppose, could hardly have been satisfactory to a family, which had just been luxuriating among the down-beds and flesh-pots of the boarding-houses of New York and London. Our author, however, in the ardor of his new-born loyalty, endeavors to put a good face upon the matter, and enlarges at considerable length upon the *comforts* of his residence, although he rather inconsistently lets out, in his account of a chance conversation with a neighbor, that 'we are quite ashamed to be found in such lodgings, and *have been ill from vexation.*'

His neighbor consoled him by the assurance that his lodgings, such as they were, were 'a palace compared with the apartment which I and my family occupy,' and the Rev. Mr. Fidler, had he been left to himself, would probably have preferred to

> ———bear the ills we have,
> Than fly to others which we know not of,—

and remained for life the missionary of Yonge Street, near York in Upper Canada. In this case, the literary world would have lost the benefit of his Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners and Emigration in the United States. This severe dispensation was averted by the timely intervention of Mrs. Fidler, who seems to be a pretty important person in the establishment, the Rev. Isaac being, from his account of the matter, not much better than *second dessus*, or in the common phrase, *second fiddle*, in his own orchestra. Mrs. Fidler had been very 'impatient to enter the parsonage house, and had *hastened him to take her* from York into the country, even should the house not prove so convenient in all respects as she could wish.' But no sooner had they taken possession of their lodgings, than 'dissatisfaction evinced itself. She grew more and more averse every hour to continue, and her first impressions could never be effaced.' 'Mrs. F. felt uncomfortable, and so frequently and loudly complained, that I often participated in her feelings when I should have experienced the reverse.'

There was, however, one agreeable circumstance about their situation, which served for a time as an off-set to all its inconveniences, and which throws much light upon the character of an interesting portion of the population of Upper Canada. 'The only thing during our Canadian residence,' says our author, 'with which Mrs. F. seemed to be amused, was the frequent visits which the cows and sheep of our landlady

made into the forests and pastures of other people, and which her neighbors' 'cows and sheep made into hers.' The interest felt by Mrs. F. in this 'reciprocated intercourse of cattle,' seems to have extended itself to the worthy missionary, who takes the occasion to discuss at some length the question, 'whether gregarious animals have any instinct which induces them to reciprocate the visits of other cattle.' Without committing himself fully upon this subject, he has evidently a strong leaning to the affirmative, and 'of this he is certain, that *the cattle and sheep of others* were as frequently on our landlady's grounds, as hers were *in those of others.*' We beg the reader to remark, not merely the importance of the fact here announced, but the elegance of the language in which it is communicated. '*The cattle and sheep of others* were as frequently on our landlady's grounds, as *hers were in those of others.*' It is clearly not in vain that our author had made himself familiar with the 'euphonic changes of the Sanscrit.' A merely English ear would hardly have hit upon so rich and felicitous a cadence. The case of Mr. Fidler's landlady was not in this respect a singular one. 'This did not happen peculiarly to one person, but was a common occurrence to all *farmers in the country.*' With farmers in town, it would seem that the case was different.

'This reciprocated intercourse of cattle' brings to Mr. Fidler's mind 'an important incident that happened to us on our first commencement of house-keeping,' and which seems to show that the practice in question is not confined to the sheep and cows of Canada, but prevails among some other kinds of animals. 'The lady, who had occupied the same dwelling *antecedent to ourselves*, had left a cat on the premises, which must have been famished during the nine months the house was empty, unless it had found a hospitable welcome among its kindred of the neighborhood. The moment it perceived the house to be *retenanted*, it returned, and such numbers of cats followed it into our kitchen and pantry, that nothing eatable could be left open for a moment without being discovered by them and carried off. It is most probable, that this *congregation of cats* on the premises was nothing more nor less than the *repayment of friendship.*' The 'reciprocated intercourse' among the members of the feline tribe, which is here alluded to by the excellent missionary, has been a subject of frequent remark with other writers, the exchange of civilities among these animals not being always conducted with the perfect discretion and

tranquillity, which probably marked that of the cows and sheep of Upper Canada. Whether the *congregation of cats* on the premises of Mr. and Mrs. Fidler, soon after their first commencement of house-keeping, was, as our author supposes, a '*repayment of friendship*,' or had its origin in a warmer sentiment, is a point which future naturalists may perhaps consider as somewhat doubtful. Before leaving this subject, we would respectfully submit it to the consideration of the Rev. Mr. Fidler, whether, if it should be fully made out that 'gregarious animals have an instinct which induces them to reciprocate the visits of other cattle,' there is not reason to expect that a certain British clergyman, 'for a short time missionary of Thornhill on Yonge street, near York, Upper Canada,' may see, one of these fine mornings, some of the broad honest faces of this portion of the population of Upper Canada looking in at the door of his own parlor. That he is *bête* enough to merit this distinction will hardly, we imagine, be called in question by any one, who has had opportunity to peruse the work before us.

The interchange of civilities among the cattle of Upper Canada, however amiable in itself, and amusing to the ladies of the missionaries, who happen to be *located* there, is, in our author's opinion, on the whole, of evil tendency,—at least, in the case of milch cows. On this subject, he lays down the following proposition. 'When milch cows stray from home, it must be injurious to themselves as well as to their masters.' The necessity of this result is proved in a very satisfactory way. 'Not only do they give less milk, but also their udders, from too long distension, are liable to inflame.' Having thus argumentatively made out his point, our author proceeds to illustrate it by an anecdote, which has to be sure rather a remote bearing on the question, but which is too interesting in itself to be omitted, and which seems to show that the experiences of the father of the Rev. Mr Fidler, in Natural History, are not less rich and instructive, than those of his son. 'My father,' says the worthy missionary, 'had a cow which could *draw her own milk*. She was no doubt delighted with the flavor of it, for she practised the sucking of herself every day. She grew quite plump, and was a subject of wonder, at the small quantity of milk she yielded, and at her sleek appearance. She was detected one day in the very act, after which a wood collar was suspended round her neck, which prevented her continuing it. She afterwards gave more milk, but de-

creased in fatness. Such cows are best fitted for Canadian pastures, when disposed to take holiday in the woods.'

We trust that whatever opinion may be entertained of the value of Mr. Fidler's work in other respects, the public will be duly sensible of the importance of his contributions to the science of Natural History. Among his other interesting discoveries in this branch of learning, may be mentioned the hitherto unobserved fact, that 'the horses in Canada have a *natural instinct*, which makes them sensible of danger from *girdled pines*.' Such horses would be a very suitable *monture* for the watchmen of Messina, who, as the learned Dogberry informs us, possess by a natural instinct the faculties of reading and writing. It will go hard with Mr. Fidler, if he do not attain the same eminence in physiology with 'the prettiest piece of flesh in Messina;' and we think that, at all events, he runs no risk of not being *written down*, in the way that seems to have been considered most desirable by that celebrated guardian of the night.

Although we are not now speaking particularly of style, we cannot refrain from quoting a passage that occurs in this connexion, and is, perhaps, the most brilliant specimen of eloquence in the volume.

'In addition to the numerous settlements and *clearances*, which serve as *loop-holes of Æolus and Phœbus*, and as gardens for the happy emigrants within, a poet would have found, last year at least, the harsh dissonance of cholera reports, of execrations of plundered Englishmen flocking from the States, and of the heart-rending shrieks of helpless Indians, whom American duplicity had robbed of their heritage, and driven from their homes.'

Loop-holes of Æolus and Phœbus! As the learned Isaac seems to have been in the true Nick Bottom vein when he indited this paragraph, we rather wonder that he did not adopt the orthography as well as the rhetoric of his model.

The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates,
And *Phibbus'* car
Shall shine from far
And kindle war
On many a star
And make and mar
The foolish fates.

As respects the 'heart-rending shrieks of helpless Indians, whom American duplicity has driven from their heritage,' while we disapprove, as strongly as any one can, the conduct of the State of Georgia towards the Cherokees, to which Mr. Fidler appears to allude, we are glad to be able to inform him, that the laws of that State on the subject in question have been declared by the competent authorities in the Government of the United States to be null and void;—that the Indians are under the protection of that Government;—that they still dwell in the homes from which he supposes them to have been driven;—and that, if they have been led by the molestations they have already suffered, or may apprehend in future, to utter any 'heart-rending shrieks,' the Canadian poets must have had pretty good ears to have heard them through the aforesaid *loop-holes of Æolus*, at a thousand miles' distance.

It is high time, however, to get back from these Arcadico-Canadian 'clearances,' to *the States*. The 'reciprocated intercourse of cattle' was, as we have seen, the only thing which our author's better half found to amuse her in Canada, and when the charm of novelty had worn off, even this interesting spectacle became tiresome, and Mrs. Fidler began to insist on an immediate return to England. Our author takes care to inform us, that this amiable person had given her consent to the settlement in Canada, only on the express condition that her husband would quit it at a moment's warning, *if requested*. After the lapse of a period of four months the request was made, and Mr. Fidler, with a laudable fidelity to his engagement, forthwith agreed to it,—made his preparations for departure from Yonge Street, and after casting a longing, lingering look upon the *comforts* of lathed, but not plastered lodgings, a borrowed feather bed, fried pork and bannocks, the reciprocated intercourse of cattle, and the loop-holes of Æolus and Phœbus, made the best of his way back to New York, embarked at once with his family on board of a packet, and after a rapid passage of seventeen days found himself safe and sound at London, having accomplished all the marvellous adventures, and made all the brilliant discoveries described in his book, within the compass of a single twelvemonth.

Such is the outline of the history of the life and adventures of our author, as far as it can be collected from the work before us. The knowledge it affords of his character would be sufficient of itself to give a pretty correct idea of the value of his

Observations, and precludes in a great measure the necessity of a more particular examination. We shall, however, for the further edification and entertainment of our readers, make a few more extracts, accompanied by some occasional commentaries. It may be proper to observe here, that the materials employed in Mr. Fidler's book are disposed in part upon the old classical plan of an epic poem. The author plunges at once *in medias res*, by an account of his arrival and adventures at New York; and it is not till we reach the sixth chapter, that we are presented with some particulars of the occurrences during the voyage, under the novel head of *Retrospective Incidents*. We rather wonder, that Mr. Fidler did not follow up this happy idea by a chapter of *Contemporaneous Reminiscences*.

'I have said,' says Mr. Fidler, in entering upon this episode, 'that I obtained considerable *enlightment*, (another specimen of the improved English taught in the school of "my much revered preceptor, the Rev. James Tate of Richmond,") upon various points in the manners and opinions of the Americans, particularly from one native of the Union, who happened to be a fellow passenger with me.' After this exordium, Mr. Fidler relates, upon the authority of his fellow passenger, the following anecdote, upon which he makes the annexed *observation*.

'The person this American spoke of, he described as having embarked in business, without being possessed of a dollar; and as trading for a time, according to the custom of his country, upon speculation and credit. A series of bills and promissory engagements, entered into with acquaintances similarly circumstanced, formed the chief means of these commercial speculations. When I expressed surprise at this sort of responsibility, and such a mode of conducting business, the American made answer, "Being in a profession, you are not yourself, Sir, much exposed to the difficulties of the world, and consequently do not know the contrivances which others feel it necessary to adopt. If any person in America should refuse to do a favor of this kind I speak of, for his friends, he would find similar accommodation withheld from himself. The friend of this gentleman was thus circumstanced, and soon failed, through the misfortune of another. During the period of his conducting business, however, he kept a carriage, and lived up to his imagined gains, without providing for the contingencies of an evil day. When all went wrong, his effects were disposed of for the benefit of his creditors; and he was obliged to exchange a comfortable for a wretched state. As

he had married during his prosperity, and a family was the consequence, his greatest exertions were requisite to obtain even the necessaries of life. He was no longer regarded as belonging to the same class of society, but felt himself degraded, and was obliged to perform the most menial offices. While in this condition, his brother, more successful than himself, having made a fortune, died without issue, and bequeathed his property to a public seminary." The American, who told us the story, strongly condemned the conduct of the deceased brother of his friend, calling him an unnatural monster, for having violated, in his opinion, every principle of duty and justice. Hereupon, a discussion ensued, and it was debated with considerable warmth, whether one brother, in such circumstances, had any *natural* claim upon the other.

'I made a remark, which kindled a *burst of indignation.* "In England," I *observed*, "a man unfortunate, from no cause of his own, does not forfeit his place in society. And I should imagine there was some cause for the desertion of your friend by his brother and acquaintances. But, even supposing him perfectly worthy of their continued approbation, he could not, according to Paley, have any natural claim on his brother; collateral branches of a family having no pecuniary claims from consanguinity. The only *grounds* for supposing that one brother ought to render assistance to another, *rests* upon the probability, that if he does not, no other person will." The American, hereupon, lost all government of himself; and, brandishing his knife, for we were then at dinner, asserted that I had introduced this sentiment from motives of priestcraft; and that if neither pay for schoolmasters, nor loaves and fishes for priests, had been augmented by the bequest, I would have condemned it as well as himself.'

In the *observation* which our author here attributes to himself, we hardly know which to admire most, the elegance and correctness of the style, or the beauty of the sentiments. 'A person in distressed circumstances has no natural claim for assistance upon a brother':—'collateral branches of a family,' (brothers and sisters it seems are collateral branches of a family) 'have no pecuniary claims from consanguinity':—'the only *grounds* for supposing that one brother ought to render assistance to another *rests* upon the probability, that if he does not, no other person will.' It would seem that the school of the Rev. Mr. Tate is not less conspicuous for its improvements on the commonly received code of *morals*, than for its happy innovations on the usual forms of language. We would venture to suggest to the Reverend Gentleman, that he would obtain

considerable enlightment upon the subject of the duties incident to fraternal and other family and social relations, by recurring to an ancient work, entitled the *New Testament*, which is perhaps out of fashion at Richmond, but is still regarded with some respect in the United States.

It is worthy of remark, that the heartless pedant who was capable of inditing the above paragraphs, attempts, in the very next sentence, to be severe upon *Americanisms* in the use of language; and inveighs throughout his work with as much point as he can put into his style, (which to be sure is little enough,) against the *selfishness* of the people of this country, and their steady pursuit of *dollars*, to the exclusion of every higher and more liberal object. The 'burst of indignation,' with which, as he says himself, his unnatural doctrines were received by a large company composed of travellers of all classes, is an honorable testimonial in favor of the state of public feeling among us, and would be more than sufficient of itself to counteract any unfavorable impression that might be produced by his invective, if *such* invective could be supposed to produce abroad or at home any other feeling, but that of contempt for its author.*

But it is really wasting ammunition to pretend to be serious with the Rev. Mr. Fidler. We have already said, that before his expedition to Canada he made a short excursion to this city. He had 'whilst in England, procured letters to two literary gentlemen of Boston, *the* one a Professor in Cambridge University, and the other an author well known in that city.'

* While this article is going through the press, we see in the newspapers some extracts from Col. Hamilton's *Men and Manners in America*, a work to which we shall probably call the attention of our readers in a future number. In the extracts alluded to, the Colonel says that he was led to form an unfavorable opinion of the moral character of the Americans, by hearing, in the bar-room of the public house where he lodged, sentiments which he considered objectionable advanced by Americans and received by the persons present with apparent approbation. Whether the state of moral feeling in the bar-room of a single public house is a fair standard by which to judge of that of a community of thirteen millions, we will not inquire. We will merely remark, that the Colonel gives no facts in support of his general assertion. In the anecdote related in the text by Mr. Fidler we have, at least, one example of a most immoral and unnatural sentiment, advanced in a large mixed company of Americans by a *British Clergyman*, and, according to his own admission, received by them with a *burst of indignation.* In the estimate of characters, individual or national, a single well-authenticated fact is worth a volume of generalities, unsupported by any.

The well known author turns out to be Dr. Lieber, the editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, so that, of the two literary gentlemen *of Boston* to whom our traveller was introduced, one proves to be a native of Berlin in Prussia, and the other a Professor at Cambridge. The reader will naturally inquire, whether Mr. Fidler himself does not trace his origin to the Emerald Isle. It is however but just to him to add, that he is for once half right, as the Professor in question, though employed in Cambridge, resides at Boston, the college being only three miles distant from the city. The first visit of the Rev. Mr. Fidler was to the 'well known author,' and is described in the following correct and elegant language.

'I found the gentleman, who was a *litterraire* and an author, well known in Boston, reading some work on Egyptian *Hyroglyphics*, of which he spoke favorably; but as this was a subject I had never studied, I could not enter into its merits.'

It would seem that the reformers of the Richmond school have taken a wide range through almost all the departments of learning, and we cannot wonder that our author came out with the 'expectation of employing more than ordinary acquirements for the improvement of the Americans.' The use of *litterraire* instead of *littérateur*, and the mode in which the former word and *hieroglyphics* are spelled by our author, are certainly very *extraordinary*, though doubtless very great improvements on the common practice. If we are rightly informed, our author had not only not studied the work on *Hyroglyphics* here alluded to, which was one of the publications of Champollion the Younger, but had never before heard the name of that distinguished and lamented philologist. It was perhaps hardly to be expected that one, who is himself the author of so many brilliant discoveries in all the branches of learning, should take much pains to keep himself *au fait* of what is doing by others. The account of the interview with the 'well known author,' proceeds as follows.

'At last, after many desultory observations on numerous topics, as rapid and evanescent as *mental* and *lingual volidity* could render them, we alighted on a subject of mutual interest, frequently discussed by persons I met with at New York. I had always observed, that native Americans do not enter into such debates with *half the* warmth and bitterness *as* European refugees. The Americans appear to employ dependent strangers on the outworks of their republic to sound the political sentiments and principles of every approaching emigrant, and to convey to the

democratic sensorium a timely and accurate impression, before they welcome him into the capital of their patronage and support.'

The faculties of *mental* and *lingual volidity*, which the Rev. Mr. Fidler brought into use upon this occasion, are of course among the new discoveries of the Richmond school. It is deeply to be regretted, that our author's early return should have deprived this community of the benefit of these 'more than ordinary' improvements in intellectual philosophy. The topic discussed appears to have been the same which forms the general subject of our author's work, viz. Professions, Literature, Manners, and Emigration in the United States. We extract Mr. Fidler's concluding observations.

'"To all this," I replied, "that had I seen him on my first arrival in the States, I should have cordially agreed in his views and observations. I had harbored, whilst in England, bitter and *aggravated sentiments* against the aristocracy; and had believed, that the country would be better without that privileged body. This opinion I might always have indulged, had I always lived in England; but America is an infallible corrector of such *erroneous judgment*, in every man of intelligence and capable of observation. I have never met with any person from Great Britain worthy to be called respectable, whose opinions, however radical before, did not become completely altered. You cannot, when in England," I added, "have obtained satisfactory information on these points; otherwise your mind must be singularly formed. *A third rate talent in professions there, is certainly equal to the highest in the States.* I am greatly mistaken, if any first rate professional man exists in all America. There are certainly men of eminence; but they are eminent only among their own countrymen, and would not obtain a high rank in England. And although it is true, that many lucrative and important situations are held by noblemen, yet *all such places are not exclusively so.* England can enumerate more persons raised from a low to a high station, than any other country. In short, there is hardly any village in England, which does not possess residents of greater learning, and professional talent, than *is* to be found in *almost any large town* in the United States. Besides, that which is a low reward for literature in England, is a high reward in America. No man there, who possesses more than ordinary learning, can remain long unnoticed. His reward often depends upon himself. The nobility are bountiful rewarders of merit, when it makes itself conspicuous."'

As it seems from these observations, that 'no man who pos-

sesses more than ordinary learning can remain long unnoticed in England,' and as our author candidly tells us himself, that he possesses 'more than ordinary acquirements,' in addition to the faculties of *mental* and *lingual volidity*, which, though we cannot pretend to conjecture what they are, must, we presume, be something of a very extraordinary character,—we rather wonder why, as he also tells us himself, 'he has not obtained and is not likely to obtain preferment,' and even 'found very little to encourage his ambition in the laborious profession of a teacher.' We trust that Mr. Fidler will furnish a satisfactory solution of this somewhat difficult problem, in the next edition of his work. After the specimen that he has given us himself of the literary taste and talent of a British clergyman of 'more than ordinary acquirements,' it would be idle to question the correctness of his opinion, that 'a third rate talent in *professions* in England is equal to the highest in the States.'

The interview with Dr. Lieber seems to have terminated rather unsatisfactorily, which is quite remarkable, considering the very guarded, discreet and good-tempered manner, in which our author carried on his share of the dialogue. 'I left this German author,' he remarks, 'rather abruptly, some offence being apparent from the difference of our views and the tendency of our arguments, and went to deliver another letter of introduction I had, to one of the Professors of Cambridge University.' At the house of the Professor, he was made acquainted with Mr. John Pickering, who seems to have treated him with attention, and will doubtless be much gratified with the manner in which he is shown up in the Observations. Mr. Pickering introduced our author to 'a congregational minister, Dr. J. whom he represented as the best Orientalist in Boston.' Our readers will be amused with Mr. Fidler's account of his conversation with that gentleman, at two successive interviews.

'Dr. J., after expressing the satisfaction it afforded him to meet with a person, with whom he could converse on Oriental learning, withdrew into his study, and returned with an armful of Persian, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Hindoostanee books.

'No sooner had I examined these works, than I began to think that I had already made a premature estimate of American literature, and that what I had frequently heard in New-York must be true. When, on my first arrival in the States, I mentioned to several scholars my surprise at the extremely low state of learning and the professions, I was always answered thus: "New-York is not a literary, but a commercial city. If you are desir-

ous of seeing the lions of American literature, go to Boston." As I had long been engaged in such studies, and had lately arrived from London, the hot-bed of languages, arts, and sciences, I thought I could have little to apprehend from any Orientalist in the United States: I therefore summoned up a fitting self confidence, expecting, with my new friend, a trial of skill. "Do you Dr. J., understand these authors?" I asked. "I have some knowledge of them," he replied, "but not very extensive." He then took a German selection of Sanscrit passages from various authors, the first of which was the opening passage of the Laws of Menu. This he requested me to read, which I did, and when I paused, and perceived that he made no inquiries, nor added any observations, I began to suspect that he did not understand the language. I therefore requested him to tell me, if he knew the letters. His answer amused me; "I have written them over several times; but the truth is that they are so confoundedly difficult, that I could never remember them. I cannot therefore read any of the words, nor have I ever before heard them read; but have seen some accounts respecting the language, that it is a very engaging study."

'To this latter statement I of course agreed; adding, that the Sanscrit is certainly the most perfect and regular in its grammatical forms, of all languages with which I am acquainted; and its euphonic transformations the most accurately systematic. Moreover, it is now thought by the best judges to be the origin of the Greek language. Many roots, and prepositions, and the numbers and voices, are nearly the same in both. Also *every euphonic change* in Greek, and in *every other language*, can be referred to the principles of Sanscrit. After having held a short conversation with Dr. J., and discovered that his Oriental knowledge might be compressed into a nut-shell, he informed me, that some duties he had to perform required his absence, and requested I would call again on the following day. I promised to repeat my visit at the time he mentioned, and we took forthwith our departure.

'As we were returning from this *characteristic farce*, Mr. P. informed me, that he had once resided in London, as secretary to the American Minister, and had seen the dignity and greatness which learning in England frequently obtains. "It is the prospect of rewards," added he, "which stimulates and encourages. In America, there is no inducement for enthusiastic perseverance in literature. Indeed we have no literature in this country." To this I could not help adding, "A well educated Englishman will always make the same discovery, after the residence of a day. It is impossible to be concealed or disguised."

'On the day following, I paid a second visit to Dr. J., and read over to him some Persian and Hindoostanee. I then requested him to allow me the pleasure of hearing his pronunciation of some Persian sentences; but he begged I would dispense with his performance of it; and then added, "This is the second time in my life, in which I have heard a Persian word pronounced. A young gentleman, who had been in India, once before indulged me in a similar manner with yourself; but it is several years ago, and I have no recollection of the sounds." The books he possessed must be considered as rarities in America, and as inexplicable puzzles even to himself. They must be, however, amusing companions to an American Orientalist. Had I not been well able to penetrate into the den of the Bostonian lions, and to estimate its profundity and extent, I might have quitted that celebrated place, with the erroneous impression, that it contains at least one extraordinary linguist. But I must confess, that it appeared not a little amusing, that every thing of literature in the States, with which one grapples, dwindles into mere pretence, and vanishes into air. I observed, when in the Cambridge library, a copy of Dr. *Wilkin's* Sanscrit Grammar, and found its pages free from the finger marks of transatlantic students. May it long continue so, and be a true index of university intelligence, where it has been so carefully preserved. Whilst literary honors and emoluments are so sparingly dispensed, there is no fear of its derangement or disfigurement.'

After the specimens which our readers have already had of Mr. Fidler's literary qualifications, they will probably consider his pretension to *grapple* with the literature of *the States*, and pass sentence *ex cathedrâ* upon its amount and value, at least as *farcical*, as any thing that occurred at his interviews with Dr. Jenks. Of the extent of that gentleman's Oriental learning. we are not informed. We shall presently see that Mr. Fidler, during his stay in Boston, fell into company with another gentleman, well known to the public both abroad and at home by his writings as an Oriental scholar, and notwithstanding his 'fitting self-confidence,' that he had little to apprehend from a trial of skill with any Orientalist in the United States, either shrunk from *grappling* with him, or has prudently refrained from informing the world of the results of the contest. Whether our author really possesses the profound knowledge of the Oriental languages and literature to which he lays claim, is, in our opinion, exceedingly doubtful. If his acquirements in this line were as extraordinary as he modestly represents them, he would not have met with so lamentable a failure at home.

The few remarks, which he makes upon the subject, are far from removing the impression created by the ill success of his school in England. He tells us, for example, in the above extract, that 'the Sanscrit is now thought by the best judges to be the origin of the Greek language.' We hardly need to say that it is not 'thought by the best judges,' but known to all who are moderately well informed upon the common topics of general philology, that the Sanscrit is the basis not only of the Greek, but of the Latin, and all the Teutonic and Celtic tongues. Again:—'Every *euphonic change* in Greek and *in every other language* may be referred to the principles of the Sanscrit.' In whatever sense the phrase *euphonic changes* may be here taken, which the reverend gentleman appears to employ in a manner peculiar to himself, the remark is equally absurd, and betrays either gross ignorance, or the silliest spirit of wanton exaggeration. Mr. Pickering, for example, could have told him a very different story about the aboriginal languages of this continent. We suppose the truth to be, that our author knows about enough Sanscrit and Arabic, to explain to students the grammar and vocabulary. If questioned upon any point of learning beyond this, we suspect that he would find himself as much at a loss, as he did when called upon to converse with Dr. Lieber upon the recent discoveries in Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Our readers will perceive, that Mr. Pickering is here represented as saying, that there is no literature in this country. Mr. Pickering is himself a literary man of distinction, known as such to the world by several works of acknowledged value, prudent and judicious in his statements, and quite incapable of saying any thing so utterly absurd. He probably made some observation upon the subject, in the tone of modesty with which men of education and refinement habitually express themselves, upon points involving in any way their own personal pretensions. The reply of Mr. Fidler must have satisfied him, that he was throwing his pearls in a direction expressly prohibited in Scripture. Mr. Pickering, like all other well-informed persons, knows perfectly well, that there is in the United States more literature, in the proper sense of the term, that is, more investigation and discussion in print of all subjects involving the great existing interests of society, such as Government, Religion, Education, Public and Private Economy, and the various elegant and useful arts of life, than, taking the whole together, there is in any other country. That some of the merely

ornamental and curious branches of learning are more assiduously cultivated and carried to higher perfection elsewhere, than they are with us, is probably true: but where this is the case, the practical part of literature is proportionately at a lower ebb, and if we cannot have both at once, the shirt without the ruffle seems to be at least as important, as the ruffle without the shirt.

The most amusing scene in our author's adventures at Boston occurred at the house of Mr. Pickering himself, where Mr. Fidler was invited the night before he left town.

'On the evening previous to my leaving Boston, Mr. P. invited me to take tea at his house. There were four literary gentlemen invited to meet me, but they were not all present at tea. Some of them came late in the evening. Dr. J. and the German gentleman I have already mentioned, were two, and besides a student and a young gentleman who had spent some time at the Levant, Mr. H.'

This 'young gentleman who had spent some time at the Levant' was Mr. Hodgson, the person alluded to above as an Oriental scholar of distinction. He had for some years preceding been attached to the Consulate at Algiers, which, in the geography of Mr. Fidler, is probably situated in the Levant; and at the period in question was about embarking at Boston for Constantinople, where he is now employed as Interpreting Secretary to the Legation. Mr. H. is known to the public as a linguist and Orientalist by his memoirs on the Berber language in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, and by his translation from the Arabic of the Travels of Hadgee Ebn-ed-Din El Eghwaatee in the interior of Africa, which was published at London in 1830 by the Oriental Translation Society.* It is remarkable that with this translation looking him in the face, as one of the latest publications in his own branch of learning previously to his departure from London, Mr. Fidler has the hardihood to affirm, that there is not a person in the United States, who can read Arabic.† In charity to his moral qualities, we are bound to

* See a notice of these works in the Review, Vol. XXXV. p. 54.

† The Oriental languages and literature are taught as a regular branch of study in our principal literary institutions. The Professorship at Cambridge, the best-endowed chair of the kind in the country, was vacant at the time when Mr. Fidler visited Boston; and had he possessed the requisite qualifications, might probably have been offered him. We happen to know that a gentleman, connected with the gov-

suppose that our author takes so little interest in Oriental learning, as not to be acquainted with the publications respecting it, that are made under his own eye. Anxious, however, as he professes to have been, for a trial of skill with an

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ernment of the college, called upon him for the purpose of learning something about his pretensions and character, and with the intention of recommending him as a candidate for the vacant place, had he appeared to be a suitable person. Mr. Fidler, after a visit of about a week, had left Boston, and the account given of him by the few persons who saw him was not such, as to render it expedient to take any further steps in the business.

As to the success with which the Oriental languages and literature are cultivated in this country, we believe we hazard nothing in saying, that the standard in this branch of learning is now, at least as high as in England. We are sustained in this opinion by the authority of some of the most competent judges in England, as appears from the following letters, which were published in the Biblical Repository for October, 1831. We hardly need to say, that no name in England carries with it higher authority in Oriental learning than that of Professor Lee, who is really, what Mr. Fidler erroneously supposes himself to be, a person of 'more than ordinary acquirements.'

Extract from a letter addressed to the Editor of the Biblical Repository, by the Rev. Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic and Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, England, under date of London, June 5, 1831.

'My dear Sir,

'I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of June 20, which came duly to hand, and for the first number of your Biblical Repository. It will be a great satisfaction to me to open a correspondence with you, and to contribute all the encouragement, advice, &c. I can, to your praiseworthy undertaking. It delights me and all my Cambridge friends to find, that *our American neighbors are really outstripping us in the cause of Biblical literature.* May He, whose cause you are laboring to promote, strengthen your hands a hundred fold! I am quite sure you will find no unholy rivalry here; although I do hope you will find us endeavoring to keep up the race, as well as the contention necessary to secure that crown, which fadeth not away. I have seen a copy of the new edition of Professor Stuart's Hebrew grammar, and the industry of its author is new matter for my admiration of him.'

Extract from a letter addressed to Professor Stuart, of the Andover Theological Institution, by the Rev. D. Henderson, Professor of Theology in Highbury College near London, under date of Feb. 22, 1831.

'My dear Sir,

'I cannot proceed farther, without tendering to you my best thanks for the copy of the new edition of your Hebrew Grammar. I was already well acquainted with it, and quite agree with you as to the importance of the more condensed form in which it appears. *Even as it is, it is, however, I am sorry to say, too formidable for most of my countrymen,* who have got so spoiled by the habit of learning the language without points, or with them so superficially, that I fear few copies will be in demand.'

American Orientalist, one would think that this interview with Mr. Hodgson would have been eagerly embraced for this purpose; but whether he was wholly unacquainted with that gentleman's reputation and writings, and considered him, as he describes him, as merely 'a young man who had spent some time at the Levant,' too obscure to occupy for a moment the attention of a British clergyman of 'more than ordinary acquirements,' or whether the results of the conversation,—if any took place,—were not such as to awaken agreeable recollections of it in our author's mind, certain it is, that he makes no other allusion to Mr. H. than is contained in the above passage. We have been given to understand, on sufficient authority, that Mr. Fidler displayed on this occasion, not merely the general want of information and grossness of manner which distinguished him every where, but the most lament-

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We take this occasion to recommend to our readers the Biblical Repository, as one of the most valuable periodical works, in the department of learning to which it is devoted, that appear in the country. The editor, Professor Robinson of the Andover Theological Institution, and his able coadjutors, particularly Professor Stuart, are entitled to the highest credit for the zeal, learning, ability and liberality with which they conduct this work. Though published at an institution commonly regarded as the head-quarters of orthodoxy, it has nothing sectarian about it, and does not exclude from its pages the views even of the ultra-liberal German rationalists. We noticed, for example, in the last number, a translation from the German of De Wette's Introduction to the Psalms. The same number contains an excellent article by Dr. Reynolds of this city, upon the best means of preventing and remedying diseases of the eyes. We sincerely regret that the multifarious and unwearied labors of Professor Robinson have seriously impaired his health, but trust that the visit to Europe, on which he is now absent, will restore it, while it furnishes him with fresh materials for use on his return.

As to the state of Greek literature in this country, of which Mr. Fidler also expresses a very poor opinion, we need only refer him to the beautiful Homer, with Flaxman's Illustrations, and the translation from the German of Buttman's larger Greek grammar, which have been published here this summer, the former by Professor Felton of Cambridge, and the latter by the indefatigable Professor Robinson of Andover. We know of no publications of equal value, in this branch of learning, that have appeared during the present year in England. The translation of Buttman will no doubt be *borrowed* in England, as happened in the case of Mr. Everett's translation of the smaller grammar of the same author. We hope, for the honor of the mother country, that the English publisher will not, in this instance, as in the other, in that of Mrs. Child's Mother's Book, and several cases of a similar kind, attempt to exalt his own merit by false statements in regard to the form in which the work republished appeared in America.

able ignorance of the ordinary learning of his own peculiar branch of philology. Instead of directing his conversation to Mr. Hodgson, our author seems to have fastened at once upon the young student.

'The student, a youth of sixteen, was introduced as a prodigy of learning, and an Arabic scholar. Mr. P.'s son had been employed two years in tuition, between his leaving the university, and engaging in the profession of the law. This youth had been his pupil, and was reported to be an extraordinary specimen of genius. Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar was produced, and I desired him to pronounce a few of the first words of the story of the Bulbul. He commenced spelling the first word, as a child does his a-b ab's. "Can you not read the words," inquired I, "without mentioning the letters?" To which he answered, that he knew most of the letters, but could not pronounce the words. I inquired how long he had applied himself to Arabic, to which he answered, two years. I then explained to him the discipline of our schools in England, which is generally so strict as to preclude the possibility of a student's time being so long occupied, in acquiring the characters of a language. "You must many times," continued I, "have endured the infliction of chastisement, for such unprecedented neglect and idleness, had you been educated in England." I perceived that *discipline* and *chastisement* sounded harsh upon his ears, and *he retired from the party at an early hour.*'

It appears from this passage, that in order to ascertain what progress had been made by a young man, who had been studying Arabic two years, Mr. Fidler examined him in Persian. Had he been studying Sanscrit, the worthy divine would probably have set him to reading Chinese. This is really too good. The power of reading and talking one language, after studying another, is doubtless one of the results of the newly discovered faculties of *mental* and *lingual volidity;* but Mr. Fidler should have recollected, that the organs corresponding with these faculties are not yet developed in the American cranium, and have taken compassion upon our imperfect state of civilization. Finding that the student could not stand this test, Mr. F., it seems, informed him in substance, that if he were in England, he would be soundly flogged for his negligence. 'You must many times,' continued I, 'have endured the infliction of chastisement for such unprecedented neglect and idleness, had you been educated in England.' Truly a most agreeable and civil speech for one gentleman to address to another, whom

he happens to meet in the ordinary intercourse of society! Strange as it may seem, the student does not appear to have been particularly delighted with it. 'I perceived that *discipline* and *chastisement* sounded harsh upon his ears, and he retired from the party at an early hour.' The poor student probably thought that a person, who was capable of saying such a thing, would be likely enough to follow up the word by the action; and that the best course he could take to prevent an attack upon his *rear*, as Mrs. Trollope elegantly has it, would be to effect an immediate retreat from the field. Having thus cleared the room of the student, Mr. Fidler next applied his *locomotive* faculties to the 'well-known German author,' who was also of the party.

'The German author, who had before vented his indignation against the aristocracy of England, now resumed the same subject; and repeated many accusations entirely unfounded, and which nothing but prejudice could dictate. This he did, to demonstrate his attachment to a republican form of government, and to expose my political views. He dwelt particularly on the pride and immorality of our nobles. I ventured to dispute his statements and inferences, thus unnecessarily obtruded and reiterated; and witnessed also his *hasty and untimely exit.*'

The following anecdote, which is extracted from another part of the work, shows that our author's conversation was of a not less *moving* character on other occasions, than it was at Mr. Pickering's house.

'I never was so much at a loss how to conduct myself properly, as at an American table. Sometimes a few observations are made, but they always end abruptly, unless rendered palatable by flattery. A physician of some eminence boarded at the same house, and ate at the same table with ourselves; he one day asserted, that literature and scholars in America were infinitely raised above those of Europe, and of England in particular. I mentioned to him my experience in America, and what I had noticed at Boston. He grew rather warm at my narrations and remarks, and said, "You must admit, at the least, that American physicians are above those of England, in sound knowledge, and in physic?" "I could hardly conceive," I replied, "that, in a country so recently peopled, and so sparing in pecuniary and honorary recompense to professional talent, any first-rate physicians could be found. Were American institutions on so excellent a plan, as to produce attainments of sufficient

brilliancy to shine in England, their possessors would never be satisfied with the state of things in their own country, but would emigrate to climates more congenial to their acquired perceptions, where their talents might be appreciated and rewarded." "You have slandered our country," he indignantly exclaimed, "and could never gain a comfortable living in it." "Some of your own clergy and professors were of a different opinion," said I, "and encouraged me to open a school, at respectable terms. I have contented myself with making inquiries respecting professions in general, and my own in particular, and have discovered that America has nothing to confer which could allure my stay." *He shortly after left the table*, and for three days seated himself at another place, where he could exchange neither words nor looks.

To return, however, to the party at Mr. Pickering's:—the company was now reduced to Dr. J. and Mr. Hodgson; and Mr. Pickering, if he expected to take much comfort in their society, must have been by this time pretty well prepared to return the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to our author's own lips, by showing him the way to the door. Whether this was in fact done, we are not informed, but it would seem that Mr. Fidler, on reviewing the next day the transactions of the evening, felt that he had an account of some sort to settle with Mr. Pickering, and addressed him the following letter.

'Your friend, Dr. L., appears to have imbibed either in England or elsewhere, notions of our aristocracy, which do himself no credit, and them no harm. They are not likely to be injured by illiberal observations made in a sweeping manner against their order, by persons who could never have an opportunity of knowing their real character. As to their being the proudest aristocracy in Europe, it is true; and it is equally true that the very shop-keepers of respectability in London are, in talents, education, and wealth, higher, generally speaking, than the aristocracy of any other nation. England, as a nation, is among nations, what her aristocracy is among the aristocracies of the earth; she stands supreme, and will do so, for generations yet unborn, unless she persists in her present infatuation, forgetful of her high state, and of the Being who conferred it.'

'I perceive, that a foreigner, to gain the favor of the American public, must vilify his own nation, and condemn all hereditary rule. The *native Americans* sit wrapped up in self-complacency, and inhale the grateful fragrance of slavish adulation.

The swindler, the profligate, the idle, the disaffected,—they who have deprived others of their property, or who have squandered their own, find that the price of American patronage is cheaply paid: they flatter and falsify. A person of higher principles, who is able by his talents and industry to maintain himself in Europe, will never stoop to this sort of baseness."

Considered as a parting letter to a native American, who had spontaneously and without Mr. Fidler's having the slightest claim of any kind upon him, shown that gentleman great courtesy, it must be owned that this is a most judicious and civil production. It appears, that our author had imbibed in England the same opinion of the aristocracy which he attributes to Dr. Lieber, having been, as he says himself, a 'downright radical,' and having changed his views only in consequence of his ill success in this country. As Dr. Lieber has, we understand, succeeded very well here, he has not of course had the same motive for reforming his political creed, which prevailed with our author, and we cannot consider it as fair or reasonable in the latter to be angry with him for not having done so. The intimation, that because Dr. Lieber has succeeded where Mr. Fidler did not, the former must necessarily be a 'profligate, idle, disaffected swindler, who has deprived other people of their property, or squandered his own,' and the latter 'a person of higher principles, who is able by his talents and industry to maintain himself in Europe, and would not stoop to this kind of baseness,' is as incorrect as it is unhandsome. Mr. Fidler himself admits, that he was not able to maintain himself at home; and if he will reflect a little, he cannot but be sensible that a person of talent, address and an amiable and conciliatory deportment, without practising any unworthy arts, may very well succeed under circumstances, in which another of inferior accomplishments and repulsive manners would entirely fail. The fact, that Mr. Fidler's presence regularly cleared the room where he was of all other company, ought to have given him *considerable enlightment* upon the causes that prevented his success. He should have applied to his own case, *mutatis mutandis*, his remark upon the Americans, and 'when he found that no really respectable and well informed person would continue in his company longer than his business or the purposes of travelling required, should have concluded that something not entirely attractive pervaded his personal character.'

His remark, that 'the very shopkeepers of respectability in London are, in talents, education and *wealth* higher, generally speaking, than the aristocracy of any other nation,' is a good specimen of nationality run mad; but we cannot find it in our hearts to be very severe upon our author for it, when we recollect that no less a personage than Lord Chancellor Eldon, if correctly reported in the newspapers, declared, in a speech before the House of Peers, that 'he felt to the bottom of his heart, that the meanest subject of the king of Great Britain was better than the highest of any other sovereign on the globe.' The Infantados, Esterhazys, Chartoriskis, and Sheremetieffs of the continent would, however, be rather surprised to learn, that they are outdone even in *wealth*, (to say nothing of *education* and *talents*,) by the respectable shop-keepers of Holborn and the Strand. Our author is not aware that in civilized countries, where there is no middling class, and where the mass of the people are in a degraded condition, the aristocracy must necessarily possess a proportionally greater share of wealth and power than they possibly can, where political advantages are more equally distributed. Under such circumstances, they are also, in general, as much more accomplished and energetic, as they are more powerful and wealthy than the same classes in a mixed government, where experience shows that they commonly sink into sloth, and give up all care even of their own property. We may say, perhaps, without fear of contradiction, that the Russian nobles of the present day are the most accomplished, high-minded and effective, as well as the most powerful and wealthy aristocracy in Europe. We extract, in illustration of these remarks, and by way of relief to Mr. Fidler's *Jérémiades*, the account given by a recent writer of good authority, of his reception at the residence of Count Potocki at Toulchin in Poland. In the course of our experiences among the shop-keepers of London, we have met with no one that kept an establishment of the same extent. The narrative is taken from a work entitled the Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna.

'The family mansion of the Potockis at Toulchin, commonly called the palace of Toulchin, is one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. It is built in the most elegant style of modern architecture, and is furnished in a manner suitable to its external magnificence. Over its portico is written, in large gold letters, the following sentiment, in the Polish language:

May it ever be the abode of virtue and freedom!

The wish therein expressed is no doubt praiseworthy; but its application would have been more suitable to the house of Socrates, than to a palace in Poland.

'Having been formerly known to the Countess Potocki at St. Petersburg, where she had given me a pressing invitation to visit her at Toulchin, I hastened, on my arrival there, to pay my respects to her. My companion was a still older acquaintance of hers than myself, and we proceeded together to the palace. We met with the most friendly reception from the countess, who rebuked us for not having gone straight to her house, to take up our abode there during the stay we might feel disposed to make in Toulchin. She gave orders immediately for our carriages, servants, and baggage to be brought from the place at which we had left them, not suffering us even to go and fetch them ourselves.

'As the Countess Potocki made this her chief place of residence, Toulchin might have been called the El Dorado of Poland. The time we spent there, though only limited to a few weeks, forms one of the most agreeable periods of my existence. Besides the members of the family, consisting of the countess, her eight sons and daughters, and her daughter-in-law, the young and amiable Countess de Witt, a great number of ladies were attached to the household, either as relatives, or *dames de compagnie*. There were also two foreigners of considerable merit, retained as instructers to the sons of the countess; one was the Abbé de Chalenton, a French emigrant priest, who had been preceptor to the Counts Armand and Jules de Polignac; the other was Mr. Allan, the English historical painter, who was commissioned by the countess to execute for her a variety of pictures destined for the gallery of the palace, besides teaching the art of drawing to her children. A suite of apartments and two attendants were assigned to each guest and each inmate, and it was the established rule that every one should consider himself at home, asking for all he wanted, keeping any hours most convenient to him, disposing of his time as he pleased, and not even appearing at the public dinner table, if it best suited him to dine in his own apartments. This, however, was only done in cases of indisposition, and the countess's dinner table was always attended by all the family and visiters. Indeed the charms of conversation were never more attractive, than during the sumptuous banquets which constituted the ordinary fare at the palace of Toulchin, and no one would willingly have foregone their enjoyment. The interval between coffee and tea was usually spent in walking in the extensive gardens, or riding out either in open carriages or on horseback. After tea, music, cards, and con-

versation went on among the senior portion of the society, and *des petits jeux* among the juniors, who not unfrequently tempted even the gravest among us to join them in their juvenile sports. I recollect one evening the game of blindman's buff becoming so universal, that, among the numerous persons present, none but the countess had abstained from taking an active part.

'One of the most remarkable features of a protracted residence in the palace of Toulchin, was the frequent and almost uninterrupted appearance there of persons of eminence and celebrity in Russia and in Poland, as well as of travellers of distinction from various parts of the world. None came within thirty or forty wersts of Toulchin, without deviating from their regular course in order to pay their personal respects to the countess; and parties of her friends and acquaintance came all the way from St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and other distant parts, for the express purpose of visiting her. There was therefore a constant succession of arrivals and departures, which, far from giving that annoyance of which one would suppose so much bustle to be productive, appeared to form a source of incessant gratification to the amiable hostess. With her, in fact, it was as if she re sided in one of the capitals of the empire. Her acquaintances were almost as frequently under her roof, as if they only resided a street or two from her residence. Here, however, she was enabled to receive them without that restraint, more or less imposed by the regulations of social intercourse in great capitals, and their visits thereby became far more agreeable.

'To convey an idea of the manner in which time was disposed of in the palace of Toulchin, I will give some account of the manner I spent mine, during the whole month of July that I participated in its friendly hospitalities. I got up between seven and eight in the morning, and proceeded to bathe, sometimes in an artificial river which has been made to run through the garden, and at other times in one of the Turkish baths, of which several are always ready for immediate use. I breakfasted at ten in my own *salon*, read, wrote, or rode out between that time and one o'clock, at which hour I always proceeded to the countess's private sitting room, to pay my respects to her. After remaining with her about an hour, passed in the most agreeable conversation, I proceeded to the apartments of others, either inmates or visiters like myself, with whom I generally stayed till three, when the dinner bell summoned us all to the banqueting hall, where a table with fifty covers was always prepared. This dining room was laid out in a manner which answered the purpose of a museum of works of sculpture, and a conservatory of odoriferous plants indigenous to almost every part of the globe.

The dinner generally lasted an hour and a half. On getting up from table, we proceeded to an extensive *orangerie*, to which three glass folding doors opened, where coffee and ices were served. Here the arrangements for the evening promenade were discussed and settled, after which the ladies retired to their chambers to prepare themselves for going out, leaving the gentlemen to spend the interval in conversation or chess playing. At six, a sufficient number of open carriages and saddle horses were ready, and we rode out till half past seven. At eight we all took tea in one of the suite of drawing-rooms, where we remained till eleven, at which hour supper was announced. Most of the company retired at half past twelve, and at one in the morning I went to bed.'

It is but just to our author to say, that in one or two instances, the cloud of discontent and ill-humor, which commonly enveloped him, cleared away, and permitted him to witness, with some satisfaction, what was going on around him. On these occasions, his mode of expressing his approbation, and the causes which he assigns for it are even more curious, than the grave dissertations of his darker hours. We have, in fact, in the course of our reading, met with nothing to be compared with the gaiety of the Rev. Isaac Fidler, excepting, perhaps, the simple joy of his prototype, the worthy Dominie, on discovering himself to be, by some mysterious intervention of Providence, arrayed in a new suit of apparel. The reader has already had a specimen of our author's sportive mood, in his remarks upon the 'reciprocated intercourse of cattle' in Canada, and will find another in the following account of the manner of observing the return of New Year's day at New York, on which occasion the natives, it seems, practise the 'singular custom' of exchanging visits. Mr. Fidler is apparently not aware, that this practice also prevails in every other part of the United States, and in all parts of every other country on the globe, from China to Peru.

'There is a singular custom, which prevails in New-York, but, I am informed, in no other part of the Union: on New-year's Day, all gentlemen call on their female friends, to renew or perpetuate their friendship. A lawyer, with whom I had contracted an intimacy, introduced me on that day to about thirty ladies. The rounds of calls we made, occupied our time from nine in the morning till seven at night. In almost every house we entered, we found other gentlemen on the same errand. It would be regarded as unpardonably rude in any lady, to treat with indiffer-

ence a gentleman, who had honored her with his call. This is often the commencement of new acquaintances, or the reconciliation of former ones which were broken off, or discontinued. All the ladies we called on, as is universally the case, had prepared cakes, sweetmeats, wines, cordials, &c., in great profusion, in readiness to exhilarate and regale their visitors. They were themselves, in general, very elegantly decked out and beautified. All appearance of mercenary business was wholly laid aside, and calculating penury had its annual slumber. Many gentlemen jaunted about in sleighs, a kind of carriage which slides upon the snow, to pay their devotions to the fair recluses; ladies on this day not being permitted, from punctilios of etiquette, to stray from home. The scene to me was as gratifying as it was new. All was animation, cheerfulness, and friendly feeling. The Americans seem, on this occasion, to have light hearts and buoyant spirits, and fulfil as much as any nation the command, "Take no thought for the morrow." Thus some traits in their character are extremely pleasing to a foreigner. This was the only occasion, on which I saw the bright side of American sociability. In the midst of this joyous and festive gaiety, my fancy whispered, that the Americans are really a pleasant people. But the day, with all its pleasures, passed away, and I was forced to moderate my flattering conclusions!'

We must now take our leave of the Rev. Isaac Fidler and his Observations, to which our readers will probably think that we have already devoted more attention than they deserve. We have noticed his book, because we consider it as a curiosity in its way,—a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the strain of thought and feeling in which it is written. It is quite singular, that this should have been furnished by a traveller, whose education and profession would have justified us in expecting from him, with more confidence than from almost any of his predecessors, not only the 'more than ordinary acquirements' which he makes no scruple of formally claiming, but the manners and feelings of a gentleman.

It would of course be a waste of time and labor to undertake to answer seriously any charges against the national character, contained in such a work as the one before us. There is, however, one view of the subject, which we think must suggest itself very forcibly to the mind of any person of the slightest reflection, and on which we propose, in conclusion, to say a few words. We allude to the complete opposition between the representations given in the work before us, and in most others

of the same class, of the English and American characters, which, from the nature of the case, must be, as they in fact are, substantially the same. The worthies who indite these books, while in the act of pouring out the bitter vials of their wrath upon the Americans, are constantly professing the highest admiration, respect, esteem and love for 'England and the English.' Mr. Fidler, for example, as we have already seen, represents England as 'standing supreme among the nations.' 'Her very shopkeepers are higher in talents, education and wealth, than the aristocracy of any other nation.' 'A third rate talent in (the) professions, (in England) is certainly equal to the highest in *the States.*' Such is the uniform burden of the song, and in one of the closing chapters, we find the whole summed up in the following magnificent eulogium on the English character.

'This great reformation in the moral world has, under Providence, been principally achieved by the English nation, and cannot but be contemplated, by every traveller possessing British feelings, with peculiar interest and pleasure. He will find, in every place he visits, multitudes of fellow-countrymen who have emigrated thither, and introduced with themselves a portion of the arts and sciences of their paternal land. He will find them, wherever they *locate*, converting the barren wilderness and the almost impervious forests, into smiling and fertile regions, producing supplies for their own necessities, and enabling them to contribute, by the channels thus opened to trade and commerce, to the employment, and consequently to the comfort and happiness of tens of thousands.

'The English, by their enterprise and skill, and by unwearied perseverance, impart energy and life to those around them, and serve as an example to the whole world of what, under Providence, may be accomplished by a nation influenced in an eminent degree by the principles of honor, integrity, and virtue, and giving expression to those principles by unparalleled exertions, and widening the sphere of their utility. Wherever they advance, the rigors of despotism cease, the savage loses the ferocity of his nature, and adopts the habits of civilized man. They have discovered that the pure religion of the Gospel is too spiritual to be comprehended by men whose minds are swayed by ignorance and superstition, and have founded seminaries of instruction in all countries over which their empire is extended. In short, they appear to have been placed as lights in the world, as a centre from which the whole earth might be irradiated, and have been chiefly instrumental in producing a moral and religious

reformation in pagan countries. Those, in every country, who speak their language, and have access to their literature, imbibe, more extensively than others, the spirit of civil and religious freedom, and are distinguished in dignity of sentiment and action above the rest of mankind. The nearer any nation approaches to the laws, the constitution, and the customs of England, the nearer it approaches to perfect freedom; and every deviation from these is, in general, a deviation from dignity and greatness.'

Now, without stopping to inquire how much of all this is strictly true;—and, for ourselves, we are not disposed to deny the general justice of the picture;—we would, for the present, merely ask of this learned Theban, how, supposing this to be a correct representation of the English character, the Americans can possibly be the base, worthless, selfish, degraded, ignorant horde of sharpers, which he is pleased to represent us? Is not the American English? Is he not of all Englishmen the most English,—a Hebrew of the Hebrews? Is he not precisely the Englishman, directly and particularly alluded to in the above extract, as 'emigrating to foreign countries, and introducing with him a portion of the arts and sciences of his paternal land:'—'converting the barren wilderness and almost impervious forest into smiling and fertile regions, producing supplies for their own necessities, and enabling them to contribute by the channels thus opened to trade and commerce, to the employment, and consequently to the comfort and happiness of tens of thousands:'—'imparting energy and life to those around him,'—'giving expression to his principles by unparalleled exertions,'—'founding seminaries of instruction in all countries over which their empire extended?' If the whole English race are to be exalted to the third heaven upon the strength of what the Americans have done, it is rather hard that these same Americans should be sent without ceremony in a body to the opposite region, merely because they did not exhibit quite so much alacrity as might have been wished, in learning Sanscrit of an itinerant British pedagogue.

The most compendious, and at the same time accurate description of the American character which we recollect to have met with, was contained in a remark which we heard in conversation some years ago, from an intelligent native of the continent of Europe.* '*Les Américains*,' said he, '*sont des Anglais*

* The Chevalier de Rayner, whom the writer had the pleasure of knowing as the Minister of the King of Naples at the Court of the Netherlands.

renforcés.' Literally,—the Americans are Englishmen *reinforced:*—in other words,—the Americans are more thoroughly English, than the English themselves:—they are a branch of the English race, in which the characteristic qualities of the common stock display themselves in a fuller state of development, than in that which remains in the mother country. Of these qualities, the principal one, and that which determines the existence of the rest, is a bold and lofty spirit of independence, which leads the individual to insist with uncompromising steadiness, at all hazards, upon the security of his personal rights, and which has resulted, even in the mother country, in the establishment of the freest government, at least upon any thing like so large a scale, that the world had ever seen before the formation of ours. The same noble spirit, exhibiting itself in a still more determined and vigorous form in this country, in the first place effected our political emancipation, and afterwards gave us a form of government still more free than that of England. The tendency of free institutions, which afford at the same time a full security for personal rights and property, is to produce among the people prevailing habits of industry, activity, enterprise and the moral qualities, such as temperance, prudence and fidelity in the ordinary social relations, to which these habits naturally lead. These are accordingly the prominent traits in the English character on both sides of the water; and we probably hazard nothing in saying, that they are still more prominent here than in England. The English have been for two or three centuries the most industrious, active, and enterprising nation in Europe. This is amply attested by their superior success in policy and war, in trade, and manufactures, and in almost every department of public and private affairs. Certain as this is, it is not less so, that the Americans have been at least equally industrious, active, and enterprising with their brethren abroad, and, in proportion to their means, have perhaps accomplished even more. If the English, during this period, have greatly augmented their wealth, population, and political influence;—have raised their government from the rank of a second or third, to that of a first rate member of the European commonwealth;—have, in fact, rendered a little island on the North-west coast of Europe one of the leading States of the world, the Americans, on their side, have founded, in an unexplored wilderness, a magnificent empire, which, in every thing that constitutes the real greatness

and glory of a community, already approaches, and, in all probability, will shortly surpass, the parent State.

The equal, if not superior activity, industry and enterprise of the Americans, is evinced in a more familiar way, by the generally acknowledged fact, that, in the business transactions between natives of the two countries, the American is commonly found to succeed better and to realize a larger profit than the Englishman. This fact is confirmed by the testimony of our author. He represents himself as having conversed upon the subject with a great number of his countrymen, who all agreed that 'an American could twist an Englishman round his finger; could see farther into matters, hood-winked, than an Englishman with both his eyes open; could make a fortune by selling the same merchandise by which an Englishman would become bankrupt, and could always gain a living where an Englishman would starve.' 'This,' says Mr. Fidler, 'as far as my own experience goes, or my inquiries could reach, is perfectly accurate.'—He accounts for the fact, on the supposition that Englishmen commonly possess more capital than Americans; as if, in the transaction of business, the possession of capital were a disadvantage. 'The reason of it,' says he, 'is *self-evident*. Americans have rarely much capital: an Englishman with capital is not likely to gain much from an American *without any*. Money, if they continue long together, will always change hands; but no inspired prophet is needed to foretell into whose pocket it will go.' Our author's political economy is as great a curiosity as his natural history. He seems to belong to the same school with the author of the President's Veto on the Bank Bill, where it is maintained that a nation is grievously impoverished and injured by being allowed the use of foreign capital. The old-fashioned doctrine on the subject has always been that the possession of capital is an advantage, and if this be the case, the want of it is a disadvantage, which the Americans have had to contend with, and have overcome, whenever in any branch of business they have met with greater success than the English. When Mr. Fidler says, that 'an Englishmen *with capital* is not likely to gain much from an American *without any*,' instead of solving the question, he only states it anew, in a still more difficult form than before. Nor can it be solved on the puerile supposition, that the success of the American is the effect of trick and fraud. In all sorts of business, honesty we all know is the best policy, and the only one that in the long run and on a great scale is attended with profit. The sharper Jenkinson,

in the Vicar of Wakefield, cheats honest Flamborough out of the value of a horse, as regularly as the annual fair came round, notwithstanding which, Jenkinson goes through life as a poor sharper, and Flamborough as a thriving, prosperous and independent franklin. In the same way, Figaro, in the play, employs more genius in intriguing for his master, than would be required for the government of the thirteen kingdoms of Europe, and gets as his reward the wages of a domestic servant. These are true pictures of the course of things in real life, where steady attention and habitual uprightness are the only principles of permanent success, which will of course be more or less brilliant, according to the degree of activity and enterprise by which they are accompanied. The former qualities belong alike to the English and Americans, perhaps in equal degrees, and both nations have accordingly met with the success, which those who possess them deserve and will always secure. If the success of the English in America has been even more remarkable than that of the English in England, it can only be, because the former, under the influence of a still more liberal, though, as we trust, equally stable and protecting constitution, have exhibited in a still higher degree the activity and enterprise to which free government naturally leads.

Look, for example, at the state of the carrying trade between the two countries. The distance from New York to Liverpool is just as great as from Liverpool to New York. The navigation act, which is supposed to have wrested the peaceful sceptre of maritime ascendancy from the Dutch, and placed it in the hands of the English, operates with the same relentless spirit of exclusion upon us, as it does upon 'the swag-bellied Hollanders.' Wages are always higher in this country than they are in England. The comparative want of capital is a disadvantage on our side. Why is it, then, that from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the trade in question always have been and are now in the hands of the Americans? There is no room here for even a suspicion of trick or fraud. Every accidental circumstance is against us. Why is it then, we ask again, that while England has almost the whole of the carrying trade with every other nation with which she deals, with us, and us alone, the case is reversed in this extraordinary way? We know no other rational answer than that our ship-builders, ship-owners, and mariners, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they originally labored, and to a certain extent even now labor, have, by superior activity and enterprise, overcome the competition of Eng-

land, driven her out of the common market, and taken the whole trade into their own hands. This is the simple common sense view of the subject, and, in our opinion, the correct one.

The same circumstances, which have developed the valuable traits in the common English character to a greater extent in this country than in England, have also brought out the weak points in bolder relief. A stern spirit of personal independence, and a restless activity in matters of merely economical concern, are naturally attended, when they run at all into excess, by an absorption in self, and an indifference to the charities and graces of social life, which throw an air of rudeness over the exterior of society. This has accordingly been always noted by friends and foes as the prominent defect in the English character, as exhibited in Europe, and the justice of the censure seems to be apparent in the general consent with which the homely title of *John Bull*, invented by the wits of Queen Anne's time, has been adopted and sanctioned abroad and at home. This defect,—if we can place any confidence at all in the strictures of our transatlantic friends,—has not been softened by the process of transplantation.

But the most decisive proof, that the English character has, in fact, been *reinforced* on this side of the Atlantic, and exhibits itself here in a more active, complete and vigorous form than it has ever done before, is to be found in the nature and probable results of the political struggle now going on in England. It will hardly be disputed by intelligent observers at a distance, however some of the immediate actors may still disguise the fact from themselves, that this struggle is at bottom a war between American and British principles of government,—between Representative Democracy, with its equality of personal rights, its universal suffrage and its elective magistracies on the one hand, and the British Constitution, with its privileged orders, and established church, its packed House of Commons, and its hereditary King and House of Lords on the other. We say not at present whether the American principles are better or worse in themselves than the British, nor whether it is or is not expedient to attempt to introduce them into England; we only affirm, that these American and British principles are respectively the real watch-words of the two contending parties; and that, if the reformers ultimately obtain complete success, the British Constitution will go down, and the banner of pure representative democracy wave in triumph on the towers of Westminster Hall. It is needless to en-

large on this view of the subject, which we have already set forth very fully in two preceding articles, the general strain of which had the fortune to meet the assent of the most intelligent members of both the political parties in England. The present struggle in the mother country, considered under this point of view, is, therefore, a warfare between the American and English minds; or rather between the English mind, as expanded, developed, invigorated, *reinforced* by exercising itself in untrammelled freedom for more than two centuries in the boundless field of action presented by the New World, and the same mind, as modified by being to a certain extent 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in,' to the narrower sphere of the little old fast-anchored isle and the British Constitution. This struggle, so considered, is the third in which the same antagonist forces have appeared in hostile array, contending with each other for the ascendancy on different fields and in different forms; but thus far always with the same success. In the first, which was the War of Independence, the American mind disputed with the British, by physical force, for the possession of its own territory,—in fact, its existence; for with the loss of its scene of action, the spirit itself must have soon become extinct. In the second, which was the War of 1812, the battle-field was the ocean; and now the struggle, assuming for the present the form of a merely political and moral controversy, has been carried home to the head-quarters of the enemy. The comparative strength of the two antagonist forces was pretty well tested in the two former trials, and the opinion on that head, to which their results would naturally lead, is not, from present appearances, very likely to be contradicted by that of the pending one. The American mind appears to have already achieved an entire victory over that of England, even on English ground. The whole British community,—the living, thinking, feeling, moving, acting mass, denominated *The Public*, is thoroughly penetrated, imbued, *saturated*,—if we may use the expression,—with American principles. They have already swept down the Test and Corporation acts;—the restraints on the Catholics;—the blood-stained criminal code;—colonial slavery;—the Chinese monopoly, and above all, the old constitution of the House of Commons.

——— Proximus ardet
Ucalegon. ———

They are now fast undermining the Bank;—the national debt;

—the Church;—the Peerage and the Throne. They already carry all before them in the House of Commons, the real seat of the Government,—occupy the ministerial benches, and thence issue their decrees, in the name of the king. The great modern engine for maintaining political influence, which has been well described as a *Fourth Estate*, more important and powerful than the other three put together,—the Press,—is almost wholly with them. The adversary still presents a feeble show of resistance in the House of Lords, and a few journals hang out here and there the grand hailing sign of distress. It is even rumored that the conqueror of Waterloo is buckling on his rusty armor, and dreaming of a new career of domestic conquest. But what can a few gouty old gentlemen effect, against the almost unanimous will of the people? Even Wellington, though backed by the redoubtable Christopher North,—and no one can estimate the talent and efficiency of either of these champions of legitimacy more highly than we do,—would find himself as powerless, in such a contest, as the renowned Knight of La Mancha and his squire in their encounter with the windmills. Mr. Fidler may call it infatuation:—possibly it is so:—but whether for good or for evil, the decree has gone forth and it must be executed.

It will not answer, therefore, for British writers to continue much longer to disparage the form in which the English character presents itself on this side of the Atlantic, now that Jonathan has, by a sort of Kentish common law, acquired, (morally speaking) possession of the old homestead, and become of course the principal representative of the family.

'Great let me call him, for he conquered me.'

On our side, we shall ever be among the last to depreciate the value of the common English character, as exemplified in England, or to dwell with any other feelings than respect, admiration, and delight, upon the long glories of British history. In representing the American principles of polity as superseding, even in England, the British Constitution, we mean no disparagement to that celebrated model of government, which was well described by one of the most illustrious of our own statesmen,—before the Constitution of the United States existed,—as 'the most stupendous fabric of human invention.' Such, in fact, it then was. Of all the works of man, a real (not paper) constitution of government is by far the highest in order and impor-

tance; and of all constitutions of government, prior to ours, the British was beyond comparison the best; the one which most successfully combined the security of the common body politic with an adequate protection for individual rights and liberty. This noble creation had grown up gradually and continued to flourish through the long period of a thousand years. It had, as we said before, rendered a little island in the German ocean one of the leading powers of the world. It had scattered, wherever its influence extended, the seeds of liberty, humanity, civilization and religion. Under its influence, more had been achieved in philosophy, poetry, and all the useful arts and sciences, than had ever been done before by any one community. But, in the general mutability of all human things, it could not be expected that even this noble monument of wisdom, virtue and fortune would endure forever. It was predicted more than a century ago by one of her greatest admirers, that England would finally lose her political institutions, and perish as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage had perished before her.—This fatal period seems to have arrived, somewhat more suddenly than had been anticipated; and if the signs of the times are at all to be credited, the British Constitution, after surviving, apparently unhurt, the tremendous shocks of the last thirty years, is now breaking up under the operation of a deeply-seated internal principle of destruction. Should this in fact happen, its memory will be always venerated by the friends of liberty, and its history carefully studied as one of the most interesting chapters in the book of political science. In saying that the principles embodied in it have been superseded even in England by those which prevail in this country, we do not even affirm that the latter are in themselves better, that is, truer to the nature of man and society. It remains for America to prove, by centuries of successful practice; by a thousand years of social order, holding the protecting shield over regulated liberty,—that her creations are as durable and as fortunate, as those of the parent country. Should she succeed in this, she will then have added to the numerous glories of the British form of government that of having left to the world, as its natural offspring, another superior even to itself;—*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*,—and the remark of Fox will be confirmed, that the Constitution of the United States is no other than the British, improved and adorned by the results of the experience of more than ten centuries.

ART. II.—*Life of John Jay.*

The Life of John Jay; with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his Son, WILLIAM JAY. In two volumes. New York. 1833.

OF the many great names which adorn our country's history, it would be difficult to point to one more eminent for intellectual dignity or virtue, than that of the late Chief Justice Jay. Age and infirmity had long detained him in that retirement, to which he was induced by inclination to withdraw in the fullness of his fame and honors; but the admiration of the wise and the affection of the good went with him there; nor can we name a fact more honorable to our countrymen, than that the stern political hostility of which he was at times the object had so effectually and so long ago subsided, that not a trace of it remained to dim the brightness of his declining years; that all combined to render him the homage due to eminent ability and worth; that the veneration which accompanied him while living, was expressed with solemn and impressive earnestness, when he was called to join those fellow laborers in the cause of freedom, of whom nearly all had gone before him to the grave. It is well, that some permanent memorial should be raised in honor of his name; nor is the monument of the father less imposing to the moral eye, because it is erected by the son. In this instance, it does equal honor to the hand that reared it, and to him, to perpetuate whose memory it was built. The student of our political history will find much in these volumes to invite his attention, and reward his labor. If the feelings of the writer have led him occasionally to express opinions in which many will find it impossible to concur, they are at least maintained with manliness and candor; but with respect to the general merits and public services of the subject of his work, there is no room for controversy; on this point, the verdict of enlightened public sentiment has already been pronounced, with a fullness and decision, alike emphatic and unchangeable. We think we cannot gratify our readers more, than by placing before them a brief sketch of the most important incidents in the life of Mr. Jay, together with such extracts from these volumes as may be fitted to illustrate them, without entering into the discussion

of any controverted topics, in which we have neither space nor inclination at present to engage.

Mr. Jay was born in the city of New York, on the 12th of December, 1745. His ancestors were of the number of those Protestants, who were driven from France on the occasion of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and bore their full share in the sufferings of that disastrous time. His grandfather, a man of sense and enterprise, established his permanent residence in this country, to which he originally fled as a place of refuge. The character of his parents did much to inspire in Mr. Jay those principles of generous and manly action, of which he subsequently gave so memorable an example. His father was a man of strong intellect, stern principle, and thorough knowledge of mankind; and graceful manners were finely blended with taste and religious feeling in his mother. Both gave as much attention to his early education, as the claims of a numerous family would allow; and though no remarkable incidents of his early life are at this day remembered, it is known that his character and progress gratified their pride, and fulfilled their warmest expectations. At the age of fourteen, he entered King's, now Columbia College, over which Dr. Samuel Johnson presided at the time with dignity and honor. This eminent person appears to have formed a strong attachment to his pupil, but retired from the institution before the close of Mr. Jay's collegiate term. The latter was afterwards banished from the college for a time in consequence of an occurrence, which his biographer relates without comment. Several of the students were guilty of some outrage, in the presence of Mr. Jay, who was, however, not concerned in it; but when an enquiry was instituted in order to discover the offenders, Mr. Jay, though he disclaimed any share in the transaction, refused to reveal the names of those who had, on the ground that he was not obliged to do so by the statutes of the college. It was by this refusal that his sentence was incurred; but he returned soon after, and left the institution at the expiration of the usual term, with its highest honors.

Immediately after leaving college, Mr. Jay commenced the study of the law in the office of Mr. Kissam, a distinguished advocate in the city of New York, whose confidence he soon acquired by his industry and talent. In 1768, he was admitted as a member of the bar, and entered at once upon an extensive course of profitable practice. His reputation was soon

established for eminent attainments, and forensic power; but the controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies was now drawing to a crisis: and, like many other of the young and ardent spirits of the time, he did not hesitate to relinquish his professional career to enter upon the broader field of public labor, in which he soon acquired abundant honor to himself, and advantage to his country. The passage of the Boston Port Bill, in 1774, was the signal for the adoption of vigorous measures of resistance to the aggressions of the British Government. When the intelligence of this measure was received in New York, a meeting was at once assembled, to deliberate respecting the course which ought to be pursued; and a committee was appointed, of which Mr. Jay was a member, to correspond with other committees of the sister Colonies on this momentous subject. One of the letters addressed by this committee to another which had been appointed in Boston, suggests the propriety of an immediate convention of delegates from all the Colonies: the authorship of this letter is attributed to Mr. Jay. A recommendation of substantially the same character had been made by the House of Burgesses of Virginia a few days earlier, but the intelligence of their proceedings could not have been received in New York, when the letter in question was prepared. In both instances, however, it is probable that the suggestion was rather an expression of the prevailing sentiment, than an original one: it was received with universal approbation, and when the delegates were appointed, Mr. Jay was associated with other distinguished individuals as a representative of his native city in the Continental Congress:—that remarkable assembly, whose dignity, moral energy and intellectual power will command admiration, as long as virtue shall be held in reverence by men.

At the time when he took his seat in Congress, Mr. Jay had not yet reached the age of thirty, and was the youngest of its members; but his reputation had preceded him, and his character for wisdom and practical ability was already very high. The general opinion of his power was soon confirmed by his Address to the people of Great Britain, which he was appointed to prepare by a committee, of which Governor Livingston and Richard Henry Lee, together with himself, were members. It was said of this noble composition by Mr. Jefferson, while he was yet ignorant of its author, that it was 'a production of the finest pen in America:' the remark was

almost literally just: for it would be difficult to select any among the state papers of that memorable period, better adapted, by the choice and illustration of its topics, to the purposes for which it was designed, or more remarkable for fervid, yet chaste and manly eloquence. It gave to Mr. Jay at once an ascendancy, which he never afterwards lost. Doubts were subsequently started respecting his claim to the honor of its authorship, by some, who chose to attribute it to Governor Livingston. That gentleman, however, with a becoming regard to truth and justice, voluntarily disclaimed it; and Mr. Jay, in a letter addressed in 1818 to the late President Adams, has stated all the circumstances connected with its preparation. Such a vindication was not required to prove his ability to compose it; there are many other evidences of his power.

It would lead us into too great minuteness of detail, to enumerate all the services rendered by Mr. Jay to the cause of his country during the early period of the Revolution, numerous and important as they certainly were. In such a period, the most effective labors are not always those which most adorn the page of history: in fact, where every thing is to be newly created and arranged, there are numberless details, which require the highest efforts of firmness and ability, without bringing the exhibition of these qualities very brilliantly before the public eye. The session of the first Congress terminated in six weeks after its commencement; but provision was made, before its dissolution, for the assembling of another on the 10th of the following May. With the view of securing a more full representation of the Colony, it was recommended to the people of New York to elect delegates to a Provincial Convention, for the special purpose of appointing representatives in the Continental Congress; and, in pursuance of this recommendation, the Convention met and reappointed Mr. Jay to his former office. In May, the Congress entered upon its second session, and proceeded to deliberate upon some of the most momentous questions, which men were ever summoned to decide. They saw that a contest of fearful import and of a duration which could not be foretold, was fast approaching; and they prepared to meet it with the confidence and energy of freemen. The first subject which demanded their attention, was the organization of the army. Some embarrassment having arisen in the nomination of the superior officers, after the appointment of Washington as chief, and it being considered

desirable that one should be selected from New Hampshire, the name of John Sullivan was suggested by Mr. Jay; and the result fully justified the wisdom of the choice. The task of preparing addresses to the people of Jamaica, Canada and Ireland, was properly confided by Congress to the writer of that to the people of Great Britain, and was executed by him with equal vigor and ability. With the exception of a short recess, the session continued through the year. Towards its close, a singular incident occurred, which threw a gleam of unexpected light over the prospects of the patriots, and which was thus related by Mr. Jay himself to his biographer.

'Sometime in the course of this year, probably about the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a Committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the Committee rooms in Carpenter's hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him, they were authorized to receive his communication: upon which he said, that his Most Christian Majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the American Colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them. The Committee requested to know his authority for giving these friendly assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." They then asked, what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the king of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it." The Committee observed, that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head;" and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the Committee, that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed, if necessary. Mr. Jay stated, that his communications were not without their effect

upon the proceedings of this Congress. This remark probably related to the appointment, on the 29th of November, of a secret committee, including Mr. Jay, for corresponding with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts* of the world.'

In April 1776, while he was engaged in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Continental Congress, Mr. Jay was elected by the people of the city and county of New York, a delegate to the Convention of the Colony. The situation of the Colony was then such, as required the utmost prudence on the part of the friends of the patriotic cause: there was little unanimity of sentiment among the people, and the tories were so numerous and powerful, as to render it quite hazardous to provoke them to resistance. But some decisive measures were absolutely necessary. As the Convention was the source from which the power of the New York delegates in Congress was derived, that body assumed the right of recalling them at pleasure: and accordingly directed Mr. Jay, without depriving him of his seat, to return in order to assist them in the task of organizing a new and efficient system of colonial government. In obedience to this command, he took his seat in the Convention in the latter part of May, and thus lost the honor of affixing his name to the Declaration of our National Independence, the state of affairs at home being so critical, as to render it inexpedient for him to return to Philadelphia in season for that purpose. The Convention was dissolved on the last day of May, after recommending to the people the convocation of a new one, invested with special authority to frame a constitution of government. On the 9th of July, the new Convention met, and on the very first day of the session, received from Congress a copy of the Declaration. Mr. Jay, who was again a member, immediately drafted a resolution, setting forth, that the reasons assigned in that memorable instrument for declaring the Independence of the Colonies were cogent and conclusive, and that the Convention were ready to sustain that measure at the hazard of their lives and fortunes. This resolution was adopted without a single dissenting voice, under circumstances peculiarly solemn and impressive, and calculated to show that it was formed with a full view of the consequences which might follow. The state of public affairs was then rapidly growing, as it not long afterwards became, exceedingly dark, and almost desperate. The

attempt to conquer Canada had failed; Washington, with his almost disheartened army, was slowly retreating through New Jersey; the city of New York, and other important portions of the Colony, lay completely at the mercy of the enemy; but under these accumulated discouragements, the Convention was firm and undismayed. Instead of temporizing, or listening to the proclamations with which the British General was laboring to bring them back to their allegiance, by repeated appeals to their interests or fear, the exigency of the crisis only inspired in them additional fortitude to meet it. They spoke to their fellow-citizens in a tone which, even at this hour, thrills the heart. Mr. Jay was the writer of the address in which their sentiments were embodied, and we cannot give a better idea of the spirit of that Roman band, than by quoting the paragraph, with which it closes.

'Do your duty like men: and be persuaded that Providence will not suffer this Western world to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider, that from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty and reason have been bending their course towards the setting sun. The holy Gospels are yet to be preached to these Western regions; and we have the highest reason to believe, that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the Gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, it will not be.

'But if there be any among us, dead to all sense of honor, and love of their country; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue and religion; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their ancestors, and the happiness of their children: if neither the examples nor the success of other nations,—the dictates of reason and of nature,—or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity, have any effect upon them: if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for, the future blessings or curses of their children, the applause or the reproach of all mankind, or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them: then let them be assured, that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine: remember not that they have children, and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being: let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews; and be a reproach and by-word among the nations. But we think better things of you; we believe and

are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in Heaven.'

We have thus far exhibited Mr. Jay in the character of a stern and devoted patriot; but, however rigid he might be in the discharge of his public duty, there was nothing of asperity or harshness in his heart. In a letter written about this time, and addressed to his friend Robert R. Livingston, afterwards Chancellor of New York, he observes;

'Amid the various sources of consolation in seasons of poignant distress, which the wise have long amused themselves and the world with, the little share of experience and observation which has fallen to my lot convinces me, that resignation to the dispensations of a benevolent as well as omnipotent Being, can alone administer relief. The sensations which the first paragraph of your letter has occasioned mock the force of philosophy, and I confess, have rendered me the sport of feelings, which you can more easily conceive than I express. Grief, if a weakness, is nevertheless on certain occasions amiable, and recommends itself by being in the train of the passions which follow virtue. But remember, my friend, that your country bleeds and calls for your exertions. The fate of those friends, whose misfortunes so justly afflict you, is linked with the common cause, and cannot have a separate issue. Rouse, therefore, and after vigorously discharging the duties you owe your country, return to your peaceful shades, and supply the place of your former joys, by the reflection that they are only removed to a more kindred soil, like flowers from a thorny wilderness, by a friendly florist, under whose care they will flourish and bloom, and court your embraces forever.'

In another letter, addressed to the same friend a few months afterwards, he says:

'I sympathize most sincerely with you, in your melancholy apprehensions about your parents. I know and I can feel such a loss; but you draw your consolation from a never-failing source, which will enable you to bear this misfortune, whenever it may happen, with that resignation to the will of Heaven, which becomes one who is satisfied both of its wisdom and goodness. If we could shake off human frailty in the hour of affliction, we should certainly think it less reasonable to lament the death of a

good man, than to complain of the absence of a friend, who by that absence infinitely increases his happiness: to wish them back is selfish and unworthy of true friendship, and yet we may, we must grieve, when we are not permitted to take leave. It is, I am sensible, a weakness, but I cannot help suffering myself to be afflicted at this circumstance. I know the pleasure that the best of fathers always took in my company and conversation; and when I indulge the thought, I am unhappy that by my absence I lessened any of his enjoyments. But where am I running? God bless you! farewell.'

The Convention of New York were authorized to exercise the powers of government, until they should complete the preparation of a constitution for the State. They accordingly took measures for the framing of such an instrument; but, owing to the repeated inroads of the enemy, which compelled them to hold their sessions successively in seven different places, they found little leisure for the work. Mr. Jay was appointed to draft it, and performed the task with his usual ability; he felt himself compelled, however, to omit several provisions which he deemed important, but to which the state of feeling in the Convention was unfavorable, intending afterwards to propose them as amendments. One of these was a prohibition of the continuance of domestic slavery. He was soon summoned to return home by intelligence of the fatal illness of his mother, and the opportunity of offering his amendments was lost, the Constitution having been adopted in his absence. When the judicial offices were filled, for the period intervening between the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the Government under it, the place of Chief Justice was accepted by Mr. Jay. A council of safety was also appointed by the Convention, to exercise the powers of Government in the mean time; of this council he was one, and his exertions were equally efficient and vigorous; but, with the organization of the Government, its labors terminated, and he received anew an appointment to the first judicial office. It was provided in the new Constitution, that the Chief Justice should hold no additional office, other than that of delegate to Congress upon special occasions. Such an occasion, in the opinion of the Legislature, was presented by the secession of the people of the territory which now constitutes Vermont, from the jurisdiction of New Hampshire and New York. The Legislature of New York applied to Congress to interfere in

their behalf, and elected Mr. Jay a delegate to that body, with the privilege of still retaining his place upon the bench. In three days after his return to Congress, that assembly conferred upon him the distinguished honor of electing him their President. They shortly afterwards bestowed on him an unusual mark of confidence, by requesting him to address a letter in their name to the people of the States, reminding them of the necessity of providing the funds required for the prosecution of the war, and explaining the evils incident to the depreciation of the currency, and the disordered state of public credit. In September, 1779, he resigned the office of Chief Justice of New York, though earnestly requested to retain it, believing a correct discharge of its duties incompatible with his protracted absence; but he continued to hold the station of President of Congress with dignity and credit, until it was deemed expedient to employ his services in a more extensive field of action.

A secret article was annexed to the treaty between the United States and France, by which the privilege of acceding to that treaty was reserved to Spain; and Congress, to whom an extension of their foreign connexions was at this time most important, resolved to send a minister plenipotentiary to Madrid, with the hope of inducing Spain to adopt this measure. The firmness and prudence of Mr. Jay eminently qualified him for this delicate office: on accepting it, he resigned his place as President of Congress, which he had held for nine months without being absent for a single day. Mr. Gerard, the French minister, had given intimations, that if the United States would cede to Spain all claim to the Floridas, together with the exclusive right to the navigation of the Mississippi, she would undoubtedly espouse their cause; immediately after the appointment of Mr. Jay, he urged anew upon him the same considerations, disclaiming at the same time any instructions from his own government upon the subject. Mr. Jay had long entertained the opinion, that neither the prospect of conquering the Floridas, nor the desire of retaining the right of navigating the Mississippi,—a right, the importance of which was not then generally known,—was of consequence enough to render it wise to encounter the hazard of a protracted war. He was therefore, willing to relinquish that right below our territories, and to surrender all claim to the Floridas, on condition that Spain should acknowledge the independence of the United

States, and grant them the pecuniary aid of which they stood in need. So decided a course upon the part of the Spanish Government would be likely, in his judgment, to bring the war to an early termination; but when that Government declared war for the accomplishment of their own objects, without reference to the interests of the United States, Mr. Jay became persuaded, that no cession of any right whatever should be made. The question was not, however, then presented; Congress gave no indication of willingness to make the cession.

Late in the year 1779, Mr. Jay departed on his mission, in a frigate which was fitted out for the conveyance of Mr. Gerard to France. By repeated disasters, they were compelled to sail for Martinico; whence Mr. Jay took passage in a French frigate for Cadiz, where he arrived in January, 1780. He gave immediate notice to the Spanish Court of his arrival, and received in return an invitation to Madrid, but was given to understand, that he was not to expect a recognition in his official character. On arriving at the capital, he found no disposition in the Spanish Cabinet to enter upon negotiations. He was, moreover, much embarrassed by an extraordinary measure on the part of Congress, which even their necessities could hardly justify. That body, immediately after Mr. Jay's departure, had ordered that bills to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, payable six months after sight, should be drawn upon him. The only reason assigned for this singular proceeding, was the hope that he might procure a subsidy from Spain, before the time of payment should arrive. Whatever may have been the motive of Congress in adopting such a measure, it placed Mr. Jay in a position, equally disagreeable and delicate: the bills were soon presented, and he was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the Spanish minister to provide him with the means of paying them, as they were successively brought in. The minister neither promised nor refused to furnish these means, but offered to advance to him the whole amount, on condition that the United States should provide Spain with vessels of war of equal value, a proposal which was at once rejected; it being urged, with some reason, that a State entirely destitute of money would be somewhat at a loss to find the means of building vessels. Mr. Jay was next given to understand, that the claim of the United States to the navigation of the Mississippi was the only obstacle to the conclusion of a treaty: but this, in conformity with his instructions, he

refused to surrender. Bills to the amount of thirteen thousand dollars had before this been accepted with the assent of the Spanish minister, but Mr. Jay was now informed, that no more advances would be made. It was not long before he received an assurance, that if the United States could borrow $150.000, the king of Spain would guaranty the repayment of that sum in three years. No such loan could be effected: and Mr. Jay came at length to the resolution to accept all the bills that might be presented, on his personal responsibility. By the 22d of September, he had thus accepted them to the amount of $50.000; and, in the course of a few months, the Spanish Court agreed to pay them, as they should become due, to the amount of $150.000. Still, no progress whatever was made in the projected negotiation. In the following February, Congress resolved to instruct Mr. Jay to insist no longer on retaining the right of navigation of the Mississippi; and, under these instructions, he renewed his attempts to conclude a treaty, but with no better success than before. In the mean time, his acceptances had far exceeded the amount which Spain had promised to provide, and he was compelled to protest the bills which still remained unpaid. Fortunately, he received a few days afterwards from Dr. Franklin permission to draw on him for the requisite amount, and in May, 1781, he was invited to proceed to Paris to assist in conducting the negotiations for peace, which were about to be opened there. This summons was obeyed, and he must have quitted Spain without regret, for though he conducted himself throughout the whole of his mission with admirable dignity and prudence, its progress and issue must have made it peculiarly disagreeable and irksome. He felt the importance of appearing to preserve a good understanding with the Spanish Court; while the civil contempt with which he was treated rendered it not easy even to maintain appearances. It was the policy of the Spanish Cabinet to delay and temporize: to encourage this country as far as might be necessary to promote their own hostile views in regard to Great Britain, and at the same time to render no effectual aid; and the key to this policy was probably the apprehension, that the independence of the Colonies would be likely to be followed by a similar movement of their own. At all events, there is no great cause of gratitude to Spain for the miserable aid she rendered.

The correspondence of Mr. Jay, during his residence in

Spain, is very interesting. It strikingly shows his uniform and cautious prudence, and his elevated patriotism: personal considerations were laid by him wholly out of view; his whole aim and effort appeared to be to accomplish all that could be done for the welfare of his country. Owing to the difficulty of protecting his letters from the scrutiny of official agents, he rarely wrote with freedom on the subject of public affairs; but the following extract of a letter, addressed to Robert Morris, will be read with pleasure.

'We remove next week to Aranjuez, where I expect again to spend some agreeable weeks. It is a charming place, containing a tract of several miles in circumference, and divided into gardens, meadows, parks, cultivated grounds and wilds, full of fine trees, fine roads and fine walks, and watered by a slow winding river, which, if more clear, would be very beautiful. A genius of a different character from that which presides at your hills and gardens, reigns over these. Soldiers, with fixed bayonets, present themselves at various stations in these peaceful retreats; and though none but inoffensive citizens are near, yet horsemen with drawn swords, guarding one or other of the royal family in their little excursions to take the air daily, renew and impress ideas of subjection. Power unlimited, and distrust misplaced, thus exacting homage and imposing awe, occasion uneasy reflections, and alloy the pleasing sensations which nature, smiling in such delightful scenes, never fails to excite. Were I a Spaniard, these decorated seats would appear to me like the temporary enchantments of some despotic magician, who, by extending his wand, could at pleasure command them to vanish and be succeeded by galleys and prisons.

'Nothing is more true, than that all things figure by comparison. This elegant seat, being surrounded by exclusive wastes, appears like a blessed and fortunate island in a dreary ocean. The contrast heightens its charms, and every traveller arrives with a mind predisposed to admire and enjoy them: but as the first impression wears away, and he begins to recollect the more happy, though less magnificent abodes in his own country, the attractions and allurements of this insensibly diminish. I have more than once experienced this, and though not difficult to please or be contented, yet I find little here that resembles, and nothing that can compensate for the free air, the free conversation, the equal liberty, and the other numerous blessings which God and nature, and laws of our making, have given and secured to our happier country. I would not be understood to insinuate, that good companions and agreeable society are wanting

here. They may perhaps abound more in some other parts of the world, but they are also to be found here, though an unsocial kind of policy requires unceasing attention to the most austere rules of caution and prudence. The little that I have seen and observed of this people induces me to think, that (except the generality of those who compose the highest and lowest orders) they possess many qualities which are praiseworthy: and that two or three long and wise reigns would make them a very powerful and an amiable nation. But as I have not had sufficient opportunities of mixing with, and personally knowing many of them, time and further information may either confirm or alter this opinion. The evident suspense and indecision of the court concerning us has kept many at a distance, with whom I should otherwise have been on a very familiar footing, and some of them have been so candid as to tell me so. This is a kind of prudence which naturally grows out of a jealous and absolute government, under which the people have, for many generations, been habituated to that kind of dependence, which constrains every class to watch and respect the opinions and inclinations of their superiors in power. The prosperous tide of our affairs, however, has for some time past run so strong, that I think many of our obstacles here must soon give way. Shyness will then cease, and I shall not afterwards find it difficult to be received into more of their houses, and that in the only manner I can wish to be received into any;—I mean, at the front door, by direct invitation from the masters of them, and without the precursory good offices of upper servants and unimportant favorites, whom I never can submit to court.'

On receiving his commission to enter into negotiations for the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, Mr. Jay wrote to the President of Congress, expressing in decided terms his objections to that portion of the instructions given to the commissioners, by which they were required to govern themselves by the advice of the French ministry in all the stages of the negotiation, and requesting that he might be relieved from the performance of a duty, which, under the circumstances, he considered as humiliating. In the mean time and until the reply of Congress could be received, he resolved to undertake the commission, and went for that purpose to Paris, where he arrived on the 23d of June, 1782. In July, Mr. Oswald was commissioned by the king of Great Britain 'to treat, consult of, and conclude with any commissioner or commissioners named, or to be named by the thirteen Colonies or plantations in North

America, and any body or bodies, corporate or politic, or any assembly or assemblies, or description of men, or any person or persons whatsoever, a peace or truce with the said Colonies or plantations, or any part thereof.' Count de Vergennes was solicitous that the commissioners of the United States should negotiate with Mr. Oswald under this commission, and Dr. Franklin was of opinion that it was sufficient. Mr. Jay, however, considered it as a virtual declaration that the United States were still Colonies of Great Britain, and declined commencing the negotiation, but resolved to take upon himself the responsibility of violating the express command of Congress. Without the knowledge of the French minister, he assured Mr. Oswald that he would take part in no negotiations in which the United States were not treated as an independent nation, and at his request, gave him a draught of such a commission, as he was willing to admit as satisfactory. This was transmitted by Mr. Oswald to his court, who informed him in reply, that it was the King's intention to grant to America unconditional independence, as an article of treaty. In the mean time, the Count de Vergennes had given the British Government to understand, that the original commission was, in his judgment, a sufficient one. On being informed of this fact by Mr. Oswald, Mr. Jay prepared a letter to that gentleman, intended to be subscribed by Dr. Franklin and himself, in which a resolution was avowed to treat upon no other footing than that of absolute independence. Dr. Franklin refused to subscribe this letter, but it was communicated by Mr. Jay to Mr. Oswald, and by him transmitted to his court. On the 9th of September, it was ascertained by Mr. Jay that M. Rayneval, the secretary of Count de Vergennes, had gone to London, and he immediately inferred, that the journey could be undertaken only to inform the British cabinet that the commission was regarded by the French Government as a sufficient one, to counteract the claim of the United States to the fisheries and the country bordering on the Mississippi, and to ascertain whether a general peace could be concluded on terms agreeable to France. The well known letter of Marbois had by this time made its appearance, and had confirmed Mr. Jay in his suspicion of the hostile purposes of the French ministry; and, without the knowledge of the Count de Vergennes or Dr. Franklin, he immediately dispatched a secret agent to the British Secretary of State, to inform him, that the United

States would treat on the basis of independence, or not at all; that it was not for the interest of England, however it might be for that of France, to postpone the acknowledgment of our independence until the conclusion of a general peace; and that he was resolved to take a part in no negotiation, that should not recognise the right of the United States to the fisheries, and the navigation of the Mississippi. On the 27th of September, the agent returned from London with a commission, authorizing Mr. Oswald to treat with the commissioners of the United States of America. The negotiations were now actively commenced. On the 26th of October, Mr. Adams arrived, and gave his efficient aid in prosecuting them, and, on the 30th of November, the provisional articles of treaty were subscribed by Mr. Oswald and the American commissioners.

The account which we have here given is a mere abbreviation of the more extended one, which is contained in the work before us. The author naturally enters warmly into the feelings of his father, on all the questions relating to the inclination and policy of the French Cabinet, throughout the negotiation. Our views upon these questions have been more than once expressed, and it is hardly necessary for us to declare them now. We will only here remark, that we are not aware of the existence of any evidence, tending to show, that the object of M. Rayneval's tour to London was that which Mr. Jay supposed. All the testimony, which we have seen, goes to contradict that supposition. What verbal overtures he may have made, it is of course impossible to ascertain; but it is hardly proper to proceed upon the supposition that he offered any hostile to our interests, until the fact be made in some way to appear. As respects the letter of M. Marbois, the considerations relating to it have been already amply examined in this Journal; admitting its authenticity to be beyond dispute, as the biographer assures us that it is, it would hardly justify the liberal inferences which have been deduced from it. But this, as we have already said, is a subject which it is not now our intention to discuss. The point of view in which it is most interesting, is that which relates to the character of Dr. Franklin, whose views, respecting the designs of the French ministry, differed essentially, in the early stages of the negotiation, from those of Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams. It was not until after the arrival of Mr. Adams, that Dr. Franklin consented to disobey the instructions of Congress; but his subsequent willing-

ness to do so may have arisen as much from a desire to preserve harmony of action, as from any conviction of the incorrectness of his former opinion. It has been often stated, that he was ready to relinquish the claims of the United States to the Mississippi and the fisheries. This statement is, however, effectually refuted by the following passage, in a letter addressed to him by Mr. Jay. 'I do not recollect the least difference in sentiment between us,' says the latter, 'respecting the boundaries or the fisheries: on the contrary, we were unanimous and united in adhering to and insisting upon them, nor did I perceive the least disposition in either of us to recede from our claims, or be satisfied with less than we obtained.' On the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi, Dr. Franklin had expressed his views in a very forcible manner, in a letter addressed three years before to Mr. Jay. 'Poor as we are,' said he, 'yet as I know we shall be rich, I would rather agree with them (the Spanish Government,) to buy at a great price the whole of their right on the Mississippi, than sell a drop of its waters. A neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street door.' It is somewhat remarkable, that this suggestion of Dr. Franklin pointed out the very course, which was some years afterwards adopted. He was evidently more reluctant than his colleagues to violate the express commands of Congress, and entertained a better opinion than they did of the purposes of France; but there is nothing in the circumstances of the negotiation, which should subject his patriotism to the slightest stain. Mr. Jay's biographer imputes to him nothing more, than an error in judgment; and those who differ with him in opinion, lay nothing more to the charge of Mr. Jay. Each of these distinguished men has too much merit of his own, to require that any thing should be taken from the credit belonging to the other. We are ourselves believers in the sagacity and correct judgment of Dr. Franklin; his conduct appears to us to have been distinguished by his usual caution, without exhibiting any want of energy or truly patriotic feeling; and that of Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams was manly and decisive, as became their character.

During his residence in Paris, Mr. Jay received a letter from an old friend, Mr. Peter Van Schaak, who had, at an early period of the Revolution, adhered to the British cause, and, after experiencing much inconvenience and privation here, had taken up his residence in England. It was his object to

renew his old relations with his former friend, or at least to ascertain, whether political differences had permanently estranged them from each other. Mr. Jay's reply is so full of just and manly feeling, and indicates so well his high and honorable character, that we regret our inability to insert the whole.

'Dr. Franklin sent me this morning your letter of 11th August last; I thank you for it. Aptitude to change in any thing never made a part of my disposition, and, I hope, makes no part of my character. In the course of the present troubles I have adhered to certain fixed principles, and faithfully obeyed their dictates, without regarding the consequences of such conduct to my friends, my family or myself; all of whom, however dreadful the thought, I have ever been ready to sacrifice, if necessary, to the public objects in contest.

'Believe me, my heart has nevertheless been, on more than one occasion, afflicted by the execution of what I thought, and still think, was my duty. I felt very sensibly for you and others; but as society can regard only the political propriety of men's conduct, and not the moral propriety of their motives to it, I could only lament your unavoidably becoming classed with many whose morality was convenience, and whose politics changed with the aspect of public affairs.

'My regard for you, as a good old friend, continued notwithstanding. God knows, that inclination never had a share in any proceedings of mine against you: from such thorns no man could expect to gather grapes; and the only consolation that can grow in their unkindly shade is a consciousness of doing one's duty, and the reflection that as, on the one hand, I have uniformly preferred the public weal to my friends and connexions, so, on the other, I have never been urged by private resentment to injure a single individual.

'Your judgment, and consequently your conscience, differed from mine on a very important question: but though, as an independent American, I considered all who were not for us, and you among the rest, as against us; yet be assured, that John Jay did not cease to be a friend to Peter Van Schaak.

'You see how naturally I slide into the habit of writing as freely as *I used* to speak to you. Ah! my friend, if ever I see New York again, I expect to meet with 'the shade of many a departed joy.' My heart bleeds to think of it.

'How is your health? Where and how are your children? Whenever, as a private friend, it may be in my power to do good to either, tell me. While I have a loaf, you and they may freely partake of it. Don't let this idea hurt you. If your circum-

stances are easy, I rejoice; if not, let me take off their rougher edges.'

On the 1st of May, 1783, Mr. Jay, together with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, was commissioned to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Great Britain; his health, however, was already much impaired, and he had formed the resolution to return to his country after the conclusion of the treaty of peace. This event took place in September; but he was detained in Europe by various circumstances until May of the following year, and did not reach New York until late in July. He had determined, on his return, to devote his whole attention to his old profession; but Congress had already elected him to fill the vacancy in the office of Secretary of Foreign affairs, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Livingston. He did not feel himself at liberty to decline the appointment. Before accepting it, he was elected a delegate in Congress by the Legislature of New York.

In 1785, the Spanish Government began to exhibit a disposition to enter upon those negotiations, to which their attention had long been solicited in vain, and, for this purpose, appointed Mr. Gardoqui as their minister to the United States. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs was authorized by Congress to treat with him; but the old question of the navigation of the Mississippi proved, as before, an obstacle not to be surmounted, and the negotiation was suspended. By the direction of Congress, Mr. Jay appeared before them, and expressed at length his sentiments on the subject. He gave it as his opinion, that the commercial privileges which Spain proposed to grant to us were of great value; that his views in regard to the importance of the claim of the United States to the navigation of the Mississippi had undergone no change; but that it might be expedient to stipulate with Spain, by a treaty limited in duration to twenty or thirty years, to forbear to exercise that right below our Southern boundary, as it would not probably become of essential moment within the stipulated period, and the United States could not then become possessed of it, except by force of arms. It will be remembered, that Congress had some years before instructed Mr. Jay to make a formal surrender of this claim, on condition that the citizens of the United States should be at liberty to use the river, so far as it bounded their own territory. This had been done, as the biographer of Mr. Jay

declares, at the instance of the Virginia delegation; but the proposition of the Secretary was so ill received by the Southern members, that a motion to revoke his commission was made, and supported by all of them but one. This motion did not prevail; the Northern and Eastern delegates, who constituted a majority, authorized him to assent to a suspension of the right of navigation for twenty years, if necessary, on condition that Spain should recognise our territorial limits, as they had been fixed by the treaty of peace. But the Spanish minister still refused to enter into any stipulations, implying the existence of a right in the United States to the navigation in question, and the negotiation was accordingly broken off.

The important public services rendered by Mr. Jay in the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, are very generally known; but we ought not to pass by in silence his proposal for the foundation of a Navy, which was prevented from being carried into execution by the consciousness, on the part of the Congress of the Confederation, of its inability to enforce its requisitions on the States. Every reader of our history is familiar with the part he took in establishing our present system of Government. No man felt more deeply the incurable defects of the previously existing system; his pen and voice were very actively employed to illustrate those defects, and enforce the necessity of change; and very interesting portions of his correspondence with Washington upon the subject, affording striking evidence of his sagacity and patriotism, are given in these volumes. When the Convention met in Philadelphia, Mr. Jay's official duty required his attendance on Congress, which was then in session at New York, and he was, of course, not included among its members. No sooner had the new Constitution been prepared and submitted for ratification to the Conventions of the States, than he engaged, in connexion with General Hamilton and Mr. Madison, in the writing of the Federalist; but, owing to an accident which is thus related by his biographer, his contributions to the work were limited to a few papers.

'In the month of April, the peace of the city (New York) was disturbed by a serious riot, long known as "the doctor's mob," occasioned by some violations of the grave by persons of the medical profession. The magistrates found it necessary to confine certain physicians in prison, to protect them from the fury of the irritated multitude. The mob, finding themselves

thus disappointed of their vengeance, assembled the next day for the purpose of forcing the jail. Mr. Jay, on being informed of what was passing, seized a sword, and, with some other gentlemen, hastened, under the conduct of Colonel Hamilton, to prevent the meditated outrage. The party were attacked by the mob, and Mr. Jay was struck by a stone nearly senseless to the ground. He was carried home, and confined for some time, in consequence of a deep and dangerous wound in the temple.'

But his labors in this great cause were not, in consequence, wholly lost to the country. After his recovery, he published an address to the People of New York, in vindication of the Constitution, which, though it did not bear his name, was soon attributed to him, and was commended in the highest terms for its ability. He was also a member of the Convention of New York, and labored, in conjunction with Livingston and Hamilton, to procure the adoption of the Constitution by his native State. It is well known, with what difficulty this object was accomplished; nothing but the greatest exertions of industry and talent could have ensured success.

It was a singular mark of the confidence reposed by Washington in Mr. Jay, that he requested the latter to accept any office under the new Government, which he might prefer. The station which proved most agreeable to his inclination was that of Chief Justice of the United States: and it was one, for which the vigor of his intellect, the soundness of his judgment, and the extent of his legal attainments, eminently fitted him. The Supreme Court was organized in April, 1790, and it is unnecessary to say, with what dignity he presided over it, during the few years that he continued to retain the office. In 1792, he was induced to consent to be nominated as a candidate for the office of Governor of his native State. Governor Clinton was the opposing candidate. A majority of the votes of the people was given in favor of the election of Mr. Jay; but a majority of the committee, appointed by the Legislature to examine them, were political friends of Mr. Clinton. This committee, on the ground that the votes of three counties were not constitutionally returned, the commission of the returning officers having expired, though it had been very common for such officers to act after the expiration of their commissions, consigned these votes to the flames, and declared Mr. Clinton elected by a small majority. The intelligence of this result was thus received by Mr. Jay. 'Hav-

ing nothing to reproach myself with,' said he, in a letter to Mrs. Jay, 'in relation to this event, it shall neither discompose my temper nor postpone my sleep. A few years will put us all in the dust, and it will then be of more importance to me to have governed myself, than to have governed the State.' The people of the State were somewhat less patient, but the decision of the Legislature, at their meeting, was favorable to the conduct of the canvassers.

The relations between this country and Great Britain were now assuming the aspect of open hostility; and, with the view of averting war, if possible, it was resolved by President Washington to commission a special envoy, to ascertain what effect might be produced by firm remonstrances, in changing the policy of the English Government. His choice fell upon Mr. Jay; who, if we may judge from his private correspondence, was reluctantly induced to accept the nomination. It was, however, made by the President, and confirmed by a large majority in the Senate, and, in a few weeks afterwards, he embarked for England. In June, 1794, he arrived in Falmouth, and immediately commenced the negotiation, which resulted in the conclusion of the famous British treaty. On the 19th of November the treaty was signed, and in the following August received the signature of Washington. It would lead us into too wide a field of observation, to relate the circumstances of this memorable portion of our history. It appears that the opposition to the treaty in this country, which, as is well known, was very violent, was not unexpected by Mr. Jay. In a private letter, written during the progress of the negotiation, and addressed to Washington, he says:

'*That attempts will be made in America to frustrate this negotiation, I have not the most distant shadow of a doubt. I brought this belief and opinion with me;* and my dependence then was, and still is, on the wisdom, firmness and integrity of the Government; on the general good sense of our people; and on those enlightened and virtuous characters among them, who regard the peace, honor and welfare of their country as *primary* objects. These men regret the differences which subsist between this country and their own, and sincerely desire to see mutual animosities give way to mutual goodwill. As to a political connexion with any country, I hope it will never be judged necessary, for I very much doubt, whether it would ultimately be found useful; it would, in my opinion, introduce foreign influence, which I consider as the worst of political plagues.'

Mr. Jay returned to this country in May, 1795. During his absence, the term for which Mr. Clinton had been elected Governor being about to expire, the public sentiment again selected the Chief Justice as a candidate for that office; and he was accordingly, without consultation with him, nominated, and elected by a large majority. On his arrival, he resigned his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, and on the 1st of July took the oaths of office, as Governor of New York. He continued to hold this office for six years, having been elected for an additional term of three years, at the expiration of the first, in opposition to his old friend Mr. Livingston. It is recorded by his biographer, that not a single individual was dismissed by him from office on account of his political opinions.

Mr. Jay had now formed a resolution to retire altogether from public life, and he was not induced to change it by the earnest solicitations of his friends, that he would once more become a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the State. In 1800, he was again appointed by the President and Senate, Chief Justice of the United States. In a letter, communicating the intelligence of his appointment, President Adams says: 'I had no permission from you to take this step, but it appeared to me that Providence had thrown in my way an opportunity, not only of marking to the public the spot where, in my opinion, the greatest mass of worth remained collected in one individual, but of furnishing my country with the best security its inhabitants afforded against the increasing dissolution of morals.' Notwithstanding the flattering manner in which this honor was conferred, Mr. Jay still adhered to his determination, and, in 1801, at the age of fifty-six, took leave of public life forever.

The residue of Mr. Jay's life, which was passed in retirement at his seat in Bedford, was marked with few events of much importance. Although he continued to feel an interest in public affairs, and to express his sentiments in regard to public measures whenever they were solicited by his friends, he viewed them rather as a spectator, than as one who wished to guide them. He was active in the discharge of his personal and social duties, and was a zealous member of some of the great associations, which have been instituted to promote the religious and moral welfare of our race. In 1827, he was attacked by a severe and dangerous illness, from which he partially recovered, though only to linger in a state of great

debility and suffering; but on the 14th of May, 1829, he was seized with a paralytic affection, which three days afterwards proved fatal. The unkind feeling, which had been inspired in some by a portion of his political career, had long ago subsided; men of all parties combined to render to his memory the offering of respect and praise.

The private qualities of Mr. Jay are dwelt upon with feeling and affectionate remembrance, by his son. Although naturally of an irritable temper, his passions were completely under the control of principle: he cherished no feeling of hostility towards those, who exhibited a wish to injure him. He was unaffectedly modest; assuming no importance, and always adverting with reluctance to any actions of his own. In his private habits, he was wholly free from ostentation; without being parsimonious, he was strictly economical; his dress, furniture and equipage were all as simple, as was consistent with propriety; and, though he gave liberally to all religious and charitable objects, he expended nothing for the purposes of fashion or display. Of his kindness in all the domestic relations, the following extract from one of his letters gives a very agreeable picture. It was addressed to his father from Madrid, at a time when his own situation was not such, as to render it very convenient to administer to the necessities of others. 'The reflection,' says he, 'that my absence may be the means of rendering the situation of the family less distressing, makes me more reconciled to it than I otherwise should be. You have denied yourself much for the sake of your children; and I am much mistaken, if some of them have not inherited dispositions somewhat similar to those of their parents. Had you been less attentive to my education, I should not have been as and where I am. Economy will enable me to give you aid, for though I shall spare no expense here which my situation may require, yet a tax upon avoidable pleasures, amusements, and luxuries, will produce a little fund, that may and shall be useful to you.' In all his actions, a deep sense of responsibility, and the influence of religious principle, were ever present with him. Of the evidence of these, his letters to his private friends are full. In a letter addressed to his brother on the occasion of a recent loss, he says: 'I know, and that by experience, that more consolation is to be derived from a firm confidence in Him who governs the world, and from resignation to His will who never errs, than from all other cir-

cumstances and considerations united. Our departed friends are but gone home before us.' Again: 'I feel fatigued in body and in mind. But reflections of this kind are not to be indulged: I must endeavor to sustain with propriety the part assigned me, and meet with composure and fortitude whatever disagreeable events may occur to counteract my wishes or increase my task. I shall have *rest* in time, and for *that rest* I will not cease to prepare.'

Little needs be said of the public character of a man, who possessed the unlimited confidence of Washington, and of whom the late John Adams said, 'when my confidence in Mr. Jay shall cease, I must give up the cause of confidence and renounce it with all men.' He must have been no common man, who, at the early age of thirty, could take his station by the side of a band of patriots and statesmen, inferior in foresight, prudence, wisdom and practical ability to none in any former age, and establish at once a reputation, which went on increasing as he advanced in years. There is a prevailing impression, that the habits of investigation, acquired in the practice of the law, are apt to disqualify the greatest minds for the comprehensive views which are essential in those who administer the government of nations. Such certainly was not the case with Mr. Jay, and as little could it be affirmed of those with whom he was associated. Into all the stations he was called upon to fill, he carried with him those excellent moral qualities, which gave dignity and influence to his private character, and these, united as they were with exalted intellectual gifts, made him as respected as he was eminent in all.

The selections from Mr. Jay's correspondence, which fill the second volume of the work before us, are very interesting, and will attract the reader, as well by the light they throw upon some portions of our history, as on the character and feelings of the writer. We rejoice in every attempt to preserve these papers in a form less liable to destruction, than that in which they are too often suffered to remain. If our annals are to be, as we hope they will, free from the obscurity and doubt which rest on those of every other country, a result so happy will be owing to the zeal and industry of a few; among whom, if a fellow-citizen of our own may justly claim the most distinguished place, the author of this work is entitled to no small share of honor. If there be any thing in it

at all open to objection, it is perhaps the devoting of so much space to an investigation of charges made against his father's fame by an unprincipled adventurer. We need not say, that the vindication is triumphant: the integrity of Mr. Jay is beyond the reach of such accusers. The author has, however, without transgressing in any respect the limits prescribed by propriety, in treating of the merits of a relative, done ample justice to the memory of a man of eminent ability and virtue.

Art. III.—*Homer.*

1. *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets. Designed principally for the Use of Young Persons at School and College.* By Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M. A., late Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge. Part I. Containing I. General Introduction. II. Homer. Philadelphia. 1831.
2. *Prolegomena ad Homerum, sive de Operum Homericorum prisca et genuina forma variisque mutationibus et probabili ratione emendandi. Frid. Aug. Wolfius.* Vol. I. Halis Sax. 1785.
3. *Prolegomena ad Homerum, sive de Carminum Homericorum origine, auctore, et aetate, &c.* Scripsit Rich. Payne Knight. Lipsiae. 1816.
4. Ὁμήρου Ἰλιας. *The Iliad of Homer from the text of Wolf, with English Notes and Flaxman's illustrative Designs.* Edited by C. C. Felton, College Professor of Greek in Harvard University. 8vo. Boston and Cambridge. 1833.

The book which stands first at the head of this article is the first of a series, designed, as the author professes, to enable the youthful student to form a just and liberal judgment of the characters and merits of the Greek poets; and with that view to establish in his mind those principles of literary criticism, which are universal in their application to poetry, whether ancient or modern. We hail with satisfaction any attempt of the kind, at this time especially, when attention to classical studies is reviving among us; and we are free to express our

persuasion, that Mr. Coleridge has rendered a valuable service to the cause of classical literature. Not that the views or investigations contained in this volume are in general novel. They are such as a faithful, assiduous instructer in our higher institutions ought to give his pupils. But there is much in the work, which is beyond the reach of most of our students. The common learning on the subject is well digested, and pursued sufficiently into detail for the purposes of the general reader, who does not need, and is not able to go to original sources; and the critical views exhibited show, that Mr. Coleridge is himself thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the classical poets, which he would infuse into the minds of others. This work supplies a *desideratum* in the apparatus to which pupils have had access. It does not repel by a parade of learning; while the taste and poetic feeling which it indicates, and the spirit with which it is animated, make it in a high degree attractive. However full and valuable may be the instruction which the pupil enjoys, such a work will be highly useful, as a guide in his private studies, or as an auxiliary in reviewing the ground over which he has already passed.

This volume, after an Introduction of a general character, is devoted to the poems ascribed to Homer. Its various topics are arranged under the following heads; the History of the Origin and Preservation of the Iliad, the Iliad, Odyssey, Margites, Batrachomyomachia, Hymns, Epigrams, and Fragments. The reader is thus presented with a body of criticism and information on the Homeric poems, which it would cost him great labor and extensive research to obtain from other sources. In the Introduction the student will find, besides many valuable remarks of a desultory character, a few general principles, which will render him important assistance in forming a judgment of the merits of the ancient classics. The estimate which the author gives of the merits of Homer strikes us as just. Although ardent admirers of the ancient bard, we cannot charge him with extravagance. His opinions are manifestly the result of patient study and reflection, guided by good taste and judgment, and animated by the spirit of true poetry. We cannot more effectually recommend the labors of Mr. Coleridge, than by referring our readers to the concluding passage of his general Introduction, as affording a favorable specimen of the warmth and animation which pervade his work.

'I am not one who has grown old in literary retirement, devoted to classical studies with an exclusiveness which might lead to an overweening estimate of these two noble languages, (the Greek and Latin.) Few, I will not say evil, were the days allowed to me for such pursuits; and I was constrained, still young and an unripe scholar, to forego them for the duties of an active and laborious profession. They are now amusements only, however delightful and improving. Far am I from assuming to understand all their riches, all their beauty, or all their power; yet I can profoundly feel their immeasurable superiority to all we call modern; and I would fain think that there are many, even among my young readers, who can now, or will hereafter, sympathize with the expression of my ardent admiration.

'Greek,—the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors, even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes! And Latin,—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the state; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotising republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by Cicero, and by *him* found wanting; yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of History, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, or by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus.

'These inestimable advantages, which no modern skill can wholly counterpoise, are known and felt by the scholar alone.

He has not failed, in the sweet and silent studies of his youth, to drink deep at those sacred fountains of all that is just and beautiful in human language. The thoughts and the words of the master-spirits of Greece and Rome are inseparably blended in his memory; a sense of their marvellous harmonies, their exquisite fitness, their consummate polish, has sunken forever in his heart, and thence throws out light and fragrancy upon the gloom and the annoyances of his maturer years. No avocations of professional labor will make him abandon their wholesome study; in the midst of a thousand cares he will find an hour to recur to his boyish lessons, to re-peruse them in the pleasurable consciousness of old associations, and in the clearness of manly judgment, and to apply them to himself and to the world with superior profit. The more extended his sphere of learning in the literature of modern Europe, the more deeply, though the more wisely, will he reverence that of classical antiquity; and in declining age, he will retire, as it were, within a circle of his school-fellow friends, and end his studies, as he began them, with his Homer, his Horace and his Shakspeare.'

We shall now avail ourselves of the opportunity which Mr. Coleridge has given us, to exhibit to our readers a brief view of the history and merits of the curious and difficult question, respecting the genuineness of the Iliad and Odyssey; a question, which has enlisted the most labored efforts of the best German and English critics. Our limits and the character of our Journal will not allow a minute discussion, in any of its parts, of a subject which involves the most difficult points in historical criticism, as well as many topics in which the general reader is not likely to feel much interest. We hope, however, to be able to give a satisfactory view of it, without encumbering our discussion with a formidable array of antiquarian lore.

By the genuineness of these poems, we mean, that they were the productions of the individual whose name they bear; that we have them substantially as they came from him. We say substantially, because no one maintains, that they have not suffered in some measure from the various sources of corruption to which these, far more than any other of the ancient classics, were exposed.

The history of this question affords a striking proof, that historical criticism, as a science, is recent in its origin. The

Iliad and Odyssey had been admired for ages, as splendid monuments of human genius, and as models of epic composition, without a suspicion in the generality of readers that they were not the productions of the bard whose name they bear, although a slight investigation is sufficient to convince any one, that we know nothing with certainty of his origin and life, and that of his age these poems are the only remains. Critics indeed have often expressed their surprise, that in an age, which exhibits no other traces of recorded literature, an individual should have arisen, who, without rules to guide or models to imitate, produced by his own unaided efforts what admiring ages have pronounced to be models in a species of composition, which, in the subsequent progress of the human mind, three or four only have attempted with entire success. The extraordinary nature of the supposition had not, however, suggested to their minds any serious doubts of its truth, (for the doubts which have been entertained respecting the authority of particular passages, or even of whole cantos, form no material exception to our statement,) and until a recent period the persuasion has been general, that the Iliad and Odyssey were the creations of one mind, and have come down to us with as few mutilations as, in the nature of the case, was possible.

We speak of the views respecting these poems entertained by the generality of readers. A few isolated instances may be mentioned of those who doubted their genuineness, even among the critics of antiquity, though none went to the length of the modern school. Before the age of the Alexandrian critics, there was a class who maintained, that the Iliad and the Odyssey were the productions of different authors. Among the moderns two may be named, who seem to have been highly skeptical on this point, Casaubon and Bentley. Their opinions, however, are but casually introduced in their writings,—by the latter but once,—and excited little attention. The passage in which Bentley expresses his views is found in one of his works written in reply to Collins. We quote it as entitled to respect from the reputation of its author, and as remarkable for the period when it was written. 'Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies, to be sung by himself for small earnings, and good cheer at festivals and other days of merriment. These loose songs were not collected together in the form of an epic poem, till about five hundred years

after.' It is remarkable, that this passage, coming as it did from the Coryphaeus of English, indeed of European critics, did not excite more attention. Perhaps, the circumstance that it occurs in a work of theological controversy, and not in one of professed criticism, may in part explain the fact.

A few years before Bentley threw out this view of these poems, opinions were advanced respecting their merits and their genuineness, which were so manifestly the offspring of passion and prejudice, that they made no permanent impression. We refer to those which were elicited by the controversy respecting the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, in which the names of Perrault and Hedelin, (the Abbé d'Aubignac) were conspicuous; the former of whom affected to regard the poems of Homer as inferior even to the worthless productions of some of his own contemporaries, and the latter went so far as to deny that such a poet ever existed.

The discussions, to which these angry invectives against the classics gave rise, were confined chiefly to their merits. The way was first prepared for a thorough investigation of the subject before us, by Wood, in his Essay on the Original Genius of Homer, published in 1769; in which he investigates the question, whether Homer committed his poems to writing, and maintains the negative with much learning and acumen. The appearance of this essay excited great attention and opened a new field of inquiry. Heyne, in his *Excursus* on the last book of the Iliad, discussed the question of its genuineness at considerable length, with ample learning, and at the same time with a spirit which commends itself to his readers. The result of his inquiries seems, (for he expresses himself with caution) to be as follows; that the Iliad was not the conception of a single mind; that several distinct poems or rhapsodies, founded on the same general subject, were recited by rhapsodists, as they were termed, and were collected and wrought into an epic poem by the genius and labor of one or more individuals of a later and more refined age, which he supposes to have been that of the Pisistratidae. The opinion of Heyne, it will be perceived, differs from that of Bentley. The latter ascribed the 'loose songs' to Homer himself, while Heyne, although he does not express himself with perfect clearness on this point, was yet evidently inclined to adopt the supposition, that they were a collection of the poems of different authors.

'Let that illustrious genius,' says he, 'be to us a Homer, to whom we are indebted for this union of different poems, made with such wonderful skill. I will claim for him a share of the inspiration of the ancient bards.'*

But of all who have investigated this intricate subject, Wolf is pre-eminent. To him is due the credit of assailing, with vast learning and research, and with great effect, opinions which were sanctioned by an antiquity reaching to the dawn of authentic history. Though his reputation in this country, we apprehend, is more that of a fearless adventurer in criticism, an ardent, headstrong innovator, than that of a judicious critic, his *Prolegomena*, (of which unfortunately the first volume only has ever appeared) sufficiently attest the thoroughness of his investigations, and the patience with which they were conducted. The spirit in which he pursued his inquiries, and the caution with which he adopted conclusions so much at variance with long established opinions, may be learned from his own statement.

'The die has been cast, and not without preparation on my part. Two individuals of great learning are yet living, who perhaps remember the views on this subject which I expressed to them in 1780 and 1781, both in conversation and by letter. Since that time, having been occupied by other cares, I have rarely suffered a word to escape me, which might disturb the silence or oppose the fixed opinions of the learned. Even in my lectures, for many years, I have followed the example of the expounders of religious doctrines, who from fear of public edicts do not teach what they themselves believe, but what has been prescribed from ancient times; nor have I publicly advanced any of my doubts. I have frequently laid aside and destroyed all notes which I had made of such doubts, to see if, after they had escaped from my memory, a renewed examination of the subject at a subsequent period would remove them. Once indeed I was ashamed, and tired of my way or rather of my wanderings, after reading Perrault's comparison of the ancients and moderns, where he states that a work similar to his own had been written by one of his countrymen, which would soon be given to the world. Soon after, I obtained the work which he announced, in which, with other things of the same character, the writer denies that Homer ever existed, and asserts that each of his poems

* Excursus II. § 4. ad Lib. 24. Il.

was composed from the tragedies and songs of beggars and hawkers in the highways, like those sung on the Pont Neuf. In his preface, moreover, the author avows that he had never learned any thing of value from the Greek ;—one of the few assertions in which all will readily believe him. This treatise, entitled *Conjectures Académiques ou Diss. sur l'Iliade*, by Hedelin, the Abbé d'Aubignac, a man in other respects neither contemptible nor wanting in sense, which had been long withheld, either out of friendship for him or for the ancients, was at length published after the author's death. The frequent perusal of this publication made me sick of my own opinions,into some resemblance of which his thoughtless temerity and his ignorance of antiquity had carried him, and I seriously began to collect arguments in support of the common doctrines, inconsistent as they are ; for I perceived that Hedelin had not been well answered by Boileau, Dacier and others. Thus laboring in various ways to meet the historical difficulties of the subject, harassed by them again, and again compelled to yield, I am conscious that I have indulged neither vanity nor a passion for novel opinions, and that I have used every exertion to avoid the snares of error. To this fact many of my friends can bear witness, whom of late years I have called to share in my labors, inviting them to search for the truth, and to collect with care every thing which they could find in the poems themselves in opposition to my views. And now, I do not urge these points with the wish of bringing over to my opinions any one who is not convinced of their truth ; but that, if I have erred or have wrested the truth in any respect, the error may be detected and exposed.'*

The opinion of Wolf is, that these poems existed at first in separate portions, most of them the productions of Homer himself, and that they were collected and arranged, so as to form the epics which we now have, in a later age, by the Pisistratidae, or under their patronage ; that these works were not at once brought to their present state of perfection, but were emended from time to time by the labors of succeeding critics, until the age of the Alexandrian school. These views coincide very nearly with those of Heyne ; the only difference being, that Wolf admits Homer to a large share of the honors which he has received for centuries, while Heyne, if he allows his existence, considers him as one of a number of bards, who sung in common the praises of the heroes of the Trojan war.

* Prolegomena, p. 113.

It has been made a question, to which of these German critics belongs the credit of the new doctrine respecting the Homeric poems. Wolf published his edition of Homer in 1785, while Heyne was preparing his, and thus secured the reputation of being the founder of the new school. Heyne, however, in a memoir read before the royal society of Goëttingen, claimed the merit of having always entertained the same opinion; a remark which was understood by Wolf, who had been his pupil and heard his lectures upon Homer, to convey an insinuation in regard to his originality, which he repelled with much severity, asserting moreover, that there was a material difference in their views. Hence arose a jealousy between these eminent scholars and critics, which more than once betrays itself in the *Excursus* of Heyne. The difference in their views, however, so far as we can discern, is unimportant. But a marked difference in their intellectual traits of character is apparent in their writings. The one was cautious, the other bold and fearless; and we apprehend the truth of the matter to be, that what Heyne first suggested, Wolf affirmed. By the boldness of his criticism, the pupil bore away the palm, which his accomplished instructer had long held within his grasp. It is highly probable too, that Heyne was confirmed in the opinions which he had long entertained, but which he had not ventured to publish, by the decision of Wolf, supported as it was by the most profound erudition, and therefore expressed himself in his later writings with more clearness than he had done in his earlier ones.

The genuineness of one or both of these poems, notwithstanding the objections of Heyne and Wolf, has been maintained with much ability and learning; among others, by Hug, a German critic, by the Baron Sainte Croix of France, and by Richard Payne Knight and Granville Penn of England. Penn defends the perfect unity of the Iliad as fully and with as much spirit, as Aristotle could have done. This point is conceded by Knight, whose *Prolegomena* is, in our estimation, one of the best monuments of English learning. The hypothesis of Wolf and Heyne has been the prevailing belief in Germany; but has found few friends in England, Holland, France or Italy. Villoison, whose edition of the Iliad, founded on a new recension of manuscripts, with a more copious collection of *scholia* than any that preceded it, did more than any thing else to prepare the way for the new doctrines, could never,

says his biographer, speak of this perversion, as he regarded it, of his labors, without indignation. He was so afflicted with the idea, that he had unwittingly furnished the materials on which Wolf had constructed his system, and the weapons with which he defended it, as almost to repent that he had published his work. More than once, he was tempted to combat this literary impiety, but was restrained by the fear of adding to its importance, and of giving it currency by his efforts to destroy it. He therefore deemed it best to leave to past and future ages the care of the glory of Homer.* †

In respect to the question of the genuineness of these poems, the first inquiry which presents itself is, What is the testimony of history on this subject? And we have proof at the outset, of the utter uncertainty which rests upon the whole historical question. When did Homer live? Herodotus, as we shall soon see, fixes his era at about 900 B. C. The author of the life of Homer, falsely ascribed to Herodotus, supposes that he lived in the year 1102 B. C. R. P. Knight is inclined to carry back his age to 1200, ‡ and Heyne prefers 907 B. C.§ We are inclined to adopt the opinion of Heyne on this point, as it corresponds more nearly than any other with what we can learn of the condition of Ionia, the home of the bard, and with the explicit testimony of Herodotus. The argument, however, does not rest on the settlement

* Schœll, *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*, Tom. 1.

† What we have stated above are not the only conjectures, which the ingenuity of critics has formed respecting the Homeric poems. A dissertation from no less a personage than Joshua Barnes is said to exist in one of the public libraries in England, the object of which is to prove that the Iliad was composed by Solomon during his apostacy. An Irish antiquary undertakes to maintain, that the Homeric, as well as all the earliest poems of the Greeks, were of Celtic origin, and were translated into Greek by Tarpander or some of his contemporaries, in the seventh century before Christ. (*Collectanea Hibernica*, as referred to by Knight, in his *Proleg.*) Some of the ancients pretended, that Homer stole his poems from an Egyptian temple ; a hypothesis not very different from that of Bryant, the visionary author of the Analysis of Ancient Mythology, who argues from the *truth and minuteness* of the descriptions of Ithaca, that Homer was an Egyptian who settled there: though these descriptions are thought by others so entirely at variance with the true geography of the island, that the locality must have been as truly a fiction of the fancy, as the Lilliputian isles of Gulliver. See Knight's *Proleg.* § 49.

‡ *Proleg.* § 62.

§ Exc. 3. ad Lib. 24, where the question is discussed.

of this point. It is convenient to have some date in view, to which we may refer.

The earliest mention of Homer is made by Pindar, who alludes to the praises of Ulysses and Ajax, as celebrated by the poet, thus recognising the existence of both the Iliad and the Odyssey. Pindar was born in 522 B. C. Herodotus, who recited his history at the Olympic games in 445 B. C., uses this language in his second book; 'Hesiod and Homer lived four hundred years and no more before me. They formed the Grecian theogony, gave the gods their names,' &c. He also quotes passages from both poems,* and what is worthy of notice, refers to what were called the Cyprian verses, and argues that these were not a production of Homer, from the difference between them and the well known poems of the ancient bard. Thucydides, also, a contemporary of Herodotus, often refers to Homer and his poems.

There is no question, then, that these poems existed as early as 500 B. C. For this fact, we have the testimony of contemporary writers. This, however, is more than four hundred years later than the age in which, on the most favorable view, the poet is supposed to have lived. What notices can we collect of their history before this period?

First, then, in regard to Greece Proper; for as Homer was an Ionian, his poems must have been introduced into Greece at a later period. Have we any accounts of their being thus introduced? Heraclides of Pontus, a contemporary of Plato and Aristotle, states in general terms, as quoted by Heyne, that Lycurgus, who lived a century after the poet, first brought the poems of Homer into the Peloponnesus, having received them from the descendants of a certain Creophylus. No one knows who Creophylus and his family were; but they may have been, and probably were, a family of rhapsodists or bards, who had retained the poems of Homer, and were in the habit of reciting them. Heraclides lived about the year 330 B. C. Plutarch, who died A. D. 140, informs us, that Lycurgus, who first met with the poems of Homer in Crete, wrote out and collected them in order to carry them to Greece. Ælian, a contemporary of Plutarch, in his *Variae Historiae*, states that Lycurgus brought *all* his poems into Greece.† It will be noticed that Heraclides, the most ancient authority, expresses himself

* Herod. 2. 116. † Ælian, V.H. 13, 14.

in general terms, while Plutarch and Ælian, nearly five hundred years afterwards, are very positive and particular in their statements. We cannot, however, for other reasons, place dependence on these testimonies. We shall soon see how much credit is due to the story of Lycurgus writing out a copy of the Homeric poems, and it is unfortunate for this story, that no copy of the poems existed in Greece in the age of Pisistratus. The probability is, that Lycurgus introduced some, perhaps a large portion of the Homeric poetry into Greece, by means of rhapsodists ;—more we cannot assert.

We are now obliged to pass over the three hundred years after Lycurgus. That long interval is a blank in the history of these poems. There is good evidence, that at the end of this period, that is to say, about 550 B. C., when Pisistratus had the ascendancy in Athens, they were collected by him, aided perhaps by his son Hipparchus, or under his authority. Plato informs us, that Hipparchus brought them to Athens and ordained, that at the great festival of Attica, the Panathenaea, the different cantos should be sung or recited in succession, as was the custom one hundred years later, in his own time. The law, it may be here remarked, which required the rhapsodists to recite these poems in a certain order, is ascribed by some to Solon, who flourished fifty years before Pisistratus, in consequence of which the merit of collecting them has been assigned to him. This is not material. We may conclude without much danger of mistake, that these poems were introduced into Greece in their present form in the age of the Pisistratidae, when, under their patronage, literature and the arts received a great impulse.

Such are the notices which we find respecting the history of these poems in Western Greece, or Greece Proper. The amount of the whole is, that the knowledge of them was brought thither a century after the age of the poet; but that they were not collected into the form which they afterwards preserved, until more than three hundred years after they were composed. Let us now direct our inquiries to the Grecian colonies of Asia Minor. Here we might reasonably expect proofs of their existence at a much earlier period.

Herodotus, himself an Ionian, is silent respecting their history. He frequently alludes to them or quotes from them, but without an intimation of the existence of any suspicion of their genuineness. He was highly inquisitive, and as

these poems were the pride of his countrymen, we may suppose that he was well acquainted with all that was known of their history. His total silence on this point, especially when we consider that he generally relates the traditions of every kind that fell within his notice, even those of the priests of Memphis, is a strong and in our view an incontrovertible argument, that they must have existed in Ionia in their present form, substantially at least, long before his time. His researches into the history of Asia extend to a period two hundred years before his day, and yet he meets with no tradition of any collection of these poems, like that we read of in the history of Western Greece ;—nothing, in short, which excites a suspicion that they were not the genuine productions of the ancient bard. Still, there is a wide chasm of more than two hundred years, which history does not reach. There is no proof that these poems had not existed, from the supposed era of the poet, as they were in the age of Herodotus and long before his time, but we have no direct evidence on this point.* It will be observed, then, that the state of the question, at present, is this. We have good evidence, that the Iliad and Odyssey existed in their present form in Western Greece, four hundred years after the age of their reputed author ; and that in Ionia, at the same time, they not only so existed, but no report of their ever having existed in a different form had been noticed in the minute researches of Herodotus. In further pursuing our inquiries, our reasoning must be derived from internal evidence, that is, from the poems themselves, and from the nature of the case, aided by such conjectures, as we can form from the circumstances of the period when Homer is said to have lived.

From the circumstance, that public provision was made for the recitation of these poems at the public festival of the inhabitants of Attica, and from the well established fact, that they were collected with much care and labor under the direction of the Pisistratidae, we conclude that they before ex-

* We find a circumstance stated in the following passage, which is strikingly in accordance with this reasoning. Marseilles was founded by Ionian exiles, in 539 B. C. 'Inter exemplaria antiqua in bibliotheca Alexandrina asservata percelebre fuit Massiliense illud, quod reges Alexandrini ex ea civitate coemerant, vel conscribendum curaverant ex antiquiore quodam, quod conditores, *exsulantes ex Ionia*, secum asportasse credibile est. Knight's *Proleg.* § 33.

isted in distinct portions. We do not refer to the present division into twenty-four books. This division is generally ascribed to the Grammarians of Alexandria, and seems to have been regulated on no other principle, than that the cantos should be as nearly equal in length as possible, and should correspond with the letters of the alphabet. It often interrupts the narrative, and has doubtless been the cause of many interpolations. But a careful reader of the Iliad can discern without difficulty, that it may be divided into different parts, corresponding with the different stages in the progress of the action; and that these parts may constitute separate poems, for the purposes of recitation, and possess an interest of their own, apart from the general interest of the whole. This, however, is not a peculiarity of the Homeric poems. Such a division of these poems would differ essentially from that with which we are familiar; but we find, in the allusions made by ancient writers, grounds for the conjecture, that such a division might actually have existed before the time of Pisistratus. Ælian,* a rather late authority to be sure, has a leading passage on this point, in which he specifies the different portions as they were sung, and gives us the titles which they bore. For example, one portion was called Ἡ ἐπὶ ταῖς ναυσὶ μάχη, the battle at the ships; another Δολωνία, the affair of Dolon; a third, Ἕκτορος καὶ Ἀνδρομάχης ὁμιλία, the interview of Hector and Andromache; and so of other portions. A similar division was made of the Odyssey. Heyne has collected different parts of the Iliad, thus referred to by ancient writers, which embrace nearly the whole poem. These distinct portions were called rhapsodies, from the circumstance that they were recited by bards who were called rhapsodists, a name derived from two Greek words, ῥάπτειν ᾠδήν, which signify, to sew together a song. But is there evidence, that these poems were thus recited by the rhapsodists?

It is perfectly well understood, that in the heroic age and the ages immediately following, poems were not composed to be read, but to be recited at feasts and public assemblies. We find frequent allusions to such a custom in Homer; and it moreover accords with what we know of nations in a certain stage of their progress to refinement. They have their bards, their minstrels, their scalds. The poems of Homer were doubtless

* V. H. 13, 14.

recited as other poems were. But we have express testimony on this subject. Ancient writers speak of the Homeridae, rhapsodists so named, at first, from their recitation of the Homeric poems. The most interesting authority on this point is found in an ode of Pindar,* in which he alludes to the Homeridae as ἀοιδοὶ ῥάπτων ἐπέων, singers of songs *sewn* together, or, as Heyne interprets the expression, composed according to the laws of metre. The scholiast on this passage uses the following language. 'They anciently called those Homeridae, who were of the family of Homer, and who sang in succession his poems; afterwards the rhapsodists, who did not trace their origin to him, sang his poetry.' The law before referred to, enacted by Solon, or one of the Pisistratidae, establishes the same conclusion.

The data, therefore, on which we found the conclusion that the poems of Homer, in the ages immediately subsequent to that in which he lived, were sung or recited in separate rhapsodies, are the following. It is the testimony of all antiquity, that before writing came into general use, there prevailed a custom of reciting poems in public assemblies and on festive occasions. Ancient authors assert, that the poems of Homer were thus recited. They also refer distinctly to different portions of these poems, as having been recited separately by the rhapsodists; and we can see that such portions may be recited as distinct poems, and may excite a powerful interest. A law, regulating these recitations, was moreover enacted in Athens, at a very early period, so that a particular order was observed in the succession of the rhapsodists. We have, also, an account of the first collection of what had thus become separate rhapsodies, into a single poem.

We now come to another and more difficult inquiry. Did not these poems always exist in the form of separate rhapsodies, until they were collected by the Pisistratidae?

It should be borne in mind, that the fact of their being recited in separate portions, is no proof that they existed so originally. On the supposition, that two poems of such length and of such a nature were composed by the individual whose name they bear, the rhapsodists would, for their own convenience, have been likely to divide them, if it were practicable, just as we find that they were divided; in a foreign land, these rhapsodies would obviously be likely before many years to become

* Nem. 2, 1.

permanently separate, unless measures were adopted to preserve them in their natural union; and we cannot perceive any proof, that the labors of Pisistratus and his son amounted to more than this. The testimony of Plato, the earliest authority, has been already adduced, and his language does not touch this point. Cicero thus alludes to this, as the work of Pisistratus; 'qui (Pisistratus) primus Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse dicitur, ut nunc habemus.'* With due deference to great names, we must maintain, that a fair interpretation of his words necessarily implies nothing more than that these poems, being recited in different portions and by different persons in Greece, had become *confused* or deranged, and that Pisistratus first restored them to their proper form. But if Pisistratus rendered this great service to the cause of letters, of first collecting the scattered relics of a former age, why is not the honor of it ascribed to him by the earliest writers? It would seem that so remarkable a fact in the history of literature, a public transaction too, could not have been lost before the lapse of a single age, or have escaped the scrutinizing eye of Herodotus; yet, as the case is well stated by Knight,† neither Herodotus nor Thucydides, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, who have handed down so much respecting Homer, and Pisistratus and his sons, seems to have had the slightest knowledge of this fact. Aristotle commends Homer, in exalted terms, for the beautiful arrangement and skilful structure of his poems, without suspecting that those praises belonged of right to Pisistratus, the real author of all this order, and not to the poet himself. Furthermore, it is difficult to perceive why, in the general search for the most ancient and the rarest copies of the Greek writers throughout the world, which was made by the Ptolemies, when they were collecting the celebrated Alexandrian library at an expense that a royal treasury alone could bear, and which brought to light so many editions of the Homeric poems, the Massilian, the Chian, Sinopic, Cretan and Argive ones, the αἱ κατὰ πόλεις and the αἱ κατ' ἄνδρα.—they should not have first secured this *princeps editio* of the Pisistratidae. And yet we find no mention of an Athenian copy, a circumstance which throws strong suspicion over the whole story.‡ We say

* De Orat. 3. 34. † Proleg. § 4.

‡ Galen, in his Commentaries on Hippocrates, among other curious statements, showing the great efforts made by one of the Ptolemies

nothing here of the improbabilities implied in the supposition, that two poems, which have commanded the admiration of succeeding ages, were constructed from the separate recitations of itinerant rhapsodists; as this will be more fully considered in another place.

We therefore see nothing in the story respecting Pisistratus, that invalidates in the least the genuineness of the Iliad and Odyssey; and we think we are safe in affirming, that there is nothing in the poems themselves, which would have led to a suspicion of their just claims to the character of genuine epics of the bardic age of the Greeks. They contain, it is true, no distinct notices of their reputed author, nor of his age. And yet the metre, the forms of the language and the manners of the poems, are all characteristic of the Homeric age, and peculiar to it. They have never been counterfeited. It is argued, however, that the art of writing was not known, or at least not in general use, in the age usually assigned to Homer. It is difficult, then, say those who impugn their genuineness, to imagine how a poet, without the art of writing to assist his memory, should have conceived the design of these two great poems, or if he had conceived, should have been able to execute it; and as poetry, at that period, was designed for recitation, how he should have thought of composing works of such length, that they could not be recited at one time. Such a recitation must have occupied many days. And then, again, it is thought to present a serious difficulty to suppose, that people assembled to hear, for several days in succession, without weariness on their part and exhaustion on that of the bard, the recitation of the fifteen thousand verses of the Iliad or Odyssey: so that the poet who should, under the circumstances of that age, compose poems of such length, to use the humorous comparison of Wolf, would be very like a man, who, in the first rude attempts in navigation, should have

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to procure books for their library, has the following, to which we would call the attention of the reader. 'What he did to the Athenians was no small evidence of his diligence in obtaining ancient works. He took copies of Sophocles, Euripides and Æschylus, merely to copy and then return them without injury, on a pledge of *fifteen talents* of silver. Having procured splendid copies, on the most beautiful paper, he retained those which he received from the Athenians, and sent them the copies he had made, urging them to accept the new copies and keep the fifteen talents.'

built a huge vessel in the interior with the necessary machines and rollers for moving it, but without a sea on which to test the success of his skill.

As respects the last part of the objection, it is a sufficient reply, that there were festivals which lasted several days, and such poems were well suited to such occasions. Herodotus read his history at the Olympic festival. A public provision, as we have seen, was made by Pisistratus or his son, for the recitation of the Homeric poems in succession, at the Panathenaean festival; and there is reason to conjecture that the Tetralogies, or sets of plays, which were prepared for the great festivals of later times, afford a specimen of these entertainments. But was not the art of writing known in the Homeric age? Josephus asserts, that Homer did not commit his poems to writing; but his authority was regarded as of too recent date to merit much attention, until the question was discussed by Wood. We will state briefly the argument upon it.

The introduction of letters into Greece is uniformly ascribed by ancient writers, from Herodotus down, to Cadmus, the Phœnician, who is said to have arrived in Greece about 1550 B. C. Supposing this account to be correct, it is argued, that in the barbarous state of society at that time, it would have required ages for this alphabet to come into general use. But would it not have become generally known in five or six hundred years? Had this been the case, the public laws would have been written. Yet Zaleucus, who lived as late as 660 B. C., passed among the ancients for the first who committed laws to writing. Seventy years after, Solon inscribed his laws on wood. This material indicates the earliest stages of the art, and yet more the style of the writing, which was that called βουστροφηδόν, which literally means turning in the manner of oxen, that is, from the right to the left, and then from the left to the right, as land is furrowed with a plough. The Greek alphabet, moreover, was not completed until the sixth or the fifth century before our era, and was not used to record public acts at Athens, until after the Peloponnesian war in the Archonship of Euclid, 403 B. C.; and how is it possible, it is asked, that the art of writing should have been in use in the age of Homer?

In reply to these statements, it may be said, that granting them to be true in relation to Greece Proper, they prove nothing in regard to the Grecian colonies of Asia Minor. These colonies

enjoyed a flourishing commerce; much attention was given in them to the arts of life, and much progress must have been made in refinement, centuries before the age of Solon. Besides, if Syria were the home of letters, commerce might have introduced them at a very early period into Asia Minor; and, what is of some importance, we have direct accounts that the Ionians, and after them the Samians, adopted the alphabet of twenty-four letters, before the Greeks of the mother country.

There is one passage in the Iliad, in which it is thought by some, that allusion is made to alphabetical writing.* Admiting the correctness of the interpretation which favors this opinion, we cannot infer much from this single passage, as the substance here mentioned, on which the writing was executed, is wood. Were the twenty or thirty thousand verses of these poems written on tablets of wood? This leads us to the inquiry whether materials were then known, which would answer the common purposes of writing.

The materials used for writing in the earliest ages, were stone, wood, metals, waxen tablets, the bark and leaves of trees, skins and linen. Parchment was not known before the time of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, a little earlier than 200 B. C. Herodotus informs us, that papyrus was used in his time for the purposes of writing, nor does he speak of the use of it as recent. We cannot, however, trace it higher than the sixth century before Christ; and even this view of the matter is somewhat doubtful, for Varro, as appears from Pliny, was of opinion that it was not in common use until after Alexandria was built, (330 B. C.,) and Pliny adopts the same opinion.† According to Herodotus, the skins of animals, prepared in a particular way, were employed for the purpose in Ionia. There is no direct evidence that they were not used in the age of Homer, and if so, they are the only material on which his poems could have been written. A treaty concluded between the Gabii and Tarquinius Superbus, written on a wooden buckler covered with an ox-hide, was in preservation at Rome, when Dionysius Halicarnassus wrote his Roman Antiquities; but for three centuries after the poet, there is no

* Il. 6. 168. The story of Bellerophon. One other is also referred to by those, who maintain the affirmative of the question. Il. 7. 175. It seems to us to have no weight.

† Wolf's *Proleg.* p. 59. & note 22. Pliny's Nat. Hist. 13. 11.

trace of any specimen of writing whatever. It is scarcely credible, it is said, that these poems, bearing a date, too, three hundred years before other monuments of writing, which in themselves have the appearance almost of a first attempt, should stand in the midst of this desert of all written works, as specimens of the art in its full perfection,

All this, it may be replied, as before, is true in its application to Western Greece. Though there is no direct evidence of the existence of the art of writing in the colonies of Asia Minor, still there is none to the contrary, and for aught that appears, though the probability is perhaps against the supposition, Homer may have enjoyed the benefit of this art. When we reflect, however, on the manners of the Iliad and Odyssey, there are strong reasons for believing, that writing was not in common use. They are conclusive against its use at the time when the scene of the poems is laid. Treaties are made, messages sent, and orders given, without the aid of writing. A letter or two, says Rousseau, would have blown up the whole plot of the Odyssey; and to suppose that the use of writing was then known, would make the poem a tissue of absurdities. Poems, moreover, were composed not to be read but to be heard. Had the Iliad and Odyssey been committed to writing, it would not have been done for an age in which there were no readers; and what probability is there, that the author would have subjected himself to the thankless labor of copying his works for future ages, especially when the means of doing it were so imperfect? We find Herodotus, four hundred years later, reciting his history to the Greeks assembled at the Olympic games. The disciples of the philosophers, in the most refined periods of Greece, received their instructions from the lips of their masters. Socrates left no writings. This authorizes the presumption, that at so early a period as the one in question, the art of writing must have been unknown.

There is another consideration, which is, in our view, not without importance. The poets of the Homeric age were called ἀοιδοι, singers, and poetry was called ἀοιδη, song, a circumstance which justifies the conclusion that poetry was originally sung or chanted. Whenever the art of writing became so common, that the productions of mind could be recorded, we might expect a class of works to appear, which from their nature cannot be chanted. Now we have evidence that the

art of writing was diffused to a considerable extent in Ionia and Greece, not long before the time of Herodotus. Precisely at that period, the first works in prose made their appearance; we refer to those of Pherecydes of Scyros, and Cadmus the Milesian, who lived in the sixth century before our era. We are inclined, therefore, to the belief, that before this period literary productions were not committed to writing. The history of Arabian literature confirms this view of the connexion between a general diffusion of the art of writing and the origin of prose compositions. There are no prose writings of the Arabs prior to the Koran. This, says Sir W. Jones, is to be ascribed to their want of skill in writing, to their predilection for poetical measure, and to the facility with which verses are committed to memory. Writing, he adds, was so little practised among them, that the old poems, which are now accessible to us, may almost be considered as originally unwritten.*

This inquiry has formed an important part of the discussion respecting the genuineness of the Homeric poems, because it has been thought inconceivable, that they could have been either composed or preserved without the aid of writing. We are not sure, that this point is of so much importance. Let it be allowed that the art of writing was unknown to Homer;—is this fact decisive?

There is a difficulty in reasoning upon this point, because, under existing circumstances, we can form but a very imperfect judgment of the power of memory, in supplying the want of written language. We must forget the present, and go back in fancy to the past, when men had nothing but their memories to depend upon, for the preservation of their literature; and there are striking instances in proof of the surprising perfection which the memory, under such circumstances, will attain.

There is a fact reported by one who had travelled among the Hebrides and the Highlands of Scotland, which is in itself so curious, and has so important a bearing on the point under consideration, that we will introduce it to the notice of our readers. 'In a tour through Scotland,' says this writer, 'I visited the Hebrides and met with many old men, who neither spoke a word of English nor could read a word in any language. These men repeated many of the poems

* Asiatic Researches, Vol. 2, 14.

ascribed to Ossian and other ancient bards. One of these poems I wrote with such orthography and characters, as I thought might answer to the sounds which were uttered by the old man. I afterwards read it slowly to a sensible old woman, who understood it and the English well enough to give me a translation. It was as regular a poem as any I have seen translated, possessing also much genius; but she often lamented the poverty of the English language, which, she said, was incapable of expressing the sublimity of many of the passages. I saw and heard more unpublished poems of this kind, than have been printed by Macpherson and Clarke (the translators of the Caledonian Bards,) and have heard also some of the poems which those gentlemen have translated. Though I wrote tolerably fast, I learned by some of my acquaintance, that the venerable old man could repeat such a variety, as to keep me writing half a year.'*

We will adduce another fact, which proves, that poems of even greater extent than those ascribed to Homer, may be preserved in the memories of a people, less civilized than were his countrymen. The Calmucs have their Homer, who flourished in the last century, and whose works much exceed those of the ancient bard in length, but have never been committed to writing. This poet is said to have sung three hundred and sixty cantos. These cantos are of about the same length as those of the Iliad, and although it is not easy to find one of their rhapsodists who can repeat more than twenty of them, yet a Calmuc, who can do this, has at command a poem nearly as long as the Iliad or the Odyssey.

The Eddas and Sagas of the ancient Scandinavians, the former containing their mythology and the latter their traditional history, existed centuries before they were reduced to writing. Dr. Henderson has, within a few years, observed, that relics of the custom of recitation which anciently prevailed, are yet found among the present inhabitants of Iceland. 'A winter evening,' he remarks, 'in an Icelandic family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock, the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, and all the members of the family take their station with their work in their hands. The work is no sooner begun, than one of the family, selected on purpose, ad-

* Amer. Phil. Trans. vol. 3, Art. Cadmus. Note A., 279.

vances to a seat near the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally consists of some old Saga or such other histories, as are to be obtained on the island. In some houses the Sagas are *repeated* by such as have got them by heart; and instances are not uncommon of itinerating historians, who gain a livelihood during the winter, by staying at different farms until they have exhausted their stock of literary knowledge. This custom,' he adds, 'appears to have existed among the Scandinavians from time immemorial. The person chosen as reciter was called Thulr, and was always celebrated for his knowledge of past events, and the dignity and pathos with which he related them. It is to him, and the seat or pulpit on which he was elevated, that Odin alludes in the following part of the Hâvamâl, or the "sublime:" (a portion of the Sagas.)

'T is time to recite
From the seat of eloquence,
Close by the fountain of Urd:*
I sat and was silent,
I saw and reflected,
I listened to that which was told.'†

It appears that the memory was not unfrequently exercised in a remarkable manner in Greece, even in the period of her highest cultivation. Xenophon represents a person as saying that his father compelled him to learn all the poems of Homer, and that he was able to repeat the whole Iliad and Odyssey.‡

The preceding facts and statements make it evident, as we conceive, how these poems might be preserved in the memories of men. Similar achievements have been effected by people less refined and less highly gifted than were those

* By the 'fountain of Urd,' the poet here means the source of wisdom, and intimates, that as he had long sat and listened to the tales of other years, he was now qualified for the chair himself.

† Journal of a Residence in Iceland, p. 154.

‡ The whole history of the North, says Botin, as quoted by Constant, was preserved in poetry without being written. There are yet in Finland peasants, whose memory equals that of the Greek rhapsodists. These peasants generally compose verses, and some recite very long poems, which they preserve in their memory as they correct them, without writing them. Constant, de la Religion, Tome 3, 444. Paris. 1827.

of Greece or Ionia. But we must bear in mind, that these efforts of memory were not casual; they were strictly professional; and as the rhapsodists must have kept the memory in continual exercise, we can hardly imagine the degree of perfection to which they may have thus attained. Many instances are on record of individuals, who have exhibited surprising facility in acquiring and tenacity in retaining language. And, under the constant cultivation of the period to which we refer, the memory may, in ordinary cases, have attained a degree of perfection, which now occurs only in rare and wonderful instances.

The inquiry still remains, how could the poet have conceived and executed the design of such extensive works, without the aid of writing? In answer to this inquiry it may be said, that if there were a succession of poets, who composed and recited poems of greater or less extent without such aid, and of this there can be no doubt, there is no more difficulty in conceiving that one may surpass the rest in genius and achievement, than that any individual in other respects may go far beyond his contemporaries. We, who possess every facility for recording our thoughts as they arise, can form no idea of the power which a mind, compelled to depend on its own resources, may acquire of treasuring up within itself its conceptions and thoughts for future use. Modern times have exhibited a most interesting and imposing picture of the great epic poet of our own language, enshrouded in perpetual darkness, and yet conceiving and executing the magnificent design of one of the noblest efforts of genius; dictating a poem of greater length than the Iliad, full of vast reach of thought, of surpassing sublimity, of matchless inspiration. This achievement of Milton is hardly less surprising for his time, than that which we ascribe to the father of the epic poem, for the age in which he lived.

Having shewn conclusively, as we think, that, even in the most unfavorable aspect of the question, these poems might have been originally conceived and executed by the individual whose name they bear, we are prepared to meet the inquiry directly, and state our reasons for believing, at least, that each of them was originally the conception of a single mind;—and that they have come down to us, in all important respects, as they proceeded from the lips of their author or authors. It will be perceived, that we leave the question whether they both

proceeded from the same mind, open for separate discussion. Some of the ancients entertained doubts respecting the authorship of the Odyssey, but none of them went so far as to suppose that it was a production of many minds. The two questions are wholly distinct.

We have already remarked, that there is nothing in the poems themselves, which would have led to a serious doubt that they were genuine epics. We cannot otherwise account for the general belief respecting the character of these poems, which has prevailed from the earliest period until within fifty years. If they were a mere collection of rhapsodies of different poets or a single one, how could this have escaped the notice of Herodotus, Thucydides, and more than all, of Aristotle and Longinus, professed and acute critics? We are aware that it has been often replied to this, that the ancients knew nothing of the principles of historical criticism; that they were imposed upon by the most idle tales; and that, as Greeks, they were proud of their national poetry. But this reply is not sufficient. They might have been deceived in regard to their true authorship; they might have ascribed to the same author what belonged to two; but are we to believe, that it was reserved for amateurs of these last days to detect changes in this early minstrelsy, which had fallen unheeded on the ears of those who gloried in it as their native song? Nay, the prince of ancient critics extolled the unity of the Iliad as the chief merit of the poem; and some of his followers even denied, that a single verse could be removed without impairing the structure of the poem. Three things were said to be equally impracticable; to take from Jove his thunderbolt, his club from Hercules, and a verse from Homer. This was extravagant indeed, but it shows how far they were from suspecting those defects in unity, which modern critics have thought so glaring. We cannot, however, conceive how any one can read the Iliad without being struck with its unity. In the midst of the surprising variety of incident which constitutes the action of the poem, and which tends of course to distract the attention, the fortunes of the principal hero and his injured honor, which Jupiter himself has undertaken to maintain, are never forgotten; and this, in fact, is the principal source of that interest which this wonderful poem uniformly excites. We should by no means defend the unbroken unity of the Iliad as warmly as the older critics; yet we believe that modern criticism has gone

as far towards the opposite extreme, when it refers us to many things which offend against perfect unity; when it imagines that it can discriminate the different parts which have been combined into this whole, and professes to point out the seams and even the stitches of this wondrous patchwork of primæval minstrelsy. We may estimate the degree of confidence to be reposed in the results of this hypercriticism, when we see that, which one regards as a weakness in the structure of the poem, regarded by another as essential to its compactness; and we cannot better illustrate the uncertainty attending the decisions of criticism where a favorite theory is in question, than by comparing the views of two eminent critics on the same passages.

The description of the shield of Achilles, in the eighteenth book, was condemned by ancient critics as an interpolation. Heyne investigates its credit with great learning, and rejects it without hesitation, as having no connexion with the action of the poem, but rather interrupting the progress of the story, and as implying a degree of advancement in the arts beyond that of the poet's age. But whoever will read Knight's comments* on the criticism of the German scholar will, we think, find the argument against the passage very sensibly impaired in weight. Eustathius, as quoted by Heyne, relates an old story, that the rhapsody which constitutes the tenth book of the Iliad, the subject of which is the nocturnal expedition of Ulysses and Diomede into the Trojan camp, or, as it is sometimes entitled, the affair of Dolon, was composed separately by Homer and inserted by Pisistratus in the Iliad. Heyne adds other considerations, tending to invalidate the genuineness of this book; as, for example, that it bears marks of labored adaptation to the preceding part of the narrative, and that its action is attended with no result, and is of course of no importance in the conduct of the poem. On this criticism, Knight has the following remarks.

'Neque exquisitiore aliquo ingenii acumine, sed communi hominis cujusvis sensu in re critica uti (me fateor); at quoad communi hoc sensu judicare liceat, venia viri doctissimi dixerim, nulla pars neque Iliadis, neque alius cujuscunque poematis, magis e praecedentibus et ante narratis pendet, quam rhapsodia illa decima. Animorum affectus, locorum situs, castrorum custodiae, ducum orationes, omnium denique rerum gestarum in

* Proleg. §. 11.

utroque exercitu nexus et consilia, non nisi ex ante actis intelligi possunt; *neque poeta, si ejusmodi carmen singulare apud homines simplices et agrestes, quales erant omnes propemodum illius aevi, cecinisset, ad vigesimum versum audientium coronam tenuisset.*'*

Our readers perhaps will be disposed to believe, that little reliance can be placed on any conclusions to which we may arrive on a subject, to which no general principles seem to be applicable. A solution of the difficulty, we apprehend, is found in the influence of a favorite theory on the mind, which has already been alluded to, and in the want of clear, well defined views of what is implied in epic unity. The Epopeia does not require the unity of the drama. It cannot be confined by the strict laws of a perfect unity. Least of all, could the epic of the Homeric age be thus shackled. As we have seen, this was designed for recitation;—a recitation not continuous, but interrupted by intervals. An unbroken unity would not have answered the purposes of the poet. The defects in respect to unity, then, which are diligently sought out and placed before us in imposing array, are in favor of the claims of Homer. They are brought forward as proof, that this poem is not what it claims to be, an original conception of one mind. We say in reply, that such defects might be expected in a work composed without model and without rules, and under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable;—nay more, they are precisely such as ought to have existed in the circumstances of the case; they were required by the nature of the poem. A perfect unity would, in our apprehension, rather indicate the critical labor of a later hand.

As this is an important point in the discussion, we will illustrate it by quoting some ingenious remarks of Mr. Coleridge on the true idea of the Iliad, as an epic poem. They occur in connexion with an inquiry as to the real subject of the poem. We are pleased with them in general, although we should go farther in our views of the unity of the poem, than he seems inclined to do.

'It may indeed be well doubted, whether the presumption of a necessity for a pre-arranged plan, exactly commensurate with the extent of the poem, is not founded on a misconception of the history and character of early heroic poetry. Such a presumption seems in fact deduced from an analogy with the artificial con-

* Proleg. §. 27.

texture of the drama in its finished state; although even in that case the difference between the Persians of Æschylus and the first Œdipus of Sophocles is as great, as between the Iliad and the Jerusalem Delivered. In the first essays of national poetry, impassioned and varied narration is the paramount requisite; there must be passion to excite sympathy, variety to prevent disgust, and narration or a story to sustain the attention; but the intricacy, the dove-tailing, the counterpoint of the drama and of modern epics would be useless, because never presented, except in fragments, to the mind of the audience. A certain consistency of character is necessary to create a complete conception of it, and of story, to induce a sense of probability: but perhaps to seek for more than this would be to forget the constitution of society, and the peculiar spirit of heroic poetry in the infancy of a nation. It may seem, therefore, that the resentment of Achilles and his return to the war, are more properly the connecting link or running thread, than the specific subject of the Iliad,—the centre round which the orb of the song moves, but not the circumference which bounds it,—the point of departure and the object of frequent retrospect; but that one half the Poem would have been as noble and consistent in itself, if Achilles had never left Phthia, or never quarrelled with Agamemnon. The single combats of Menelaus and Paris, of Hector and Ajax; the Ἀριστεῖαι, or days of Diomed, of Agamemnon, of Ulysses, of Idomeneus, of Menelaus, the funeral games of Patroclus, and the restitution and burial of the body of Hector, are all of them splendid minstrelsies, generally complete in themselves, yet having an obvious connexion as still telling the same great tale of Troy. If the divine genius, which ended these immortal rhapsodies with the lamentation of women over the lifeless body of Hector, had gone on and told the fall of Achilles himself, the mortal conflict round his body, the capture and the flames of Ilion, the blood of Priam and the shrieks of Cassandra,—still those added rhapsodies would have been *an* Iliad; and still, in a vague way, they might be said to have had the same general theme in the fated accomplishment of the will of Jupiter. That fixed economy of the epic poem, with which we are so familiar, and which may at first seem essential to it, does not appear really to exist in the Iliad;—the critical subdivisions or stages are determined in it by critical fancy alone; the technical episode has no place in it. From the first to the last line of the Poem the whole is *narratio directa*, a straight and onward tale; and the speeches of Nestor and Phœnix, and the description of the Shield of Achilles, are not parentheses, as they have been commonly called, but parts and acts of

the story itself. They have, it is true, their own beauty or their own usefulness; they charm or they instruct, and either object was sufficient for the desires and manners of the people for whom they were composed.'

We would not be understood as maintaining, that there are not numerous and, in some cases, long interpolations in the Iliad. It would be strange if they were not found in a work, which has been exposed to the changes of nearly three thousand years. They are in truth like the moss and ivy clinging to a time-worn structure, at once the effect and the evidence of its antiquity. Notwithstanding, however, such exceptions, we think that every one, unbiassed by system, must be surprised at the unity both of action and sentiment in this first example of epic song; and the fact, that this unity is found in the Iliad to such a degree that the exceptions to it are rather blemishes than gross defects, if they are in truth imperfections, and are not perfectly consistent with the true character of the poem, is the main argument in favor of its genuineness. For how is it possible, that the productions of different minds should be collected together, so as to form a whole of, we had almost said, unbroken uniformity in style and sentiment? Where could several minds be elsewhere found, equally successful in portraying character? Look at the characters of the Iliad, the vigor with which they are conceived and drawn, observe how their individuality is preserved throughout, and you see the strokes of one and the same matchless pencil. How could even the separate, disconnected productions of the same mind have been wrought into a vast, magnificent epic, which has become the model of all that have succeeded, and which, considered in itself, after making all the deductions which criticism can reasonably ask, bears abundant marks of an original conception?

We are, however, again told, that in maintaining the genuineness of the Iliad, we hold to an opinion which implies something beyond the power of human genius. How is it possible, it is asked, that an individual, at so early a period, and under the circumstances which have been mentioned, should have anticipated by many ages the improvement of future times? Unable to conceive that this should have been done, and that a first attempt at this highest species of composition, in an age of comparative rudeness, should in many respects have

succeeded in a degree never surpassed in the subsequent progress of the human mind, will those, who are so incredulous, imagine that they have explained the existence of this poem by either of the two hypotheses, which have been stated? Do they rest satisfied with the belief, that, in reality, it is made up of distinct poems, composed in a later age by several bards, and brought together in the form in which we now possess them; or that it consisted of different poems, most of which were from the individual whose name the work now bears?

For the former hypothesis, we confess that we have little respect. We cannot conceive of any fancy more extravagant, than that the collected minstrelsy of an age should have been moulded into a single poem of such uniformity in style and sentiment, and exhibiting an unity of action so well sustained, as to pass the ordeal of criticism and receive the admiration of mankind through the long period of nearly three thousand years, before any suspicion was expressed, that it was not an original conception of a single mind. As we have already remarked, we would ask any one to look at a single feature of this poem,—the portraiture of character,—and then to maintain, if he can, that this remote age was so much more fruitful than any other, of minds equally endowed with the lofty genius which reigns throughout the Iliad.

Nor does the second hypothesis, although free from the extravagance of the other, and more worthy of serious consideration, explain satisfactorily the existence of this poem. How does it remove the alleged difficulty? By advancing in its place a theory, which seems to us yet more incredible. The combining of different poems into one of unbroken unity and interest, is an unheard of achievement. Is there any thing resembling it in the history of mind? Connecting links must be supplied to fill up the interstices. A series of incidents must be interwoven, which shall form a continuous chain from the beginning to the end. The character of the poem, as a whole, should be equally possessed by all the several parts. To effect all this, would require the powers of a second Homer; and who, in the age of the Pisistratidae, could have accomplished this labor? Upon whom had the mantle of the father-minstrel fallen, and enabled him thus to gather the dispersed, decayed relics of a former age, and to mould them into this living form of fair proportions and matchless beauty? But we would ask, if the ancient bard had the power of composing several

rhapsodies, each with its own unity of action, why deny him the power of conceiving and executing a production, which should include many such? How much smaller an advance beyond his contemporaries is implied in the father of history, who conceived and executed the design of a work, earlier unquestionably in the history of prose, than the Iliad was in that of poetry? But whatever may be urged respecting the origin of the Iliad, its existence will continue to be one of the mysteries of genius. In the words of an author, whose opinion is of great weight on any topic of ancient literature, 'the creations of genius remain always half miracles. If we were in possession of all the historic testimonies, we never could wholly explain the origin of the Iliad and the Odyssey; for that origin must have remained, in all essential points, the secret of the poet.' *

The preceding remarks apply with yet more force to the Odyssey. The argument in favor of this being the production of an individual, is stronger than in the case of the Iliad. The conduct of the Odyssey exhibits much more art, and its unity is more entire. In the Iliad, our interest is powerfully excited by the separate parts of the poem, and we are in danger of forgetting at times their connexion with the general subject, the honor of Achilles. In the Odyssey, we are enchained by the story. Wherever the poet carries us, amidst the most exciting incidents of the poem, the hero is ever before us. Our sympathies are perpetually with him. If the Iliad, therefore, is no chance-medley production of many minds, much less so is the Odyssey. There are, however, considerations, which make the authorship of the Odyssey a subject deserving of a separate discussion. We do not propose to enter into this discussion at the present time. We shall only briefly state the grounds, on which critics have concluded that it was from another hand than that of the author of the Iliad. †

There are several points of difference between the two poems. Some words in the Odyssey, which do not occur in the Iliad, indicate a more advanced state of society. As languages improve, words undergo changes in quantity or form;

* Heeren.

† For the discussion of this subject, we refer the reader to R. P. Knight's Proleg. § 43. et seq.; Constant, de la Religion, Tome 3. Liv. 8. Mr. Coleridge has given a very good view of the argument in his work.

and many such changes are observed in the Odyssey. In the Iliad, the chords of the lyre are made of flax, in the Odyssey, of the *viscera* of sheep. In the Odyssey a superiority can be noticed in the arts of life. The manners of the poem, as must be apparent to a casual reader, differ from those of the Iliad. The warrior has hung up his shield and armor in the hall; right and not force prevails; the arts of peace have begun to be cultivated, a change yet more fully developed in the poems of Hesiod, of a still later age. There is, moreover, a marked difference between the poems in their literary character. The Iliad abounds in comparisons, in the Odyssey there are but few; there is less energy and impetuosity, but more art and refinement. These differences have often been observed, and the explanation which has usually been given of them is, that the Iliad was the offspring of the powers of the poet in their youthful vigor, while the Odyssey was the feebler effort of his declining years. Though this explanation may serve to account for some at least, if not all, of these differences, there are others in regard to which it is not perfectly satisfactory. The mythology, the religious system of the Odyssey, differs from that of the Iliad in some remarkable particulars. Charis is the wife of Vulcan in the Iliad, and Venus in the Odyssey; Iris is most commonly the messenger of the gods in the former, Mercury in the latter. In the Iliad, Hercules is one of the heroes of the preceding age; in the Odyssey, he has taken his place among the gods. But in a moral point of view, the religious system of the latter poem far surpasses that of the other. There is less grossness in the character of the deities. Olympus is a fitter residence for the celestials. The quarrels among them, so frequent in the Iliad, in the Odyssey have almost disappeared. They are more the guardians and the moral governors of men. In the Iliad, they are constantly interfering in the conflicts of mortals, with the passions and the frailties of humanity. They inflict blows and receive them in return, they shout, they pursue, they flee. In the Odyssey they have become, for the most part, invisible agents. Minerva is almost the only one who appears on the earth, and she acts more by secret inspiration and mysterious influence, than by open intervention. These differences between the two poems are deemed conclusive in favor of the supposition, that the Odyssey was from another and a later hand. 'I dare affirm,' says Constant, who is high authority on any question relating to the ancient systems of mythology,

'that it was as impossible for the Homer of the Odyssey to be the author of the Iliad, as for a Hebrew of Alexandria to write the Psalms or the book of Job.' Mr. Knight comes to the conclusion, that the Odyssey belongs to the age which immediately succeeded that of the Iliad.

We have thus endeavored to present with clearness and impartiality the principal points involved in the interesting question, respecting the origin of the two great poems ascribed to Homer. We have left many considerations unnoticed, and very probably have allowed less weight to some than they merit in the view of others. However this question may be decided, the decision will not affect the merits of the poems; they must still stand unrivalled among human productions, in the estimation of the true scholar. Bouchardon used to say, that whenever he read Homer, his whole frame seemed to be enlarged, and all nature around him to dwindle into insignificance. We have here doubtless a true test of transcendent genius, in the power which it exerts over all that come within its influence. 'Of all the Greek poetry,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'I, for one, have no hesitation in saying, that the Iliad and the Odyssey are the most delightful and have been the most instructive works to me; there is a freshness about them both which never fades, a truth and sweetness which charmed me as a boy and a youth, and on which, if I attain to it, I count largely for a soothing recreation in my old age.' Every one, who has imbibed the spirit of the ancient classics, can appreciate these feelings; and when we reflect on the wide sway which Homer has exercised over the minds and hearts of men, we may well ask, what genius was ever more fortunate than 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle?' Three thousand years have rolled away, and his music is still borne along the waters to distant shores. Whence comes this influence over minds in every other land and in all succeeding times? He is the only chronicle of his age; and there is a principle within us, which gives an interest and awe to every thing that has come down to us from early days. He exhibits to us the manners of men, in the simplicity of unsophisticated nature. His language has all the freshness of youth; it is the language of pure, unadulterated nature. Add to these qualities a lofty imagination, vigor of conception, and rapidity of action, all set forth by the charm of a versification, matchless for its melody, variety and power, and who will wonder that Homer is the poet of every age and of every land?

We are unwilling to bring this article to a close, without offering some remarks upon the new edition of the Iliad by Professor Felton. This gentleman does not claim for his labors the merit of originality. His edition is a reprint of the Leipsig edition of Tauchnitz, which has the reputation in Europe of uncommon accuracy. It is designed, as he informs us, less for the critical scholar, than for the use of students in our literary institutions; and we can safely recommend it as calculated to supply a deficiency, which has been seriously felt by classical instructers. The difficulty has been heretofore, that the attention of the pupil has been too much given to words merely; he has been too little in the habit of studying the characteristic traits of the work on which he is employed, of appreciating its merits, and of entering with interest into its prevailing spirit; for it ought undoubtedly to be one of the primary objects of a liberal education, to inspire and cultivate a taste for the beautiful and true. The labors of commentators, also, have been in general expended on grammatical niceties and the comparison of various readings, to the neglect of the character and spirit of the works which they elucidate, considered as monuments of taste and genius. The object of Mr. Felton is to direct the attention of the student to the Iliad, as the noblest monument of ancient inspiration; to make him share the admiration, with which he himself regards it; to induce him, in his own language, 'to read the poem, not in the spirit of a schoolboy conning a dull lesson to be "construed" and "parsed" and forgotten when the hour of recitation is at an end, but in the delightful consciousness, that he is employing his mind upon one of the noblest monuments of the genius of man. Whatever his conclusions may be,' he proceeds, 'as to the merit of particular passages, if any remarks of mine should chance to excite his attention to the real character of the poem, and to promote a habit of analytical criticism, whether his opinions agree with my own or not, the object which I have proposed to myself will be accomplished.' In the execution of his task, Mr. Felton has entirely avoided the fault, into which editors are not unapt to fall, of leaving too little for the pupil to do; and he has equally escaped the strong temptation, of making a cumbrous and unnecessary parade of learning. His notes are brief and appropriate, always in good taste, and wholly free from pedantry. He might perhaps have advantageously extended them; but, in their present form, they are well adapted to his purpose. Indeed, the execution of the

work is in all respects entitled to the highest praise. Its typography is rich and beautiful, and, so far as we have examined, we have found it executed with great accuracy. The illustrations of Flaxman, with which it is adorned, are the production of an artist of uncommon taste and genius, who had spent years in studying the monuments of antiquity, and was animated with the spirit of its best days. They have been welcomed in every country, where Homer continues to be read, with an enthusiasm, which shows that he had caught and reproduced the fervid spirit, alike of the ancient artist and the bard; for painting, like poetry, was only a different development of the same idea of the grand and beautiful. We have no hesitation in saying, that this edition of the Iliad is as creditable to the American press, as it is to the taste and learning of its editor. In connexion with the other editions of the classics which have been already published, or are about to appear, it will be received with satisfaction, by the lovers of sound learning, as indicating the commencement of a new era in the classical literature of our country.

Art. IV.—*Old English Romances.*
A Collection of Early Prose Romances. Edited by William J. Thoms. 3 Vols. London. 1828.

One of the most interesting and instructive walks of literature lies among the graves of the departed,—for the thoughts of man have their graves like man himself, and the reverend monitor, Time, for them likewise tolls the passing bell, and performs the sad obsequies. A vast library is a vast cemetery of mind, where, in a certain sense, lie buried the ideas of those, who have gone before us. Each dusty tome is a neglected monument, whose epitaph is written in the title-page, and whose date not unfrequently records at once the birth and the death of its tenant. There the poet and the philosopher literally mingle their dust together, and the musty apostle of an obsolete creed lies side by side with the prurient ballad-singer. The learned prelate is a prey to the worm, and the wanton tale-bearer lisps his amorous conceits to the dull ear of oblivion. One might almost think, that they had implored eternal peace, and that their prayer had been answered; for no one disturbs their repose, save now and then some Old Mortality,

who comes to meditate among the tombs, and to wipe away the mildew and gossamer, which cover the inscriptions.

Such, at least, has been the case till within a few years past. But the grave-yard is no longer a solitary spot. *Siste Viator!* and the passing footstep pauses. Nay,—the grave itself is no longer inviolate. Time is again busy with his spade. The old martyrs are dug up;—'you have now dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a skull;' and these mouldering remains are exhibited to the crowd as holy relics, whose sight and touch are to cure the deep-seated disease, which corrupts the public taste. To this we most devoutly say, amen! We believe that this is the surest way of changing that morbid habit of the mind, into which the present age has fallen, and of restoring a healthy and vigorous action.*

To speak without figure, we consider the republication of the best works of the standard old English prose writers as an enterprise of the most laudable kind. Such writers as Brown, and Taylor, and Felltham, and some others of the same school, cannot be too often, nor too studiously read. Communion with such minds as theirs is not only delightful, but invigorating to our own. Their works, or at least some favorite portions of them, should lie upon the table of every young scholar; so that when he shuts in weariness the hand-book of his daily studies, or lays down his pen, too long obedient to the over-labored mind, these eloquent men may meet him with a voice of pleasing and thoughtful conversation.

In these old writers, he will find rare models of that direct and forcible style, which has its origin in direct and forcible thinking. They speak from the fulness of their intellect. Their ideas are marshalled forth in close phalanx, and move forward shoulder to shoulder through the page; whilst our modern plunderers, who enrich themselves with the thoughts of other minds, drag along their stolen ideas, as Cacus did of old the cattle of Hercules.

The three volumes of Old English Prose Romances, which

* We take this opportunity of presenting our most cordial thanks to the Rev. Mr. Young, for the good service he has done our little republic of letters by the publication of 'The Library of Old English Prose Writers,' eight volumes of which have already appeared, and which we most sincerely hope is not to stop here. No library should be without this work, unless it possess the voluminous originals from which it is drawn.

lie before us, are, however, in a different vein. They do not quicken, and elevate, and instruct us by their wisdom, but they amuse us by their quaintness and simplicity, and enable us to compare the romance which delights us at the present day, with that, which flattered the popular taste some three centuries ago. Trivial as these writings are, in themselves considered, they are important documents, when taken in connexion with the history of the human mind. This is one of the many forms, in which the intellectual powers have exhibited themselves; and consequently such exhibitions of those powers should not be neglected by him, who would study the mind of man in all its phases.

'It is infinitely more important for us,' says the poet and historian Schiller, 'to know a man's thoughts, than his actions; nay, it is of vastly greater importance to trace out the sources of his thoughts, than the consequences of his actions. Men have penetrated into the crater of Vesuvius, in order to investigate the causes of its fires; and why should they be less assiduous in the investigation of moral, than of physical phenomena? Why should they not examine, with equal care, the variety and power of those circumstances by which a man is surrounded, till the accumulated materials burst forth into a flame within him?' Upon this text a volume might be written. How often do the trivial incidents of yesterday, become the serious business of to-day? How often do the fleeting day-dreams of youth become the fixed purposes of manhood? If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent, which fertilizes the land with its abundant stream, or sweeps it with a desolating flood, we shall find it dripping from the crevice of a rock, in the distant solitudes of the forest: so, too, the gentle feelings, that enrich and beautify the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the shadowy recesses of the past, from a nursery song or a fireside tale. The child is not only 'father to the man,' but his schoolmaster also; and the lessons he teaches are often those we remember longest. 'I should have been an atheist,' said an eminent statesman, 'if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father, which art in Heaven.' The good principle took root in the heart of the little child, and although the tree, that grew

therefrom was swayed about and groaned in the storm of strong passions, yet it was not uprooted. So, too, the wonderful tales told to us in childhood haunt our imaginations even to the grave; and many feelings, and passions, and principles of action, for whose origin we look in vain among the more recent and immediate circumstances of our education, might doubtless be traced back to some tale of the times of old, some faintly remembered tradition of the chimney-corner. The story of Old Father Redcap, coming down chimney at night, has made many a poor child so faint-hearted, that neither the jeers of his school-fellows, nor the lapse of time, nor the power of reflection, nor the lessons of reason and experience, could ever again render him courageous in the dark; while, on the other hand, many a future hero has caught the first spark of valiant enterprise from the tales he has listened to, of the wonderful exploits of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer; and many a truant sailor-boy, as he rocks in the cradle of the sea, can date his earliest longing for an adventurous life, to the moment, when he first heard, in the ardor of childish curiosity, the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

If this be true in reference to individuals, it is true also, to a certain extent, when applied to communities. The wild and marvellous romances of the middle ages were the nursery tales told to society in its childhood. In the ghostly legends of Saints it lisped its 'now-I-lay me;' the amorous ditties of the Troubadours were an evening lullaby; and the romances of chivalry were the manuals and picture-books of its school-boy days. The first exercised upon the minds of superstitious nations a salutary influence, which has not yet ceased to be felt; the second were of great use in smoothing the grim visage of the past, and in softening the feelings of society; and the power of the last still exhibits itself in the character of more than one people, too nearly allied to the faithless Galaor, of whom it is recorded, '*qu'il ne valoit rien pour filer le parfait amour.*'

From considerations of this kind, the most trivial tale, that exhibits the traits of national character, or saves from oblivion a chapter of traditionary lore, is not without its value to the philosopher and the historian. It is the source of a thousand impulses and impressions, which have gone abroad in society, and which may so influence the minds of men, that the idle tradition shall work the overthrow of states. It matters not, whether the tale be true or false,—whether its hero have had

a real, or only an imaginary existence. The result will be the same; for in the language of the author of that strange book, Hermippus Redivivus, 'There is less difference than most people imagine, between real and feigned stories. They differ but as morning and evening shadows; the one is the faint picture of what has passed,—the other is a lively representation of what may possibly come.' It is enough, that the tale itself is told, that it finds idle lips to repeat it, and curious ears to listen to it, and an empty chamber in the brain, where it may brood in secret and nurse unquiet fancies.

And apart from these considerations, what a wonderful region is the land of old romance! With what a strange feeling do we hang over the dizzy steep of six centuries, and gaze on the pomp of chivalry below,—the tournament and tented field, the lady fair and little page, the wandering knight and the forlorn damsel, and all the race of giants, dwarfs, and fiery dragons, that seem created only to thwart the amorous purposes of true love! The knight, who stands yonder by the sea-side, divested of his armor, and singing a love-lorn ditty to the sound of a lute, is Amadis de Gaul, lamenting the cruelty of the fair Oriane; and the beardless youth in yonder castle hall, beset by six armed knights at once, is Daolin de Mayance. While we are speaking, he has slain two of them, and thrown the other four out of the window! Yonder, too, goes Tristan de Léonois, stark mad for a faithless mistress, venting his fury upon shepherds and their flocks, tearing up huge trees by the roots, and bumping the heads of bears against the cliffs around him! Huon de Bordeaux is fighting with the giant Angoulafre, while the fair Esclamonde sighs in captivity, and Oberon, the king of Fairy Land, attended by his goblin knights Gloriand and Malembrum, is wringing his hands and crying like a child! Fie on the ladies of Cornwall! The enchanted goblet they hold in their hands is a test of their fidelity to their lords; and there is not one, who has not spilled the wine upon her garments! What next? The brave knights of Bruty Brenhined have just pitched a giant six cubits high into the sea; and good king Arthur has rid the world of another, whose garments are made of the beards of kings, slain by his own hand! There is a tilt for lady-love, and a tournament for the prize of valor. There is a dragon, that has just disgorged his last flame; a maiden, spell-bound in a marble hall; and a foolish knight, following a Will-with-a-wisp in the

shape of a lady's stomacher, till he is lost in an enchanted forest. And hark! that piercing blast was the dying breath of Roland, breathed through his ivory horn, and echoing far and wide from the fated pass of Roncesvalles!

But the picture has also its dark side. The morality of the old romance is not of a very austere nature; nay, it is very lewdness itself. It is true, the courtesy, and valor, and pure honor of the true knight are estimable virtues; but surely that is a very loose system of morality, which suffers the heart to lie corrupting and corrupted under the luxuriant growth of a few noble and generous qualities. Hear what the schoolmaster saith; 'In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a stagnant poole, covered and overflowed all Englande, fewe bookes were read in our tongue, savyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said for pastyme and pleasure; which as some say were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton chanons. As for example, *La Morte d'Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter, and bold bawdrye; in which booke they are counted the noblest Knights, who do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit fowlest adulteries by sutlest shiftes. This is goode stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthur* received into the Prince's chamber.'* This extract goes to prove, also, the great popularity of the old romances, which was the next point on which we intended to touch. The love of romantic fiction seems to be the only intellectual appetite, which undergoes no change with the lapse of time. The nation, in which that feeling exists not, has no history, and no tradition speaks of the time nor of the country, in which it has not been found. 'Many now adayes,' says an English writer of the sixteenth century, 'had rather reade the stories of Kinge Arthur; the monstrous fables of Gargantua; the Pallace of Pleasure; the Dial of Princes, where there is much good matter; the Monke of Burie, full of good stories; Pierce Ploweman; the tales of Chaucer, where there is excellent wit, great reading and good decorum observed; the life of Marcus Aurelius, where there are many good moral precepts; the familiar and golden Epistles of Antonie Gwevarra, where there is both golden witt, and good pen-

* Roger Ascham's Works. p. 254.

ning: the Pilgremage of Princes, well penned and clerckly handled; Reinard the Fox; Bevis of Hampton; the hundred mery tales; Skoggan Fortunatus: with many other infortunate treatises and amorous toies, wrytten in Englishe, Latine, Frenche, Italian, Spanishe.'* These tales seem to have held the same place in that century, which the Waverley Novels hold in the present. The romances of chivalry were to our forefathers, what the historical romances are to us: and marvellous achievements, nay, utter impossibilities were to their lively imagination, what well authenticated facts are to our sober reason.

If the love of truth be a principle of our nature, to what other principle shall we attribute the love of fiction? It would seem, at first sight, that two antagonist principles had been implanted in our bosoms. The paradox, however, is merely apparent, and nowise real. Men do not love truth less, in seeming to love fiction more. They love truth because it *is* truth; and they love fiction, not because it is fiction, but because it resembles truth. Now truth,—we speak of things finite and not infinite,—is limited to realities, to what has been, and what is; but, as in 'holding large discourse,' the human mind 'looks before and after,' fiction has no limits but those of the imagination. Hence for one fact, which is presented to the mind, there are a thousand possibilities; for one circumstance absolutely true, a thousand, which might be true, but are not. And thus the mind is continually conversant with various fictions, rejecting those only which are grossly and palpably false. And here the question returns, a little changed; Why should we love fiction, merely because it resembles truth? Why should we love things that have not been, merely because they may be? The answer lies in more than one principle of human nature, but mainly, we conceive, in our strong desire of mental excitement; a desire so powerful and so universal, as to be the great principle of action in every rank and condition in life. To those whose daily avocations bring them constantly into collision with the most sensual and degraded classes of society, this may at first seem to be a startling proposition. It is nevertheless a true one. We are too much accustomed, by certain strong and conventional modes of speech, to say of the sluggish and unenlightened man, that he has no intellect, and of the profligate, that criminal excess has destroyed his mind;

* Meredith Hanmer. Eccles. Hist. Epist. Dedicat.

for, although no one attaches their full import to such expressions, yet they have an indirect tendency to give us erroneous views. We come at last to suppose, that a certain portion of society is entirely beyond the reach of all intellectual impressions and influences. But it is not so. The mind is the noble and distinguishing attribute of man ; and, true in his allegiance to nature, mental excitement is the great end and aim of his existence. There are proofs of this, even where we should least expect to find them,—even in the grosser appetites and more degrading vices, which corrupt society. What seeks the infatuated opium-eater of the East, as he daily swallows the drug that consumes him inwardly ? The soft delirium of mental excitement. What seeks the degraded helot of strong drink, when he raises to his lips the inebriating bowl? The frenzy,—the fierce frenzy of mental excitement. Nay, what is all the cunningly contrived epicurism of the pallid voluptuary, but the longing of a sick and morbid soul for the luxury of excitement? All animals, save only man, follow the laws of nature, without seeking to improve or to refine them. But man must spiritualize them by a gloss,—by a voluptuous commentary. For him, the impulse of the present is strengthened by the memory of the past and the anticipations of the future, and desire is quickened by imagination, which casts its spell upon us, till the deformed seems beautiful, and the sensual is clothed upon with the ideal. Thus even the appetites of man administer and bear witness to the great object of his pursuit,—mental excitement.

And how much more clearly developed is the truth of our proposition, in those occupations and delights, which, from their nature, are more purely intellectual! Wherefore did the alchemist of old consume life itself, in seeking for its Elixir? Wherefore did the astrologer ponder upon the book of Fate, and seek to read the mysterious language of the stars?

> ‘ And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
> And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
> Are holding their high festival in heaven,
> And worshipping around the midnight throne?

It is for intellectual excitement. The poet seeks it in the breathing solitude of nature ; the orator in the breathless crowd ; the philosopher in the silence and retirement of his own thoughts ;—the politician in the noisy movement of the world,

the intrigues of a cabinet, and the rise and fall of states. Yes, this is the happiness for which we toil and pant, which we seek for outwardly and find inwardly. This, this is the great reservoir in the soul of man,—wide, fathomless and full,—fed by a thousand rills of thought, and feeling, and action, and pouring its collected waters into the great stream of life, as it dashes onward, onward to eternity ; even as a lake in the bosom of the mountains, which gathers its waters from the tribute of a thousand rills, and pours them down the sounding cataract into the vast exchequer of the sea !

And say ; if this be indeed true, is it not another proof of the soul's supremacy ? Is it not even a proof of the soul's immortality, to know, that, whether we will or not, all our thoughts, feelings, and actions, either directly or indirectly, tend thitherward as to a centre ? Does it not go to strengthen our cherished belief, that the soul is eternal and indestructible ? That this covering of flesh has been put on, as a garment, but for a season, to fulfil the wise purposes and providence of its Creator,—and that this world, all wonderful and glorious as it is, is but the stepping-stone from that foregone eternity, of which we are not conscious, to that coming eternity, of which we as yet know nothing, save that it shall be ? Does it not more deeply impress upon us the solemn truth, that the mind is forever busy with the great work it has to do, whether of good or ill ; and that albeit there are seasons, when the wheel of this wonderful mechanist seems to stand still, and the threads of our destiny to hang, as it were, loosely upon the spindle and the loom, yet in reality it is not so ; the wheel forever turns in the rushing stream of time, the thread spins on, the web is woven, and if there be even a seeming pause, it is only when the busy shuttle of thought is arrested for a moment, to attach the film and gossamer of dreams, and weave them into the coarser warp of our existence ?

We ask pardon of the sedate reader,—if indeed any of that class have accompanied us so far,—for this digression from the main road. Like Cutbert of Kendal, whom we have booked for immortality, as will be seen hereafter, we are 'caught in the corn ;' and we propose to extricate ourselves and our readers as expeditiously as possible, by taking this abrupt turn, and thus coming out suddenly to the guide-post, which stands on the spot we started from, when we commenced this ramble.

The three volumes of Mr. Thoms's collection contain eleven romances. Of these, three are translations from the French, and one, a translation from the German. The remainder are of English parentage, and, with a solitary exception, of English and Saxon pedigree, without a drop of Norman blood in their veins. It is our intention, in the present article, to notice more particularly the last mentioned class. The others will be but briefly noticed. We shall comment upon them, in the order in which they are printed in the volumes before us.

I. Robert the Devil. The first romance contained in these volumes is 'The Lyfe of the most feerfullest and unmercyfullest and myscheuous Robert the Deuyll. Emprynted in Flete-strete in the sygne of the sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde.' This romance describes the evil deeds committed by Robert, Duke of Normandy, in his youth; how he killed his schoolmaster; how he rode about the country of Normandy, robbing, stealing, murdering, and burning churches, abbeys, and other holy places; how he made him a strong house in a dark, thick wilderness, where he wrought mischief 'without comparison and above all measure or natural reason;' how he killed seven hermits; how he went to Rome for the remission of his sins; how the Pope sent him to an holy hermit; how he did grievous penance; how a white horse and harness were brought to him by an angel, who commanded him to rescue and 'helpe the Romayns agenst the Ethen dogges the Sarasyns;' how he vanquished them; how his sins were forgiven; and how he married the Emperor's daughter, and lived long in virtue and honor with that noble lady; together with many other marvellous deeds of good and evil, which he did. This romance, however, cannot with much propriety be ranked among the ancient English fictions, inasmuch as it is only a translation from a French work, entitled '*La terrible et merveilleuse vie de Robert le Diable, lequel apres fut homme de bien.*' For this reason, we shall not detain our readers with a more particular account of it, but pass on to the next in order, which is entirely the growth of an English soil.

II. 'Thomas of Reading; or the Sixe Worthie Yeomen of the West.' This old romance was written by Thomas Deloney, a writer of great popular fame in his day, if we may judge from an expression, used by a contemporary author, who calls him 'the great ballade-maker, chronicler of the memorable lives of the Six Yeomen of the West, Jack of

Newbury, the Gentle Craft, and such like honest men, omitted by Stowe, Hollinshed, Grafton, Hall, Froysart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers.' From this passage, he seems to have been the historian of those popular heroes of the day, whose glorious achievements are ungratefully overlooked by more classic and voluminous historians.

The romance of Thomas of Reading is the best of the old English prose romances, which have fallen into our hands. In its incidents and characters, it is wholly national; and possesses all the peculiar quaintness, humor, and pathos, which characterize the English. It recounts the 'merriments and memorable deeds' of the clothiers of the times of King Henry the First; of Thomas of Reading, and goodman Suttons of Salisbury, who set all his delight in hearing merry tales; and of Simon of Southampton, who loved pottage and 'powdered beef-broth;' and of Tom Dove, the merriest man alive; and, in fine, of all those worthy yeomen clothiers, who always at their coming towards London dined together at Colebrooke, and of whom we read, that 'being once entered into their inn, according to old custom, good cheer was provided for them; for these clothiers were the chiefest guests, that travelled along the way; and this was as sure as an act of Parliament, that Tom Dove could not digest his meat without music, so that his hostess, being a merry wench, would oftentimes call in two or three of her neighbors' wives to keep him company, where, ere they parted, *they were made as pleasant as pies.*' The fair dames of the neighborhood repaid with their smiles these courtesies of the clothiers, and 'as above the rest Tom Dove was the most pleasantest, so was he had in most reputation with the women, who for his sake made this song:

> Welcome to towne, Tom Dove, Tom Dove,
> The merriest man alive,
> Thy company still we love, we love,
> God grant thee well to thrive,
> And never will we depart from thee,
> For better or worse my joy,
> For thou shalt still have our good will,
> God's blessing on my sweet boy.'

In London, these jolly fellows had their rendezvous at the tavern of 'Oast Jarrat the Giant;' and often diced with the Northern clothiers at Bosome's inn, till 'Now, by the masse,

quoth Cole, my money shrinkes as bad as Northerne cloth.' Old Bosome, the landlord, is thus capitally sketched, with all the power and life of a wood-engraving. 'You shall understand, that alwayes when they went to dice, they got into Bosomes Inne; which was so called of his name that kept it, who being a foule slouen, went alwayes with his nose in his bosome, and one hand in his pocket, the other on his staffe, figuring forth a description of cold Winter, for he alwayes wore two coates, two caps, two or three paire of stockings, and a high paire of shooes, over the which he drew on a great paire of lined slippers, and yet would oft complaine of cold, wherefore of all men generally he was called Old Bosome, and his house Bosomes Inne.'

This inn is the scene of a love intrigue between Cutbert of Kendal and the young hostess. Old Bosome, overhearing a dialogue that passes between them, causes his men to seize upon poor Cutbert, and, having bound him hand and foot, draws him up in a basket to the ceiling of his kitchen, and then leaves him all night to enjoy his meditations and the smoke.

The next chapter of the romance showeth 'How Simon's wife of Southampton, being wholly bent to pride and pleasure, requested her husband to see London; which being granted, how she got goodwife Sutton of Salisbury to goe with her, who tooke Crab to go along with them, and how he prophecied of many things.' Accordingly gossip Sutton, and Gray's wife, and Fitzallen's wife, depart for London city in company with Simon's wife of Southampton and 'collericke Crabbe her man.' The merchants of London receive them with much hospitality, and when they choose to go abroad, the merchants' wives accompany them to show them 'the commodities of the city.'

'Now when they were brought into Cheap-side,' says the romance, 'there with great wonder they beheld the shops of the Goldsmiths; and on the other side the wealthy Mercers, whose shops shined with all sorts of colored silkes; in Watling-street they viewed the great number of Drapers: in Saint Martins, Shoemakers: at Saint Nicholas Church, the flesh shambles: at the end of the old Change, the Fish-mongers: in Candleweek-street, the Weavers; then came into Iewes-street, where all the Iewes did inhabite: then came they to Blackwel-hall, where the country clothiers did use to meete.

'Afterward they proceeded, and came to St. Pauls Church, whose steeple was so hie, that it seemed to pierce the clowdes; on the top whereof, was a great and mighty Weather-cocke, of cleane silver, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a sparrow to men's eyes, it stood so exceeding high, the which goodly Weather-cocke was afterward stolne away, by a cunning cripple, who found means one night to clime vp to the top of the steeple, and tooke it downe: with the which, and a great summe of money which he had got together by begging in his life time, he builded a gate on the north side of the city, which to this day is called Cripple-gate.

'From thence they went to the Tower of London, which was builded by Iulius Cæsar, who was Emperour of Rome. And there they beheld salt and wine, which had lyen there ever since the Romanes invaded this land, which was many yeares before our Saviour Christ was borne, the wine was growne so thicke, that it might have beene cut like a Ielly. And in that place also they saw the mony that was made of leather, which in ancient time went currant amongst the people.'

Immediately upon this follows a challenge between the Country Weavers and the Weavers of Candlewike-street, and the wager of a crown, to be won by him who should soonest make a yard of cloth. In this contest 'the London Weavers triumphed against the country, *casting forth divers frumps.* Alas, poor fellowes, quoth they, your hearts are good, but your hands are ill. Tush, the fault was in their legs, quoth another, pray you friend, were you not borne at home? Why doe you aske, quoth Weasell? Because, said hee, the biggest place of your legge is next to your shooe.'

Another chapter in the romance gives an account of the murder of Thomas of Reading, by the host and hostess of Colebrooke inn. This chapter is, of course, in a more melancholy vein, than those, to which we have already referred; and in the following extract will be found some simple touches of pathos, which remind one of the old ballads. Thomas of Reading had arrived at Colebrooke, in a melancholy mood, and so heavy was his heart, that he could eat no meat;—nay, heavy beyond the power of a quart of burnt sack, which the host and hostess offered him, to cheer his mind under the presentiment of an approaching calamity.

'And so sitting downe sadly in his chaire againe,' continues the romance, 'upon a sudden he burst forth a weeping; they demanding the cause thereof, he spake as followeth:

'No cause of these feares I know: but it comes now into my minde (said Cole,) when I set toward this my last iourney to London, how my daughter tooke on, what a coyle she kept to have me stay, and I could not be rid of the little baggage a long time, she did so hang about me; when her mother by violence tooke her awaye, she cryed out most mainly, O my father, my father, I shall never see him againe.

'Alas, pretty soule, said his Oastesse, this was but meere kindnesse in the girle, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But alas, why should you grieve at this? you must consider that it was but childishnesse. I, it is indeed, said Cole, and with that he began to nod. Then they asked him if he would goe to bed. No, said he, although I am heavy, I have no mind to goe to bed at all. With that certaine musicians of the towne came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there, drue out their instruments, and very solemnly began to play.

'This musicke comes very well (said Cole,) and when he had listned a while thereunto, he said, methinks these instruments sound like the ring of St. Mary Oueries bells, but the base drowns all the rest; and in my eare it goes like a bell that rings a forenoones knell, for Gods sake let them leave off, and beare them this simple reward. The musicians being gone, his Oast asked if now it would please him to goe to bed; for (quoth he) it is welneere eleven of the clocke.

'With that Cole beholding his Oast and Oastesse earnestly, began to start backe, saying, what aile you to looke so like pale death? good Lord, what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody? What my hands, said his Oast? Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foule; either your eyes do greatly dazell, or else fancies of a troubled mind doe delude you.

'Alas, my Oast, you may see, said hee, how weake my wits are, I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drinke once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer. With that he made himselfe vnready, and his Oastesse was very diligent to warme a kerchiffe, and put it about his head. Good Lord, said he, I am not sicke, I praise God, but such an alteration I finde in myselfe as I never did before.

'With that the scritch-owle cried pitiously, and anon after the night-raven sate croaking hard by his window. Iesu have mercy upon me, quoth hee, what an ill-favoured cry doe yonder carrion birds make, and therewithall he laid him downe in his bed, from whence he neuer rose againe.'

In the preceding remarks and quotations, we have but touched upon some of the more salient points of this pleasant

history. We have said nothing of the loves and mournful destinies of Duke Robert and Margaret with the lily-white hand, which form the chief episode in the romance; nor of the audiences of the clothiers with the King, and the sumptuous feast they gave the king's sons; nor have we related how Thomas Dove, being fallen to decay, was forsaken of his friends, and despised of his servants; nor how Jarrat the Giant gave a catchpole 'such a fillop on the forehead with his finger, that he fell the poore Fleming to the ground.' All these matters, and many more of a similar kind, we are forced to leave unrehearsed, and to hurry on to another tale, with more than convenient speed.

III. 'The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon. Containing the wonderful things that he did in his Life; also the manner of his Death; with the Lives and Deaths of the two coniurors Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightful to be read.' This ancient romance is a commentary upon one of the most common frailties of human nature. It has always been the fate of superior intellects, to be misconceived and misinterpreted by vulgar and unenlightened minds. The powerful genius, which stands in advance of its age, is at once the author and the reformer of popular error. Those who behold but cannot comprehend the glorious results, which from time to time are brought to light by the patient and persevering efforts of the human mind, are fain to attribute them to the secret agency of super-human power; and history but too faithfully records, that this power has been almost invariably the power of darkness. When John Faustus invented printing, he was called a necromancer, and his art the black art; and Roger Bacon, so justly denominated by his contemporaries the *Admirable Doctor*, was transformed by popular superstition into a necromancer and a dealer in magic. Roger Bacon the philosopher became Hodge Bacon the conjuror.

It is upon these current traditions concerning his supernatural powers, that the romance, which bears his name, is founded.* The first chapter gives an account of the birth and

* In Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. viii. there is a play founded upon the same subject, and bearing this title; 'The honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, as it was plaid by her Majesties servants. Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. London, printed by Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop at the little north dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594.'

parentage of Friar Bacon, and of his great application to books; the second, of his appearance before the king and queen, and the wonderful things which he showed them. Then we have a long account of his saving of a gentleman, who had given himself to the devil for a sum of money; of the Brazen Head which spake, and by which Friar Bacon was to have walled England round with a wall of brass, had he not been thwarted by the folly of his servant; of his taking a beleaguered town by his art, when the king had besieged it in vain for three months; and of the victory he gained in the black art over the German conjuror Vandermast, whom he caused to be carried back into Germany by a spirit. He next saves the lives of three brothers, who quarrelled about the inheritance of their father's goods and lands; then the thieves that robbed him are led a wild dance through mud and mire to the wild music of his servant Miles; and then he escapes in a wonderful manner from the sword of a German soldier, sent by Vandermast to assassinate him. Soon after we read, 'How Fryer Bacon did helpe a young man to his sweetheart, which Fryer Bungye would have married to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding.' And here we would mention, that in every instance the magic power of Friar Bacon is exerted for good and laudable purposes, and that at sundry times he treats the devil rather cavalierly, which, considering that he draws all his supernatural power from his agency, is hardly giving him his due. The following extract is from the chapter last referred to.

'An Oxfordshire gentleman had long time loved a faire mayde, called Millisant; this love of his was as kindly received of her, as it was freely given of him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their ioyes, but the consent of her father, who would not grant that she should bee his wife (though formerly he had been a means to further the match) by reason there was a knight that was a suitor to her, and did desire that hee might have her to his wife: but this knight could never get from her the least token of good will: so surely was her love fixed upon the gentleman. This knight seeing himselfe thus despised, went to Fryer Bungye, and told him his mind, and did promise him a good piece of money if he could get her for him, either by his art, or counsell.

'Bungye (being covetous) told him, that there was no better way in his mind, than to get her with her father to go take the air in a coach: and if hee could doe so, he would by his art so

direct the horses, that they should come to an old chappell, where hee would attend, and there they might secretly be married. The knight rewarded him for his counsell, and told him, that if it tooke effect, he would be more bountifull unto him, and presently went to her father, and told him of this. Hee liked well of it, and forced the poore maid to ride with them. So soone as they were in the coach, the horses ran presently to the chappell, where they found Fryer Bungye attending for them: at the sight of the church and the priest, the poore maid knew that she was betraid, so that for griefe shee fell in a swound: to see which her father and the knight were very much grieved, and used their best skill for her recovery.

'In this time, her best beloved, the gentleman, did come to her fathers to visit her, but finding her not there, and hearing that shee was gone with her father and the knight, he mistrusted some foul play: and in all hast went to Fryer Bacon, and desired of him some help to recover his love againe, whom he feared was utterly lost.

'Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous gentleman) pittyed him; and to give his griefes some release, shewed him a glasse, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fifty miles space) that they desired: so soone as he looked in the glasse, hee saw his love Millisant with her father, and the knight, ready to be married by Fryer Bungye: at the sight of this hee cryed out that he was undone, for now should he lose his life in losing of his love. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort, for he would prevent the marriage; so taking this gentleman in his armes, he set himselfe down in an enchanted chaire, and suddenly they were carried through the ayre to the chappell. Just as they came in, Fryer Bungye was ioyning their hands to marry them: but Fryer Bacon spoyled his speech, for he strucke him dumbe, so that he could not speake a worde. Then raised he a myst in the chappell, so that neither the father could see his daughter, nor the daughter her father, nor the knight either of them. Then tooke he Millisant by the hand, and led her to the man she most desired: they both wept for ioy, that they so happily once more had met, and kindly thanked Fryer Bacon.

'It greatly pleased Fryer Bacon to see the passion of these two lovers, and seeing them both contented, he marryed them at the chappell doore, whilest her father, the knight, and Fryer Bungye went groping within, and could not find the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get lodging at the next village, and he would send his man with money: (for the gentleman was not stored, and he had a great way to his house) they did as he bad them. That night hee sent his man Miles with

money to them; but he kept her father, the knight, and Fryer Bungey till the next day at noon in the chappell, ere he released them.

'The gentleman and his new married wife made that night a great supper for ioy of their marriage, and bid to it most of the village: they wanted nothing but musicke, for which they made great moane. This want, Fryer Bacon (though he was absent) supplied: for after supper there came such a maske, that the like was never seene in that village: for first, there was heard most sweet still musicke, then wind musicke: then came three apes, and three monkeys, each of them carrying a torch: after them followed sixe apes and monkeys more, all dressed in anticke coats: these last sixe fell a dancing in such an odde manner, that they moved all the beholders to much laughter: so after divers antick changes, they did reverence to the bridegroome and bride, and so departed in order as they came in. They all did marvell from whence these should come: but the bridegroome knew that it was Fryer Bacons art that gave them this grace to their wedding. The next daye he went home to his owne house with his bride: and for the cost he had bestowed on them, most part of the townes-folke brought them on their way.

'Miles made one amongst them too; he for his masters sake was so plyed with cups, that he in three dayes was scarce sober: for his welcome, at his departure he gave them this song: to the tune of, "I have been a fiddler," ' &c.

And did not you heare of a mirth that befell,
the morrow after a wedding day:
At carrying a bride at home to dwell,
and away to Twiver, away, away?

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish,
that would goe to the plow that day:
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The butler was quicke, and the ale he did tap,
the maidens did make the chamber full gay:
The serving-men gave me a fuddling cap,
and I did carye it away, away.

The smithe of the towne his liquor so tooke,
that he was perswaded the ground look'd blue,
And I dare boldly to sweare on a booke,
such smiths as he there are but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
and simpering said they could eate no more:
Full many a maid was laid on the lip:
Ile say no more, but so give o'er.'

Before concluding our remarks upon this wonderful tale of magic, we shall give one more extract. It is from a chapter, which bears this title; 'How Vandermast and Fryer Bungye met, and how they strived who should excel one another in their coniurations; and of their deaths.'

'Vandermast desiring to do Fryer Bungye a mischief, did challenge him to the field (not to fight at sword and dagger, single rapier, or case of poinyards, but at worser weapons farre, it was at that diabolical art of magicke) there to shew which of them was most cunning, or had most power over the Devill: Bungye accepted of his challenge, and both provided themselves of things belonging to the art, and to the field they went.

'There they both spred their circles some hundred foot from one another: and after some other ceremonies did Vandermast begin: hee by his charmes did raise up a fiery dragon, which did runne about Fryer Bungyes circle, and did scorch him with his heat so that he was almost ready to melt. Fryer Bungye tormented Vandermast in another element: for he raised up the sea-monster that Perseus killed, when he did redeem the faire Andromeda. This sea-monster did run about Vandermast, and such flouds of water did he send out of his wide mouth, that Vandermast was almost drowned. Then did Fryer Bungye raise a spirit up like saint George, who fought with the dragon, and killed it: Vandermast (following his example) raysed up Perseus, who fought also with his sea-monster, and killed it, so were they both released from their danger.

'They being not contented with this tryall of their skill, went further in their coniurations, and raised up two spirits, each of them one. Bungye charged his spirit for to assist him with the greatest power hee had, that by it he might be able to overcome Vandermast. The Devill told him he would, if that he from his left arme would give him but three drops of blood: but if that he did deny him that, then should Vandermast have power over him to doe what he would: the like told Vandermasts Devill to him: to this demand of the spirits, they both agreed, thinking for to overcome each other; but the Devill overthrew them both.

'They having given the Devil this bloud, as is before spoken of, they both fell againe to their coniurations: first, Bungye did rayse Achilles with his Greekes, who marched about Vandermast and threatened him. Then Vandermast raised Hector with his Troians, who defended him from Achilles and the Greekes. Then began there a great battell between the Greekes and Troians, which continued a good space: at last Hector was slaine, and the Troians fled. Then did follow a great tempest,

with thundring and lightning, so that the two coniurers wished that they had been away. But wishes were in vaine: for now the time was come, that the Devill would be paid for the knowledge that he had lent them, he would not tarry any longer, but then tooke them in the height of their wickedness, and bereft them of their lives.

'When the tempest was ended, (which did greatly affright the townes there by) the townesmen found the bodies of these two men, (Vandermast and Bungey) breathlesse, and strangely burnt with fire. The one had Christian buriall, because of his order sake: the other, because he was a stranger. Thus was the end of these two famous coniurers.'

After this we are told that Miles broke his leg for fear, in conjuring for money, and that Friar Bacon broke his magic glass for grief, then burned his books of magic, gave himself entirely to the study of divinity, and turned anchorite, living in a cell, which he caused to be made in the church-wall. 'Thus lived he some two yeeres space in that cell, never coming forth: his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him; his grave he digged with his owne nayles, and was laid there when he dyed. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and dyed a true Penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.'

IV. 'The Historie of Frier Rush; How he came to a House of Religion to seeke service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made under-cooke. Being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people.' This romance transports us to the fairy land, and the merry company of Oberon, and Puck, and Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow, and the outlandish hobgoblins Tomtegubbe, and Nisse the good knave.

'Upon a mushroome's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

'The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;

And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.'

We do not mean by this, that all the elfin-company are introduced in the machinery of the romance, but that the mad pranks of Friar Rush call up the memory of his fellow mischief-makers. Of all the superstitions, which we have inherited from our Saxon ancestors, that of goblins and fairies is the most general and agreeable. It prevails, or has prevailed, in England, Scotland and Ireland, in the father-land, and in all the North. Who has not been delighted with the goblin deeds of Robin Goodfellow?* In the words of Bruno Seidelius, *Quis non legit, quid Frater Rauschius egit?*

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* Among the finest of the old English Ballads, is that of Robin Goodfellow. It is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 255, American edition; and as it may not be familiar to some of our readers, we here subjoin it.

From Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minute's space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeating voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;

In the commencement of this romance, we are told how Rush, being sent by the Devil, entered into the service of a cloister 'edified beyond the sea,' the monks whereof were

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And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport,
I shout and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss;
They shrieke—who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require:
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

lewd and licentious, 'for oftentimes they said neither Mattins nor Evensong; and through their great negligence they forgat cleane the charge that they were bound to, when they entered into their religion, and they lived more like beasts without reason, than like men of good and holy conversation.' Here he is made under-cook, and *maquereau* withal. He soon contrives to pitch the master-cook into a kettle of water upon the fire, and being invested with his functions, jeopardizes the souls of the brotherhood, by putting bacon into their pot-

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When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale;* ho, ho, ho!

tage-pot on Fridays and other meagre days. In this capacity he passed seven years; at the end of which time he took the habit of the brotherhood, and became *Friar* Rush. He then worked more mischief than ever in the convent, causing many a brawl and contention among the friars, and much noise and disturbance in the neighborhood.

At length he is discovered to be an evil spirit by a poor farmer, who passed the night in a hollow tree, around which the head devils held a midnight *symposium*. The following is the farmer's account of the matter.

'As soone as the day began to appeare the poor Farmer arose out of the tree, and tooke his way streight to the Priour, and he would never rest till he had spoken with him; and when he was come to his speech, anon he saide: Sir, this night hath fortuned to me a great adventure: how so saide the Priour? sir, yesternight late in the evening, I walked foorth in the fields to seeke a cowe which I have missed this foure or five dayes, and so long I wandered abroad, till at the last I found the one half of my cowe, but the other halfe was gone; and as I would have returned home againe, I was benighted, so sore that I lost my waye: then I wist not whether to goe, but spying a hollowe tree, I sate me downe, thinking there to take my rest till the day appered againe: and I had not sitten there but a while, but instantly there was assembled a great company of Devills, which made a marvailous great noise, whereof I was sore afrayed. They had among them a great master named Lucifer, who called all the rest to make a reckoning of all their service they had done since they departed out of hell: there I heard many marvailous tales. At the last, foorth came Frier Rush, then saide the great master Lucifer unto him, Rush, what hast thou done since thou departed out of hell? and he answered, that he had ruled you, and all your convent, and caused you to chide and fight, and were never in unitie and peace among yourselves: and he saide he had caused you to live viciously, and yet he saide he would doe more ere hee departed out of this place, for he will cause you to kill each other, and then you should be damned in hell, both bodie and soule. And so evrie Devill departed and went about their business. Wherefore take heede, for he is a verie Devill.'

The romance concludes with the incarceration of poor Rush in an old castle that stood far within the forest, he being ordered to go thither, 'and never more to come out, but to re-

maine there forever.' And thus ends the first volume of this collection.

V. 'VIRGILIUS. This Boke treateth of the Life of Virgilius; and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in hys lyfe tyme by whychcrafte and nygramancye thorowgh the helpe of the devyls of hell.'

Such is the title of the first romance of the second volume. It affords another proof of the misconceptions, to which genius is exposed; for here we have an ancient poet dragged from his grave, and exhibited to the world as a necromancer. The work is certainly a very curious one, but as it is a translation from the French, we shall notice it very briefly. In the first chapter, Remus jumps over the walls of Rome, and is slain by his brother Romulus, in accordance with the old tradition. Then the son of Remus kills his uncle Romulus, according to the *lex talionis* made and provided for such emergencies, in all the old romances. Immediately after this,—sad anachronism!—Virgil is ushered into the world, and his birth announced by an earthquake. He is soon sent to school; and rambling about the fields, on a holiday, he enters a deep cavern, where he finds a devil in a hole under a little board, held prisoner there by enchantment. This evil spirit begs Virgil to raise the board and release him, and in recompense promises to give him many books of magic, and to teach him the whole science of necromancy. The books are straightway produced, 'and than Virgilius pulled open a boarde, and there was a lytele hole, and therat wrange the deuyll out like a yeel, and cam and stode by fore Virgilius lyke a bigge man.' The spirit then consents to creep into the hole againe, merely to show that he can do it: and when he is in, Virgil covers him over with the board againe, thereby showing *qu'il en sait plus que le diable.* He then commences the practice of the black art upon a large scale; he makes a besieging army stand still upon their scaling-ladders, 'one fote uppe, and another downe;' he makes a copper horse, with a copper man upon his back, holding in his hand an iron flail, who patrols the streets of the city by night, and slays all who are found abroad after the ringing of a bell at ten o'clock; he lights the city of Rome with a perpetual lamp; he builds a bridge in the air, and brings thereupon the Sultan's daughter from Babylon to Rome; then 'he thought in his mynde, howe hee myght mareye hyr,

and thoughte in his mynde to founde in the myddes of the see a fayer towne with great landes belonging to it; and so he dyd by his cunnynge, and called it Napells: and the foundacyon of it was of egges; and in that towne of Napells he made a tower with iiij. corners, and in the toppe he set a napyll upon a yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it: and thorowghe that yron set he a botel, and on that botel set he an egge; and he henge the apell by the stauke upon acheyne, and so hangyth it styll. And whenne the egge styrreth so should the towne of Napells quake, and when the egge brake than should the towne synke.'—*Apple, an apple, a napple, napple, Naples!* a curious etymology of the name of that fair city! The romance afterwards relates, that Virgil studied how he might make himself young again; and caused himself to be cut in pieces by his servant, and salted down in a barrel, where he remains to this day. And 'thus endethe the lyfe of Virgilius, with many dyers consaytes that he dyd.'

VI. 'The Noble Birth and Gallant Atchievements of that Remarkable Outlaw Robin Hood. Together with a true account of the many merry and extravagant exploits he played, in twelve several stories.' The tales composing this romance, are nothing more than a bare and unskilful prose version of as many fine old ballads. Their titles are as follows: The Noble Parentage of Robin Hood; Robin Hood's Delight; Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters; Robin Hood and the Tanner; Robin Hood and the Butcher; Robin Hood and the Beggar; Robin Hood and the Stranger; Robin Hood and the Bishop; Robin Hood and Queen Catherine; Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar; Robin Hood and the Fisherman; Robin Hood's Chase. With all these tales, the ballads above alluded to have rendered us familiar. Their translation from poetry to prose has by no means enhanced their beauty; and still, the adventures of the merry outlaw of Sherwood forest, of Scarlet and Little John, and 'his hundred tall men in gowns of green,' make so important a part of the old traditionary lore of England, that they are always interesting in whatever garb they may present themselves. The work is valuable, too, from its being the only prose romance of Robin Hood, that has yet been discovered.

As we have given above the titles of the several chapters of this book, it will not be necessary to analyze it. Instead thereof, we subjoin the adventure of Robin Hood with the

Curtal Friar, given in the tenth chapter, and in the note append the old ballad, which describes the same event.*

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* 'In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundreth foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,
And Midge he kild a doe;
And Little Iohn kild a hart of Greece,
Five hundreth foot him fro.

"Gods blessing on thy heart," said Robin Hood,
"That hath such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee."

That caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily:
"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomèn,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
'Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No farther he would ride;

'And having prepared himself for his journey, he took Little John and fifty of his best archers with him, whom he bestowed in a convenient place, as he himself thought fitting. This being done, he run down into the dale, where he found the Curtal

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There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne:
"Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life's forlorne."

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe;
The fryer said to him againe,
"Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy paine."

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe,
Robin Hood said to him againe,
"Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it shall breede thy pain."

The fryer tooke Robin on's back againe,
And stept in to the knee.
'Till he came at the middle streame,
Neither good nor bad spake he,

And comming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in:
"And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellòw,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
The fryer to a wigger wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly;
The curtall fryer with his steele bucklèr
Did put that arrow by.

Fryer walking by the water side. He no sooner espyed him, but presently he took unto him his broad sword and buckler, and put on his head a steel bonnet. The Frier not knowing who he was, or for what intent he came, did presently arm him-

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"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellòw,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
'Till his arrows all were gane;
They tooke their swords and steel bucklèrs,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that [very] day,
'Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

"A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

"That I will do," said the curtall fryer,
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thoult blow so passing well,
'Till both thy eyes fall out."

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

"Whose men are these," said the fryer,
"That come so hastily?"
"Those [men] are mine," said Robin Hood;
"Fryer, what is that to thee?"

"A boone, a boone," said the curtall fryer,
"The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth
And to whute whues three."

"That will I doe," said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whues in a fryers fist
Would make me glad and faine."

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whues three:
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

"Here's for every man a dog,
And I myselfe for thee."

self to encounter with him. Robin Hood, coming near unto him, alighted from his horse, which he tyed to a thorn that grew hard by, and looking wistly on the Friar, said unto him, carry me over the water thou Curtal Friar, or else thy life lyes at the stake. The Friar made no more ado, but took up Robin Hood, and carried him on his back (the story saith) deep water he did stride, he spake not so much as one word to him, but having

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"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Fryer, that may not be."

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behind, the other before,
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene
Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtall dogs, so taught they were,
They kept [the] arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy dogs," said Little John,
"Fryer, at my bidding be."
"Whose man art thou," said the curtall fryer,
"Comes here to prate with me?"

"I am little John, Robin Hoods man,
Fryer, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soone,
I'le take up them and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon halfe a score of the fryers dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

"Hold thy hand, good fellow," said the curtall fryer,
"Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the hast may be."

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines dale,
And Fountaines Abbey free,
Every Sunday throwout the yeere,
A noble shall be thy fee:

And every holliday through the yeere,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
And there remaine with me."

This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines dale
Seven long yeeres and more,
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
Could make him yeeld before.'

carried him over, he gently laid him down on the side of the bank: which being done the Fryer said to Robin Hood, It is now my turn: therefore carry me over the water thou bold fellow, or be sure I shall make thee to repent it. Robin Hood to requite the courtesie, took the Fryer on his back, and not speaking the least word to him, carried him over the water and laid him gently down on the side of the bank; and turning to him, he spake thus unto him as at first, and bade him carry him over the water once more, or he should answer it with the forfeit of his life. The Fryer in a smiling murmur took him up, and spake not a word till he came in the midst of the stream, where being up to the middle and higher, he did shake him from off his shoulders, and said unto him, Now chuse thee, bold fellow, whether thou wilt sink or swim. Robin Hood being soundly washed, gat up on his feet, and prostrating himself on the water, did swim to a bush of broom on the other side of the bank; the Fryer swimed to a willow tree, which was not far from it: Robin Hood taking his bow in his hand, and one of his best arrows, did shoot at the Fryer, which the Fryer received in his buckler of steel, and said unto him, shoot on, shoot on thou bould fellow, if thou shootest at me a whole summers day I will stand thy mark still. That will I try, said Robin Hood, and shot arrow after arrow at him, until he had not one arrow left in his quiver. He then laid down his bow, and drew out his sword, which but two days before had been the death of three men. Now hand to hand they meet with sword and buckler; the steel buckler defends whatsoever blow is given: sometimes they make at the head, sometimes at the foot, sometimes at the side, sometimes they strike directly down, sometimes they falsifie their blows, and come in foot and arm with a full thrust at the body; and being ashamed that so long they exercised their unprofitable valour, and cannot hurt one another, they multiply their blows, they hack, they hewe, they slash, they fome. At last Robin Hood desired the Fryer to hold his hand, and to give him leave to blow his horn: Thou wantest breath to sound it, said the Fryer, take thee a little respite, for we have been five hours at it by Fountain Abby-clock. Robin Hood took his horn from his side, and having sounded it three times, behold where fifty lusty men, with their bended bows, came to his assistance. The Fryer wondring at it: Whose men, said he, be these? They are mine, said Robin Hood, what is that to thee? False loon, said the Fryer, and making a little pause he desired Robin Hood to return him the same courtesie which he gave him. What is that? said Robin Hood; thou soundest thy horn, said the Fryer, three times, let me now but whistle three times. I with all my heart, said Robin Hood, I

were to blame if I should deny thee that courtesie. With that the Fryer set his fist to his mouth, and whistled three times so thrilly, that the place echoed again with it, and behold three and fifty fair ban-dogs (their hairs rising on their back, betokening their rage) were almost on the backs of Robin Hood and his companions. Here is for every one of thy men a dog, said the Fryer, and two for thee: That is foul play, said Robin Hood. He had scarce spoken that word, but two dogs came upon him at once, one before, another behind him, who although they could not touch his flesh, (his sword had made so swift a dispatch of them) yet they tore his coat in two pieces. By this time his men had so laid about them,that the dogs began to flye back, and their fury to languish into barking. Little John did so bestir himself, that the Curtal Fryer admiring at his courage and his nimbleness, did ask him who he was: He made him answer, I will tell the truth and not lye; I am he who is called Little John, and do belong to Robin Hood, who hath fought with thee this day, five hours together, and if thou wilt not submit unto him this arrow shall make thee.'

The romance gives no account of the death of its hero; but a life of Robin Hood, printed as an appendix to the romance, and evidently of a much earlier date, informs us that, falling sick, he suffered himself to be bled by the prioress of Kyrkesly, who took revenge upon him as an enemy to religion, by letting him bleed to death. This account nearly coincides with that given in the ballad of his death and burial, which tells us how he hied

> 'To the green wood,
> And there he was taken ill.
> And he sent for a monk to let him blood,
> Who took his life away;
> Now this being done, his archers did run,
> It was not time to stay."

VII. 'The History of George A Green, Pindar of the Town of Wakefield. His birth, calling, valor, and reputation in the country. With divers pleasant, as well as serious passages in the course of his life and fortune.' Like Thomas of Reading and Robin Hood, this romance of the Pindar, or Pound-keeper, of Wakefield is wholly the growth of the English soil. Here is another of England's popular heroes written down immortal, and upon whose immortality the press has set its seal. The first chapter gives us, of

course, an account of his birth and parentage, and of his being sent to school, where he soon became famous for his bodily strength, and almost spoiled the schoolmaster, leaving him with a 'creek in his neck.' The description of this affair is so amusing, that we must present it to our readers. It runs as follows.

'His means now failing, by reason of his father's poverty and untimely decease, his master began to carry a more hard and severe hand over him than before; and because he found him to be as friendless as fatherless, began too much to insult on his poverty, by chastening and beating him on the least, or, perhaps, no occasion; all which his great spirit (though yet a child) being not able to endure, he purposed with himself, upon the next fit occasion, to put some pretty revenge or other upon his master, and so for ever after to quit the school. Opportunity being after presented to his wishes, it happened, that his master for some slight cause was wroth, calling him Cocain, and bid him prepare himself for the lash, for he must be whipped without all peradventures. George, at this terrible summons, perceiving his master's threatnings, and the rod menacing, he falls down on his knees with *quaeso praeceptor* (for he had so much Latin) in his mouth, to beg pardon, as loth upon so sudden a condemnation to go to execution; but after many threats on the one side, and many entreaties on the other, and none present that durst interpose themselves to mediate betwixt them, George perceiving his master to be inexorable, and neither to be moved with prayers nor tears, and remembering himself of his former determination, whilst the pedagogue was calling out one to horse him, George suddenly thrust his head betwixt his master's legs, and holding them fast, and heaving with all his strength, he found he could move his heels above his own head; so with a sudden heave he cast him off from his shoulders with such a tumbling quait, as we call a back somerset, and left him (not much considering whether his head or neck came first to the ground) lying flat upon his back, and half dead, in the midst of the school, which then stood open, and out of which he ran, with an intent and vow to himself never to come within that place after. Thus George in the marring of a scholar had almost spoiled a schoolmaster; for the poor man, now not so cholerick as before, from threatning, began to entreat his scholars for help to get him upon his legs again, and employed others to run home, to get him some aqua vitæ, and others to lead him to his seat, sometimes complaining of pain in his head, then of a creek in his neck, then of his back, and at other times of his bones; but his scholar George was gone, and having made so bold with his legs, purposed never more to come within his fingers.'

In the next chapter the tale steps forward some dozen years or more, and we find George A Green grown to the age of twenty, and writing himself full man. Then we are told in what manner he was elected Pindar of the town of Wakefield, and how he fell in love with Beatrice Grymes, daughter of old Mr. Grymes, Justice of the Peace and Quorum. In the mean time, the civil wars of the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion break out. The rebels send a messenger to the town of Wakefield, demanding supplies; which messenger George A Green forces to devour the seals of his own commission. He next catches a spy, whom he hangs in a sack to the branch of a tree; and here it may not be out of place to mention, that this idea, of suspending people between heaven and earth, either in a basket or a sack, seems to have been a very popular one with all the old romance writers. It is found in the *Fabliaux* of the Norman *Trouvères*, in the *Lieder* of the German *Minnesingers*, and not only in the romance now under consideration, but in Friar Rush, and Virgilius. It is, however, omitted in the play of George A Green,* which follows the romance in most of its incidents. After this 'witty conceit,' as the author terms it, we are regaled with a bout at quarter-staff between George A Green and Robin Hood, and a bout at pulling caps between Beatrice Grymes and Maid Mariana. These and similar incidents lead the reader pleasantly through the twelve chapters of the romance. From the last of these we shall make an extract descriptive of an old usage among the 'gentle craft.'

'There is a town not far from Wakefield, which is called Bradstead, where shooe-makers, by long tradition, have observ'd a custom, that no person shall walk thro' the town with his staff upon his shoulders, unless he will have a bout or two with some one or other of the gentle craft: but if he trail'd it after him, he might pass peaceably without any trouble or molestation; for there was none would say so much as, black was his eye. It so happen'd that the king's way, with Leicester's and Cuddy's happen'd to lie thro' this town, who being disguised like country yeomen, and it seems not well acquainted with the custom, like honest plain travellers, (as the use was then) walk'd boldly with their staves upon their necks; which being espied by the trade of

* A Pleasant conceyted Comedie of George A Green the Pinner of Wakefield.' See Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. III.

shooe-makers, three stout fellows of them, with every one a good staff in his hand stepp'd out of their shops, and beat their's from their shoulders. The king having had genteel entertainment in all other places, wonder'd at such rudeness, and gently demanded of them the reason of that violence then offer'd them. They answer'd him again, "that it was a privilege they had, which they had observed time out of mind. Their fathers had kept it, and they would leave it hereditary to their successors." They demanded of them, whether they had any such patent from the king, who answer'd again, "they did not stand upon patents, neither knew they any law for it, saving staff-ends-law; and that all their fraternity were ready to maintain it with down-right blows, and there forebid them peremptorily to handle their staves, for there was no other way to save them from a present and sower banging." The king told them, "they were peaceable men, and rather than to break their custom, or to enter into unnecessary quarrel, they would drag their staves after them," and so did.

'Whilst these things were debating, came George A Green disguised, with Robin Hood and his yeomen, with every one a good bat on his neck. George having told Robin what mad merry custom the jolly shoemakers maintain'd, and bringing him that way on purpose only for sport's sake, and to try what mettle they had in them, espies the king, Leicester and Cuddy to trail their staves after them; at which sight being moved, "See, Robin, (saith he) three lusty, able, proper fellows, that dare not advance their staves for fear of the shoe-makers." Then asking Robin Hood, what he thought of them? He answer'd, "That he took them to be base cowardly fellows, and that it was pity such goodly shapes should cover such timorous and degenerate spirits, very cowards." So, saith George, I'll presently correct them, and coming up close to them, he first began to upbraid them with their fear and cowardize,and afterwards concluded,that if they did not presently raise their staves, and bear them up, maugre any that durst to interpose, he himself would cudgel them more soundly, than the townsmen were able to do: Had they express'd themselves to be valiant men, they should have been excused. The king answer'd, "I was never put to so hard a choice, as to be beaten, fight or fight not; and so desired to be excused, since they were travellers, men of peace, and altogether unacquainted with any such hard customs. His words were scarce ended, when out came a crew of shoe-makers, every man well appointed, and told them, that even they should obey their custom, bid them down with their may-poles, and withal began to strike their staves from their necks. That was the watch-word which the Pindar and his comrades look'd for, and now began the

greatest combat that was ever seen in the street of Bradstead: for Robin and George began to clear the whole street before them, insomuch that all the town rose, masters, apprentices and journey-men: not a staff to be found, that was not used in defence of their liberty. There was nothing now thought on but havock and pall mall; the Pindar himself seem'd to be pounded in amongst them, and many a shoe-maker was brought to his last, and many a staff was shiver'd, and made skewers: crack'd crowns went current, tho' many were found to take them against their wills: the shooe-makers themselves thought fit to give ground, who had vow'd to lose bodies and souls in the quarrel, and run to shelter themselves most shamefully. This put the king and Leicester in mind of the great conflicts betwixt them and the infidels; for even here no christian could find favour or mercy during this battle, and the victory was still doubtful; for what the gentle craft wanted in strength, they had in number; yet neither party were heard to sound a retreat, till at length the Pindar's disguise falling off in the battle, he was no sooner discover'd and known, but the shoe-makers cry'd, Trail; they flung down their staves, and cast up their caps, and bid them welcome to the merry town of Bradstead with a loud shout. No man thought more of his hurt, for the joy they had to see the Pindar; for as the Trojans thought such more honour'd than harm'd that were hurt by the hand of Achilles, so amongst them it was held rather a dignity than a disparagement to wear any honourable scar made by the hand of the Pindar. George having breathed himself a little, thank'd them for their lives, and presently commanded a barrel of the best and strongest ale should be brought and set in the streets, which was instantly done, and paid for. Then George entreating them, as they tender'd him, to bid his friends welcome, they then came about him like gnats: but when George had told them who they were, namely, Robin Hood and his bold yeomen, who had travell'd as far as from the forest of Sheerwood to prove what mettle was in their fraternity, this was as good as a plaister to every man's broken head; for, with a joint acclamation, they gave them a loud and hearty welcome. All this the king observing, and perceiving the two prime men to be there present whom he had such a great desire to see, call'd to Cuddy, and bid him provide him the royal habit, which he had caused to be brought, in case of any needful occasion. In the mean time, the champions being all placed in the midst of the streets, and beleaguered on all sides, the Pindar call'd for a deep wayssel-bowl, and filling it brime full, and falling down upon his knees, all the rest doing the like, he said, "Here, Robin Hood, I drink an health, to good king Richard, and thou being the best

man in the company, shalt first pledge it. That done, let it go round amongst the shooe-makers:" but casting his eye aside, continued, "only I except from this health those cowardly travellers, who are unworthy to drink so brave and valiant a prince's health, who for fear durst not carry their staves upon their shoulders." Off went the health with a great shout, and was fill'd for Robin, which he had no sooner drunk, but the king casting a princely mantle about himself, and Leicester and Cuddy plucking off their disguised habits, stept in amongst them, and said, "Nay, Robin Hood, tho' you were of late held to be the best man in the company, yet, by the Pindar's good leave, give king Richard licence to be the third man at least to drink his own health." These words, graced with his majestical habit and countenance, much astonish'd them on a sudden, but especially the shoo-makers, who made no question, than that they were all no better than food for the gallows.'

And thus we take leave of George A Green, a hero who was famous in his life, and who, after his death, received the apotheosis of more than one tavern sign.*

VIII. The second volume of this collection closes with the romance of Tom A Lincolne, the Red Rose Knight. This is one of the later romances of Chivalry; but as the scene lies for the most part in foreign lands, and there is nothing peculiarly English in its character, it hardly comes within the scope of this article. This will appear evident from the title-page, which gives a pretty full account of the contents of the book, and which runs thus; 'The Most Pleasant History of Tom A Lincolne, that renowned soldier, the Red Rose Knight, who for his valor and chivalry was surnamed the Boast of England. Showing his Honourable Victories in Forraine Countries, with his strange Fortunes in the *Fayrie Land*; and how he married the fair *Anglitora*, daughter to Prester John, that renowned Monarke of the World. Together with the Lives and Deaths of his two famous Sons, the *Blacke Knight*, and the *Fayrie Knight*, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight.'

* It is said that his figure still adorns a sign in Gray's-Inn Lane, London; and that it once graced another, appears evident from the following learned doggerel.

'Veni Wakefield peramoenum,
Ubi querens Georgium Greenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,
Ubi *allam* bibi feram
Donec Georgio fortior eram.'

IX. The third and last volume commences with 'The Knight of the Swan,' another romance of Chivalry, written by Robert Copland, who, to use his own words, did 'reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgar English tonge, after the capacite and rudeness of his weak entendement.' Instead of analyzing the book, we must content ourselves with giving the title-page, which is as follows. 'The Knight of the Swanne. Here beginneth the History of the noble Helyas Knight of the Swanne, newly translated out of Frenshe in to Englysshe at thinstigacion of the puyssant and illustryous Prynce Lorde Edwarde duke of Buckingham.'

X. 'The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus. This romance is a translation from the German. It is filled 'up to the blue,' with magic and supernatural horrors, and acquires new interest from the fact, that it embodies the same old German tradition, upon which Goethe founded his wild drama of *Faust*. Faustus is first introduced as a student in the University of Wittenburg, where he is made Doctor of Divinity, but soon after gives himself up entirely to the study of the Black Art. He makes a compact with the devil, by which the latter is to serve him in all his desires for the space of twenty-four years, at the expiration of which he is to deliver himself up, body and soul, to the destroyer. This compact is written with his own blood, and straightway Mephistophiles becomes his familiar spirit. Generally speaking, this spirit is obedient to the wishes of Faustus, but when the Doctor puts an improper question, or does or tries to do a good action, Mephistophiles dragoons him into propriety by a rabble rout of imps, or frightens him with a cock-and-bull story about the other world, giving him a foretaste of the pleasant pastime of being 'tossed upon pitchforks from one devil to another.' On one occasion, in particular, a great procession of evil spirits came to torment him, in which procession Lucifer appears 'in a manner of a man all hairy, but of brown colour like a squirrel, curled, and his tail turning upwards on his back as the squirrels use. *I think he could crack nuts too like a squirrel.*' Then a minute account is given of Faustus's journey to hell, and through the air, and among the planets, and afterwards through the most famous kingdoms of the earth, whereby it appears, that he, and not Columbus, was the first discoverer of America. Of course the magic Doctor was deeply read in all mysteries,

and he certainly discourses wisely upon comets and falling stars, and other marvels of nature. One chapter relates 'How Faustus was asked a question concerning Thunder.' His answer is certainly very luminous for a Doctor in Divinity and the Black Art. 'It hath been commonly seen heretofore,' says he, 'that before a thunder-clap fell a shower of rain, or a gale of wind: for commonly after wind falleth rain, and after rain a thunder-clap, such thickness come to pass when the four winds meet together in the heavens, the airy clouds are by force beaten against the fixed chrystal firmament, but when the airy clouds meet with the firmament, they are congealed, and so strike, and rush against the firmament, as great pieces of ice when they meet on the waters; then each other sounded in our ears, and that we call thunder.' Afterwards comes a series of the Doctor's merry conceits, showing how he practised necromancy; how he set a pair of horns upon a knight's head; how he transported three young dukes through the air from Wittenburg to Munich; and how one of them fell from the magic cloak, on which they sailed through the air, and was left behind at Munich, being '*strucken into an exceeding dumps.*' We are also told how he pawned his leg to a Jew; how he ate a load of hay; and how he cheated a horse-jockey, and conjured the wheels from a clown's wagon, with many other wonders of a similar nature. And finally, we are informed that, at the end of the appointed time, the devil came for him between twelve and one o'clock at midnight, and after dashing his brains out against the wall, left his body in the yard, 'most monstrously torn and fearful to behold.'

XI. 'The Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his appearances, and the deeds of Wagner. Written by an English gentleman, Student in Wittenberg, an University, in Saxony.' This is the most singular and curious of all the romances in the collection, and is in fact one of the most remarkable which we ever met with. It is in part a translation from the German and in part original, as very clearly appears from sundry passages in the work; but it is written throughout with such a raciness, and spirit and peculiarity of style, that the reader finds something of the magic it treats of stealing over his senses, as he reads. In the first chapter, Kit Wagner, the familiar servant of Faustus, raises the spirit of his master by reading in his books of magic, thus giving us at the outset a glimpse of the Doctor's condition in the world of spirits. We

recollect an old English Christmas carol, entitled Dives and Lazarus, wherein two serpents come to bear off the rich man's soul, singing

> 'Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
> And come along with me,
> For you've a place provided in hell,
> To sit upon *a serpent's knee.*

But there was no serpent's knee for Doctor Faustus. When conjured from his dread abode, he appears in a fiery car, and is crowned a king. This is their first interview. At the second, they hold a long conference together, and Faustus plays off upon Wagner some of the old tricks, which Mephistophiles had before practised upon the Doctor. Wagner now launches boldly forth as a conjuror, and in a learned discourse with the powers of darkness enrages Mephistophiles, who, violently gesticulating in reply, strikes the table with such force, that the print of his fist is seen upon it two years afterwards. Then we have a description of 'The Tragedy of Doctor Faustus seen in the air;' and then the lamentable death of sundry students, who imprudently read in the magic books, and conjured therefrom. In the mean time Wagner has gone to Vienna, a city, we are told, 'every way bigger than the fair city of London,' and, at the period of this history, besieged by the Grand Turk Ali Chan. Here the character of the romance is almost entirely changed, and it becomes transformed into a tale of chivalry. Wagner, Mephistophiles, Akercock, and Doctor Faustus enter the Austrian army as soldiers, and, on one occasion, we are told that 'Faustus came blowing in like swash-buckler with his rapier by his side, and his hand on his poynard, swearing all the cross row over.' These valiant allies swagger about the Turkish camp, and play many lewd pranks with Ali Chan himself. At length the 'Duke of Austrich,' alias the Archduke of Austria, challenges the Grand Turk to single combat, and the challenge is accepted. The Christian fights on horse-back, and the Turk upon the back of an elephant, an animal which the author thus minutely describes: 'An elephant is well nigh as big as six oxen, gaunt and slender like a horse in the flanks, and of more swift foot than a man would think for, his fashion is like no beast in England, but the ridge of his back is like that of an horse, his feet hath five great horney toes, and a very long snout of above two yards in length, with

which he will draw, *by only snuffing up, a pretty good big lad*, and deliver him to the riders, this long trunk falls down betwixt a large pair of teeth or tushes of above an ell and a half long (as ye may commonly see at the comb-makers in London) bending like a boars, upwards, his ears wel nigh from the top to the neither tip of the hanging down above seven feet long.' The description of the combat is very spirited and amusing, far surpassing that of the combat between Orlando and the giant Ferracute in Turpin's chronicle of Charlemagne, or the combat between Amadis and Angriote in Amadis de Gaul. Indeed we have never met with a description of a single combat, in any of the romances of chivalry, which can compare with this. Although rather long, yet we cannot refrain from subjoining it, assuring the lovers of the rare and curious, that it will well repay the perusal.

'And when they were sworn that neither of them had any magick herb, charm, or incantation, whereby they might prevail in their fight on their adversary, and had solemnized the accustomable ceremonies in like matters of combate, the herauds gave their words of encounter, then with loud voyce and shril trumpets couragious blast, whilst all the people were in dead night expecting the demeanour of these renowned princes. Now we have brought you to behold these two champions, arrived thither with their brave followers, ready to prove their valiance in the face of so great a multitude. Now if you will stand aside lest their ragged spears endammage you, I will give you leave to look through the lattice, where you shall even now see the two emperors with their brave shock dress doubt betwixt their cruel encountrings. Now you may see two combatants, or but as yet champions, coming from the ends of the field, the excellent Christian Emperor with incomparable valour, visiting his horse sides with his spurs, carrying his spear in the rest with an even level, so that the thundring of the brave steed presaged the dint of the greatest thunder clap. When Ali Chan, gently galloping with his huge beast, came forward with more swift pace still as he drew nearer to the emperor. All this while you may behold them hastening in their course, like as you see two great waves galloping from the corners of the sea driven by contrary winds, meeting together by long randome, to make the neighbours shoars to quake and dimb'd with their boystrous carrier. The emperor being now with his greatest fury ready to fasten his launce upon his adversary, and his adversary ready to fasten his javelin on him, when the Turk sudainly stept aside, and the Emperor

thrusted his void launce in the air, (for he might easily do it) for though the elephant be but low, yet he was higher than his horse by a yard, and yet his horse was the fairest and tallest to be found in all christendom, so that needs he must lay his spear in an uneven height to break it on him. Sudainly the Turk stopt, and with his nimble beast followed the Emperor as he had fled, whereat the whole army of Turks shouted horribly, clapping their hands, and the Christian stood still in great silence, struck with just wonder of this strange Quiddity in combat, and ere the Emperor could make his stop, with a short turn, the Turk had hit him on the shoulder with his javelin, which being denyed entrance, for very anger rent itself in forty pieces, and chid in the air till they broke their necks on the ground, and had not then the horse started, the monstrous elephant had overthrown him with his rider to the earth. But then the horse incenst with ire for this injury, and his master more hotly burning with disdain and furious gall leapt, bounded, and sent out at his mouth the foamy arguments of his bitter stomach, but so fast the vile Turk followed that he had spent three long darts upon the barbed flanks of the horse, which all in vain returned to their master. The beholding Turks so eagerly persuing the stroaks with shouting, as if with a hidden sympathie their trayning had augmented the violence of the blows. At length the good emperor sorely ashamed came now to make him amends for his pretty falsery: and with great scope throwing his launce forwards just upon the Turks face, and when he was almost by him, the infidel as if he but made a sport of the fight, stept aside very deliberately thinking that he should have made him run in the like order as before, but he more cautelous marking of purpose which way he meant to decline, turned with him, and his learned horse could well do it, and indeed desire of revenge had so seated itself in his brave couragious breast, that now he even followed him as if he had been drawn with cart-ropes, the Turk seeing now he was circumvented, fetcht a pretty compass and trod a round, the elephant flying from the horse and the horse following the elephant, as you might see Seignior Prospero lead the way on Mild-end-green, in the ringles, this was a pretty sport to see the matter turn'd to a play.

'Now the Christians having like occasion to shew their gladness, gave such an applaudite, as never was heard in any theater, laughing so effusedly that they dasht their adversaries clean out of countenance, tickling again with the long loud laughter: when they had run not passing twice about, the Turk seeing his time, conveyed himself out of the ring, and then got again on his back spending his cowardly darts upon his strong enemies armor,

and so fast he followed and so quickly the good emperor turned back again, that his horses barb of steel out sticking in his front, met just upon the outside of the right eye of the elephant, that it sticking out a foot entred in above an inch, which the horse perceiving made the rest follow into his head, up to the hilts (as to say) laying his fore feet out straight, and his hinder legs in like manner went poaking and crowded himself forward, still gathering upon the elephant, so that not so much with the horses force as the great beasts cruel pain, the elephant swaid back above a hundred foot. Now was the Emperor glad, and with both his hands lifting himself upon his stirrops, took his lance, and strook the Turk with the point full on the visard so thick and so many times, that some blood followed, with an hue and cry out of the windows of the helmet, to find the worker of his effusion: till the vilain slave drawing his fine sword smote the lance very bravely in two, and casting his shield afore him, received the last stroke on the truncheon of it, which the gentle emperor with fell fury threw at him that he made him decline almost to the fall. The Turk sitting on the elephants back, could not with his semiter reach the Christian, nor he the Turk with his curtilar, so that now they sate and lookt one upon the other, and the people at them, and all at this strange coping. The good horse Grauntier by chance being gored a little under the mane betwixt the bendings of barbs with the sharp tusk on the elephant neighed with great stomach, and leasing from the beast which he had welnigh forced to the lists end, being thereto forwarded with the sharp spurs with so exceeding fury, that it was not only a marvail how the good prince could sit him so assuredly and also that he spoil'd not himself, but with more eager fury began to gallop upon the elephant again, his mouth wide open, and horrible with the salt foam which in abundance issued from his great heart: for by how much the more a thing is gentle and quiet, by so much the more being moved he is iracund and implacable. But the emperor turning his reins carryed him clean contrary to the lists end, where stood launces for the same purpose as the manner is, of which he chose the two stiffest, longest, and rudest of their stature, and came softly pacing to the Turk: who stood even there still where he was, the elephant bleeding in such abundance, that by the loss of so much blood his meekness turned into rage, and began to rise and bary, and stamp, and with an uncertain sway to move, so that with much ado the slave stayed and appeased him, then the brave emperor lifting up his vizor not only to take breath, but the more freely that his speech might have passage, he told the Turk that he had in a base cowardly manner by false fraud and unequal fight dishonored himself and endan-

gered him, for which he told him *malgrado suo* he would be gloriously revenged: and now that they had spent a good time in uncertain fortune, he had brought two lances, choose which he would, and either begin the fight anew or make an end of the old; promising upon his honour that if he refused so to do, he would fasten one in his beast, and another in his heart. And if he dared to do that, he bad him come down on foot, and there break a staff with him. The Turk as he was an honourable souldier then presently slipt off his elephant, bravely answering that he came to conquer him in sport, and not meaning to make a purposed battail, but sith he was so presumptuous as to dare him to his face, he should soon perceive how lightly he weighed his proud words, and then skipping to him, reacht a lance out of his hand, and went 100 paces backwards, so did the emperor very joyfully, when they are come so far as they thought they might trust to their breath, holding their lances in both their hands, began to run very swiftly, and desire brought them together so fast and couragiously, that their launces somewhat too malapart not suffering them to come together, hurld the Turk above seven foot off the launces length, so that not one there but thought that he had been either slain, or his wind dasht out of his belly: the prince reel'd backward above two paces, and yet fell down much astonished. The people on both sides exceedingly amazed and affrighted, especially the Turks, who sent out such a doleful Sanutus that it would have moved the stones to ruth, but the dolor of the christians was not so great, for the moving of the emperor revived their spirits much. In a cause on which the beholders safeties do depend the ill success is much feared, for it may be seen by this, that they will with a certain alacrity and sympathie seem to help or to pity as the cause requires. On a sudain the emperor lift up his head, at which the christians gave such an universal shout, as if even now they would have fray'd the mountains adjacent. The two couragious beasts, having lately heaped up red hot rancor in their disdainful stomacks, assaulted the one the other with all the weapons of nature, that it had been enough for to have delighted any one, but the horse had some small advantage by reason the elephants right eye was covered with the trailing down of the blood. By this time the emperor rose again and the one went to his horse, the other to his elephant, having first splintred their spears, and fenced so long as any vertue remained in their slaughtered launces. When each had gotten to their beasts they began to forward them, who with equal ire moved, needed no incouragement, then did the emperor coming with full scope upon the Turk, smite the elephant just upon one of the teeth, while with great rage the horse had fastened his

pike again in the jaw-bone, so that the elephant still swayed back, but neither of them being able to reach the one the other; the excellent prince casting his golden shield before him, and drawing his glittering curtelar, leapt upon the neck of his horse, and laying one hand upon one tooth of the elephant, with the other hand upon the thonge that went cross his forehead, vaulted up, and settling his feet upon the tusks, on the head of the beast, cast up himself, and laid his sitting place where his hands were, and there he rode by a little and a little, till he might buckle with the insedent. No sooner came he within the reach of the Turk, but he smote the Turk so freely, who was ready prepared for him, that he made him decline a little, there they fought so long that the elephant driven through pain was thrust up to the lists, hereupon all the christian people shouted, in a more free manner than ever at any time before, all the while the hard mettal'd swords play'd upon each others shields, so that the glory of their rare fight was so wonderfully pleasing to the eye, and so honourable to the combatants, that if they had jested one would well have been contented to view all the long day: but the good prince was too hard for the other, for with his ready blows he urged the great slave out of his cell, and made him sit behind the arson of the saddle, and if this accident had not happen'd he had surely made him sit behind the arson of his elephants tayle. For so soon as the elephant had but touched the lists, the Christian marshals of the field came gallopping and parted the combatants, holding the Turk as vanquished, whilst betwixt the contrary and adverse part there was four negatives, so that well nigh they had fallen to blows, for the case seemed to the Christian plain, to the Turk unjust. That because the beast whereon he rode went to the lists end, therefore the stopper should be blamed. Well, heraulds whose office it is to deal in such royal matters, had the discussing of it, and it was deferred to arbiters, with this condition, that if the Turk was found vanquished, he should be yielded as recreant (and miscreant he was.) So the matter was posted off whilst it never was concluded, and both the parties departed, the one to the camp, the other to the city, in no less solemn pomp than they entred accompanied into the sands, where so rare a chance fortuned betwixt so puissant emperors. And because the matter was as strange as true I have sojourned a little too long in it. But in the next inne you shall have a better refreshment or a newer choice.'

We have already spoken of the author's style as being racy and spirited; we might have added, that at times it is also ex-

ceedingly harmonious and poetical. Thus, for example, speaking of a female, he says, 'In her silken soft hand she held a lute, *discoursing sweetly upon the solemn strings with her nimble fingers.*' And again, when speaking of the Christian and Turkish armies, he says, 'Now it had been a brave sight, to see the greatest princes of the whole world east and west, attended on by their whole forces set in aray, *their gorgeous and bright armours and weapons casting up long tramels of golden shine to the heavens*, the noyse of clarions, trumpets, etc. incouraging the fainting souldier, and increasing the boldness of the resolute. There was at once in this field all the terror of the world, accompanied with all the beauty.'

But enough. We must now, though reluctantly, take leave of our theme, fearing, like the author of the last romance, 'that because the matter was strange as true, we have sojourned a little too long in it.'

ART. V.—*History of Maine.*

The History of the State of Maine; from its first Discovery, A. D. 1602, *to the Separation, A. D.* 1820, *inclusive.* By WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON. Hallowell. 1832. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE author of this work has long been known to the public as a lawyer and politician of eminence; and he has fully maintained his reputation as a historian. We rejoice that at last we have a complete history of Maine, written by one capable of doing it justice. During the fifteen years that these volumes have been in preparation, every authentic source of information has been examined, from the library of Harvard University and the Boston Athenæum, to the communication of the most unpretending correspondent. Mr. Williamson has wanted neither patience and industry in collecting facts, nor ability in relating them in the manner best fitted for the object he had in view. He has given a simple, unvarnished record of truths, many of which are of a nature to excite a lively interest, and has no where allowed his pen 'to play with figures, flowers, and phantoms in the fields of fancy.'

The Introduction contains the best description of the coast, islands, and geographical features, that has yet appeared. When consulted in connexion with the excellent map of Mr. Greenleaf, it will often be found of great utility. Mr. Williamson's description of the animals, vegetables and minerals of Maine, will be of service to the naturalist; and his account of the medicinal qualities of many indigenous herbs, will, it is hoped, awaken a spirit of inquiry on the subject.

The body of the work includes not only the great outlines of the history of Maine, but a correct and detailed account of the various parts of the State. A large amount of valuable matter is embodied in as small a space, as could be reasonably expected or desired. A history of so important a State, containing a larger territory, and a greater portion of fertile soil than all the rest of New England,—the third State of the Union in amount of shipping, and possessing almost as many good harbors as all the United States besides, cannot be related in a few pages. Belknap's New Hampshire, Williams's Vermont, or Bradford's Massachusetts could be compressed into a six-penny magazine, with as much reason, to say the least, as the history of Maine.

Finally, the work is arranged with judgment; written in a neat, perspicuous style; and will long be regarded as a standard history. Those who would become acquainted with one of the principal States of the American Republic,—who have viewed its beautiful scenery; its towering and majestic mountains; its romantic undulations of hill and valley; its shining lakes and broad winding rivers:—who have gazed on the crumbling ruins of the ancient warriors' home, and have longed to know 'the deeds of the days of other years,'—would do well to purchase the work of Mr. Williamson.

The coast of this State was first visited by Capt. Gosnold, in 1602. After sailing along the shore as far as Cape Cod, he returned to England, without seeing or performing any thing remarkable. But America was now regarded with curiosity and interest. The romantic and fantastical accounts 'of its sylvan scenes and wild inhabitants,' were listened to with admiration; and after having been disregarded for more than a hundred years, or at least viewed as a residence fit only for savage men, it had become the theme of conversation in every

circle, and already in imagination was a home for many a bold adventurer.

In the course of three years, two other navigators, Captains Pring and Weymouth, arrived on the coast, and explored some of the harbors and bays. Weymouth was much pleased with his visit; his men readily caught plenty of salmon, cod, haddock, and other large fish; and the soil on the islands and main was found to be of an excellent quality. In ascending Penobscot Bay in his pinnace, all were delighted with the beautiful prospect: they admired the cool dark groves, and listened with rapture to the songs of the wild birds among the branches. The wide and deep river, with its pebbly coves and green borders, appeared to them the finest they had ever seen. The captain was instructed to treat the natives with the greatest kindness, in his intercourse and traffic with them; but he easily found a pretext for kidnapping five, with whom he soon returned home, leaving an irreconcilable hatred against the English name.

Five companies were soon after formed, and incorporated by king James, for the purpose of colonizing the American coast, and teaching the savages the precepts of the Christians of those times, their practices having been duly impressed on the minds of the natives by the actions of Capt. Weymouth and his man-stealing associates. The London Company, in April, 1607, established a colony at the mouth of James river in Virginia; and soon after, on the 31st of May, the Plymouth Company despatched two ships with emigrants, to commence a settlement on the coast of Maine. They arrived on the 8th of August, and soon established themselves in the southerly part of the present town of Phipsburg. The vessels returned to England in December, leaving forty-five of the adventurers to spend the winter on the edge of an unexplored wilderness, and on the shore of a wild tempestuous ocean.

A combination of circumstances caused this settlement to come to nothing. The winter was extremely severe; the natives became more unfriendly; and the first arrivals from England brought information of the death of Lord John Popham, the leading member of the Plymouth Company. The colonists left the country with the returning ships, and justified themselves to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and other members of the Company. From this time, however, the coast was never

deserted by the English, until it became permanently settled. They fished among the islands, traded with the natives, and sometimes wintered in the country. The island of Monhegan was a place of general rendezvous, and had permanent inhabitants as early as 1622, and probably before that time. In the year following, settlements were commenced at Saco, Sagadahoc, and other places on the main, which soon spread over the whole coast.

Meanwhile the French were not careless spectators of the operations of the English in America: they were fired with the idea of extending their possessions, and of partaking in the gainful trade with the natives. In 1603, Henry VI. of France granted a patent to the Sieur de Monts of all the American territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, giving the tract the name of Acadia. De Monts soon crossed the Atlantic, and after visiting the coast of Maine, and wintering on St. Croix island, at the head of Passamaquoddy Bay, finally settled at Port Royal, now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. Some of his adherents soon after laid the foundation of Quebec; and two Jesuit priests, leaving Port Royal, established themselves on the island of Mount Desert. In the course of three or four years, these Jesuits were joined by twenty-five or thirty other Catholics. They were, however, soon dispossessed by Capt. Royal, who, with sixty followers, destroyed their settlement; carried fifteen of them, with the Jesuits, to Virginia, and sent the others to France. Royal pursued his conquests; broke up the French settlements at St. Croix and Port Royal; and carried the booty to Jamestown. But the French soon returned; pursued their fisheries; traded with the Indians; furnished them with arms; and converted them to the Catholic religion. They were not molested again, however, until 1629, when David Kirk, with his kinsmen Louis and Thomas, reduced their establishments at Quebec, Trois Rivières, and Tadousac.

The English settlements in New England now advanced with great rapidity; in 1631 eight extensive grants of territory in Maine had been made by the council of the Plymouth Company. All ranks were equal on this side of the Atlantic. There were no privileged orders. The inhabitants enjoyed civil and religious liberty; they were borne down by no oppressive tax; and were free from the political squabbles and persecutions of the parent state. Many persons of superior abilities repaired

to a country, where birth was not essential to preferment; and others of desperate fortunes sought an asylum in the western woods. So great was the spirit of emigration in England, that the king became alarmed, and detained many ships which were full of passengers, and ready to sail. America, he feared, would contain too many of those men of proud and noble minds, who were ready to sacrifice every thing for liberty and conscience, and who could there successfully resist his power, if exerted in opposition to their rights.

About this time, various contradictory reasons rendered the Plymouth Council unpopular with all classes. The king looked with a jealous eye on the liberty enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic; the Commons believed the leading members of the council wholly devoted to the king; and the dissolute prelates regarded with horror, all those who dared to screen the Puritans from their holy wrath. By the treaty of St. Germain, between England and France, Quebec, Port Royal, and the indefinite country of Acadia were yielded again to the French, who soon after took possession of their old settlement. But it was not sufficient to reinstate the enemies of the colonists in their former possessions, and prepare these wolves to prey upon them; the patent, or rather charter of the Plymouth company was assailed from all quarters, and was finally given up in 1635.

Sir F. Gorges was now appointed Governor General of New England; but he never saw this country, nor discharged the duties of his new station. He obtained, however, a grant from the king of that part of Maine, which lies between the Kennebec and Piscataqua rivers. A regular provisional government was established in his territory. It was a democracy in fact; like the governments of the other communities in Maine. In the French settlements, military chieftains were absolute. Many desperadoes of that nation were constantly on the coast; and their exploits have been celebrated in many a wild legend. One D'Aulney seized the trading-house of the New Plymouth colonists at Bagaduce (Baguedouce), on the peninsula now called Castine, where he built a castle. La Tour, another French adventurer, destroyed the English trading-house at Machias, and established himself at the mouth of the river St. John. These two men for a long time held all the eastern coast of Maine under their sway. They agreed in nothing but enmity to each other. D'Aulney, a Catholic and

zealot, was irascible and ferocious, and La Tour, a Protestant, or rather skeptic, was subtle and base. The former, after several attacks on La Tour, besieged his fortress during his absence, with the intention of seizing his effects, and capturing his wife. This intrepid woman gave him a repulse, with the loss of more than thirty of his men. In the course of two years, he made another assault, and after losing twelve of his followers, succeeded in gaining possession of the wife of La Tour, and property to the amount of ten thousand pounds.

Madame La Tour, a most amiable and accomplished woman, was unable to bear her accumulated misfortunes. She had lost all that was desirable in life; her domestics had been butchered by D'Aulney; she no longer had a home; her estate was gone; and she was separated from her husband, whom, unworthy as he was, she loved to idolatry. Within three weeks after her capture, she died of grief; and her wretched husband applied for relief to the government of Massachusetts, which had often befriended him, and assisted him with men and money, against his enemy. He succeeded in obtaining more loans from the merchants in Boston, with a vessel and crew. As soon as he arrived at Cape Sable, with the assistance of some of his countrymen, the English part of the crew were overcome, and basely set on shore in the wilderness. He then prowled around the coast for two years, until the death of D'Aulney, when he determined to recover his former property, and seize on the large estate of his late adversary. The subtle Frenchman made an attempt, which is rarely unsuccessful in persons of his attractive exterior; and soon found himself in possession of all that he desired.

But after his marriage with the widow of D'Aulney, he entirely forgot his friends and creditors in Massachusetts. Though that Colony had gained little, and lost much, by her officious interference in the affairs of Maine, she was still willing to intermeddle a little more, and give its inhabitants the advantage of her government, even without consulting their wishes. Four years after the death of Gorges, which happened in 1647, she laid claim to a portion of the eastern country, which embraced most of the settlements in his patent. Her claim met with considerable opposition, both from the inhabitants she wished to rule, and from their Governor, Godfrey. Most of the people, nevertheless, submitted to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. They felt no great attachment,

however, to their new masters, and from the first to the last of the political connexion of the two countries, the inhabitants of Maine were desirous of a separation.

The war between England and Holland happening about this time, the country was filled with alarming rumors : it was reported, that the Dutch Governor of Manhadoes was inciting the Indians to fall upon the English settlements. Five hundred men were raised in Massachusetts, and placed under the command of Major Sedgwick and Captain Leverett, to reduce the Dutch colony. But before the forces were embarked, news of peace were received. It was determined, however, that the troops should do something ; and an expedition was undertaken against the French in Maine and Nova Scotia. No opposition was attempted at Bagaduce, nor at St. John, where La Tour generally resided. Indeed it is probable, that he was as willing to live under the government of Massachusetts, as that of France, which had once declared him an outlaw. Nova Scotia was likewise reduced, and was held thirteen years, until the treaty of Breda.

In the mean time, Massachusetts constantly endeavored to extend her jurisdiction in Maine, until at last it embraced the whole seaboard to Passamaquoddy. Her laws were introduced, and justice was regularly administered by her magistrates. But she very wisely never cared about enforcing the more offensive statutes in the eastern country. People held offices there, and were allowed to vote, although they were not members of the church ; and Baptists, witches, and Friends were never hanged in Maine, notwithstanding sundry attempts to crush ' the cockatrice's egg of *toleration*,' that ' first born of all abominations.'

Charles II., soon after his accession, gave the Duke of York a patent of all the country between St. Croix and Pemaquid ; and resolved, moreover, to put the grandson of Sir F. Gorges in possession of his inheritance. Several royal commissioners were appointed, to detach the people from their connexion with Massachusetts, and to form a government for the whole country. The first part of their duty was unnecessary, as the inhabitants of Maine were already on the eve of a revolution ; and the second was so poorly performed, that in three or four years, the people were glad to resume their former union with Massachusetts. The ' Bay Colony ' had been disliked, but Charles was despised ; and all the efforts of this

modern Bacchus, to reinstate young Gorges in his patrimony, were unsuccessful.

After many vexatious suits, the interest of Gorges, in Maine, was finally purchased by Massachusetts for twelve hundred and fifty pounds sterling. Charles was much displeased by this bargain. He had himself made proposals for buying the patent of Gorges, and New Hampshire, in order to make provision for his natural son, the duke of Monmouth. He expressed to the colonial agents his indignation at their disloyal interference in his affairs, and ordered the government of the Colony to surrender their new acquisition on payment of the purchase money. 'We are much surprised,' said he in his letter, 'while listening to the complaints of Mr. Gorges, that you should presume, without asking our royal permission, to purchase his interest in the province of Maine; acquainted, as you know we are, with some effects of the severe hand you have holden over our subjects there.' Massachusetts, having made a fair purchase, felt little disposed to be bullied out of it; and Charles, finding that his blustering was fruitless, and probably recollecting his father, wisely allowed the Puritans to live in peace.

War, indeed, was almost unknown in New England, from its first settlement, until it broke out in Plymouth, between the colonists and king Philip. The country was at that time in a state of general prosperity. A livelihood was easily obtained, and many were possessed of superfluities. There were thirteen towns and plantations in Maine, and more than six thousand inhabitants. The farms were productive; fish could be taken in almost any quantities; and wild fowl abounded among the innumerable islands on the coast. But the aspect of things was soon changed, after the destruction of Philip's power in Massachusetts. His surviving partisans then fled to the East, and, in conjunction with the powerful tribes in that section, fell upon the settlements. The people dared not go to any considerable distance from their fortified houses; their harvests and cattle were destroyed; and the fishermen massacred. No force could act successfully against the savages; they attacked a settlement one day, and in a few more were perhaps a hundred and fifty miles distant in the wilderness. Their number was more than double that of the English, though they had been nearly exterminated fifty years before by the great pestilence, which at that time raged among

the aboriginal tribes. They were urged on to their work by Catholic emissaries, and amply supplied with arms by the French traders. After they had killed two or three hundred of the inhabitants, burned Cape Neddoc, Saco, Scarborough, Pemaquid, and several other places, and defeated and killed Captain Leverett and sixty of his men in battle, a treaty of peace was finally concluded.

A few years after the pacification of the Indians, the governments both in Massachusetts and Maine experienced many changes. The charters were first dissolved; then followed the despotic administrations of Dudley and Andros; and after the deposition of the latter, the old course of things was resumed, till 1691, when the Charter of William and Mary united Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Maine under one government. Meanwhile, the affairs of the eastern people returned to their former flourishing condition. The natives no longer disturbed them; settlements were increased; and the fisheries were prosecuted with new vigor. But soon after the second appointment of Andros, the flattering prospect was altered. That proud and foolish man was so imprudent, as to attack and rifle the house of the Baron de St. Castine at Bagaduce. Castine had formerly been a Colonel in the French army. He was born in France, near the Pyrenean mountains, and had imbibed a love for the scenes of a wild and uncultivated region. Receiving his discharge from the army stationed at Quebec, he settled at Bagaduce on the Penobscot. He conformed entirely to the habits of the natives, and had several of their women for his wives. His melancholy and contemplative disposition suited the habits of his new companions; and his superior talents commanded their respect and admiration. The influence he possessed over the tribes was supreme; and as soon as he saw himself insulted by the English, he let loose the savages like so many blood-hounds upon the neighboring settlements.

Andros, perceiving his folly, immediately proceeded eastward, with eight hundred men. But soldiers were of little consequence in Maine, in Indian warfare, as we have already observed. The savages left the troops to themselves, and attacked and burned the unprotected towns. War with France being declared about the same time, the country was deluged with enemies. The natives were now well acquainted with the arms and stratagems of modern warfare, and assisted by

their civilized friends, they stormed the strong houses and forts of the English. Two years after the commencement of the war, only four towns, Wells, York, Kittery, and Appledone, on the Isles of Shoals, remained ; and these the enemy had determined to destroy. The flourishing town of Falmouth, among others, had been taken by five hundred French and Indians ; the inhabitants butchered, and almost every trace of civilization obliterated. All the eastern people had either retired to Massachusetts and the remaining towns, or had been killed or taken and sent to Canada. Many forts and strong houses were built by Governor Andros at various improper places, to curb the savages. Among other foolish things, a great fortress was constructed by the famous Col. Church, near Pemaquid point, at a cost of £20.000, which, for its practical utility, might as well have been situated at Cape Horn. Government, however, were soon relieved from the necessity of maintaining a garrison at that place, as it was soon after taken by the French.

But a day of retribution at length came upon the savages. Many of the exiled inhabitants of Maine, rendered desperate, enlisted under Col. Church, and other commanders, and by the assistance of strong quick-scented dogs, pursued the natives into their retreats. The Indians, being little assisted by the French in their adversities, experienced the wrath of the English. Hostilities with the various tribes continued with little intermission, from 1688, until the treaty of Utrecht between England and France, in 1713. The country was now desolate: several thousands had been either killed or captured, or had died from improper exposure ; and the country was deserted by the survivors. But the former inhabitants who remained, soon returned to their old possessions ; many of the settlements again became flourishing ; and in the course of five or six years, Maine resumed its former appearance. During the late wars, Sir William Phipps, with seven hundred men, and eight ships, sailed for Nova Scotia and the French settlements to the eastward. He visited Port Royal, Chicabucto, St. John, Penobscot, &c., and took formal possession of the whole country. It was however relinquished at the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, but was again conquered by Col. Nicholson in the succeeding French war, and remained in the hands of the English at the treaty of Utrecht.

After the resettlement of Maine, the inhabitants were in constant fear of the Indians, and, in the course of seven years,

a new war broke out with them. But they had now ceased to be powerful; more than half of the several tribes had been destroyed in the late hostilities; and it required all the exertions of the Jesuit missionaries to push them on to a new effort. The General Court determined to prosecute this war with vigor: a thousand men were raised; four hundred were ordered to range through the country continually; and the rest were distributed in the garrisons of the most exposed places. The savages were hunted down. Two hundred men proceeded to Norridgewock, the residence of the infamous Jesuit Râle, killed him, and dispersed his followers; two of their villages on the Penobscot were burned; and within three years, one third of the remaining aboriginal inhabitants fell a sacrifice to the ambition of their French rulers. After this signal chastisement, they were glad to obtain peace on any terms.

From the termination of the Indian hostilities, in 1726, to the commencement of the Spanish and French war, in 1744, the eastern country gradually increased in population, wealth, and general importance. The value of the timber lands began to be properly appreciated, and attracted the attention of the British government. Education was regarded, and the laws improved. But France having now declared war against England, it was thought politic, as well as polite, to return the visits which had formerly been made to our settlements, and grant the French some of the blessings which they had so bountifully distributed to ourselves. The country was put in a posture of defence, and the siege of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, was planned. William Pepperell, the commander of the expedition, and a very large proportion of the officers and men, were from Maine. That country now contained more than three thousand fighting men, inured to war and hardship. Their manners had acquired a tincture of ferocity; the almost continual hostilities with the Indians had rendered them familiar with blood and suffering, and they longed to take revenge on their Catholic neighbors for their unprovoked outrages.

Pepperell sailed from Nantucket on the 24th of March, 1745, for his destination, with thirteen ships of war, carrying in all two hundred guns, and four thousand men. The plan of the expedition was most ridiculous. The commander was ordered to sail to Chapeau-rouge Bay, east of Louisburg; to arrive there in the evening with all his hundred sail of ships and transports;

to land his men at Flat-point cove, three miles from the town, and, under cover of the darkness, lead his troops to the fortress, scale the walls, thirty feet in height, and carry this Gibraltar of America by storm. The forces soon arrived near Cape Breton; but were detained at Canseau three weeks by the ice, which yet adhered to the shores of the island. On the morning of the 30th of April, they made Chapeau-rouge Bay, and in the course of two days the troops disembarked. The commanders now showed as much skill in the prosecution of their enterprise, as they had exhibited fatuity in their former scheme. In a short time, they surprised a large battery of the enemy, and soon extended their works within two hundred and fifty yards of the west gate of the town, whence every shot took effect. In the mean time the fleet captured the Vigilant, a French sixty-four gun ship, with five hundred and sixty men, and supplies for the garrison. Some English prisoners having been used harshly, the commander of the Vigilant was sent into the town, under a flag of truce, to inform the governor of the kind treatment received by the captive French. This cunning scheme had its effect. The enemy was thrown into consternation at the news of the loss of the expected ship, and soon after, on the 16th of June, the town surrendered, with its garrison of more than four thousand soldiers.

This successful enterprise astonished the Europeans, and filled America with joy. The jealousy of England was awakened. She attributed the victory to the fleet, and made Warren, the Commodore, an Admiral. Pepperell, however, received the title of Baronet. None of the troops, and but one or two officers, were allowed any part of the prizes, or indeed any thing more than their ordinary wages, by the surly government, for which they had fought. After many solicitations during four years, Parliament resolved to pay for the expedition, and shipped £200,000 to New England for that purpose. Nothing could be more impolitic than this treatment of the colonists by the parent state; she dreaded the enterprising spirit of her American subjects, and wished to keep them in ignorance of military affairs; but her efforts produced the contrary effect.

At the commencement of this war, the Indians again became uneasy, and seemed disposed to join the enemy; in truth, the first act of hostility was committed by about three hundred

French and Indians, against Annapolis, formerly Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. Here they met with a repulse; but soon after, the settlements in the eastern country were infested by their incursions. They ceased nevertheless at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. By this treaty, all the conquests were again resigned to the French, and of course Louisburg, with the island of Cape Breton, once more passed into the hands of its former masters.

During the late wars, Massachusetts issued a large quantity of paper money; and it was ascertained after the peace that more than £2,000,000 of it was in circulation. It had depreciated so much, that a Spanish milled dollar would purchase 45*s.* of the old tenor, and 11*s.* 3*d.* of that just issued. In order to redeem the bills, and substitute a specie currency, the General Court laid a direct tax upon the province, of £75,000 sterling, which was payable in the bills at their depreciated value. The enterprising spirit of the New Englanders, we have already observed, was regarded with jealousy by Great Britain. Knowing what bills of credit had done, especially at the siege of Louisburg, and what effects they could produce on an emergency, the English Government forbade their emission, except to meet the public expenditure, and to repel invasion. It was also resolved to keep the colonies in total dependence for manufactured articles, as well as for defence. Parliament passed several severe acts for this purpose, and some others to bind the trade; and moreover asserted the right to repeal every charter and law in this country. Determined, also, to show as much contempt as possible for the exertions of the Americans during the late war, Louisburg and their other conquests, as has been related, were relinquished to France.

The Americans all the while were busy in improvements. At every interval of hostilities with the French and savages, Maine pressed on with new vigor. But wars seemed interminable; and in less than eight years from the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, a new one commenced with the former enemies of the colonists. Affairs had now taken a wrong turn with the French: nothing which they undertook was successful, and their Indian auxiliaries did not attempt any thing of consequence. During this war, which continued six years, France was stripped of all her North American possessions, and the natives were subdued. Our enemies experienced all the evils which they

had before inflicted. The French *neutrals*, especially, were treated with the most savage cruelty.

These neutrals, probably not far from ten thousand in number, lived in Nova Scotia, about Annapolis, Chignecto, Bay Verte, Cobaquid Bay, and the Basin of Minas; they were industrious and frugal, and strongly attached to the Catholic religion and the French interest. Though the country had long been under the English government, they had constantly refused to take an oath of unqualified allegiance to the British crown, or to bear arms against their French brethren. For these heinous crimes, the English, at the commencement of this war, determined to expel them from their country. Nearly seven thousand were collected at one time, driven from their property and homes, and distributed throughout the colonies. About thirteen hundred of the sufferers arrived in Massachusetts and Maine, where they became a public charge; and some were transported as far south as Georgia. Many fled to the wilderness to escape from their persecutors; but hunger soon compelled the fugitives to surrender themselves. In Cumberland, where the inhabitants made some opposition to robbery and transportation, the English showed their Christian benevolence by devastating the country, and burning more than two hundred and fifty dwelling houses, together with all the provisions of the unfortunate inhabitants. Some of the hardiest of the sufferers travelled through the woods to Canada, and a few commenced a settlement which is now called Madawaska, on the river St. John.

Great Britain, soon after the conclusion of an advantageous peace with her rival, began to fancy herself omnipotent. Her troops, employed in America, gave an extravagant account of the prosperity of the colonists; and it was thought proper to tax them at will for the support of government at home. As early as 1750, some acts had been passed, restricting the trade of the colonists with the West Indies, to the British possessions; but these laws were not rigidly enforced. It was now determined to carry them into operation. As the products of the fisheries were exchanged in the West Indies for cash and tropical productions, the enforcement of the restricting acts, by shutting the principal markets, tended to destroy one of the main branches of the industry of the eastern country. The fisheries in Maine were probably worth nearly as much as in Massachusetts, and in both they were valued at

£164,000 sterling a year. The lumber trade with the West Indies was also very profitable, and together with the fisheries, formed the principal resource of the inhabitants of Maine.* They regarded the parent country with considerable jealousy after the restriction of their trade, and, on the passage of the famous Stamp Act and the revenue laws, participated in the general discontent, and fully concurred in the measures taken by Massachusetts.

The only custom-house in the eastern district was at Falmouth (now Portland), a flourishing town, containing four thousand inhabitants. So spirited an opposition was made at this place against the revenue laws, as to cause its destruction. A vessel having arrived from England with merchandise, and the rigging for a new ship, the committee of safety and inspection, after examination, determined that the cargo should be returned. But Coulson, the consignee, procured a visit from the Canseau sloop of war, Captain Mowatt, and then proceeded to unlade the vessel, and rig the new ship with the aid of men pressed into his service by Mowatt. The captain of the Canseau left the people of Falmouth impressed with no favorable opinion of his character, and proceeded to Penobscot, where he dismantled fort Pownal, a trading station, carried away the guns, ammunition and goods, and thus nearly destroyed the rich trade with the natives. After this mighty exploit, by which nothing was gained, except the distress and enmity of the Indians and traders, he returned to the harbor of Falmouth.

Going ashore one day with his surgeon, on a visit, they were seized by fifty or sixty men under Colonel Thompson of Topsham. The leading citizens reprobated the conduct of Thompson, and endeavored to procure the unconditional release of the prisoners. They finally induced Thompson to accept from the captain and surgeon their parole, taking General Preble and Colonel Freeman, two influential citizens, as hostages for their re-surrender the next morning. But Mowatt broke his parole, and sailed for Portsmouth.

On the 16th of October, 1755, however, he arrived again in the harbor, with the Canseau, the Cut ship of war, a large cutter schooner, and a bomb sloop. As the inhabitants sup-

* The population was now 24,000.

posed that his intention was to plunder the islands, two companies were sent to protect them, leaving the town defenceless. The next day, the vessels were moored near the most compact part of the village, and a note from Mowatt was sent on shore, giving the inhabitants two hours to remove. They immediately assembled and appointed a committee to ascertain the cause of his epistle, and the meaning of his threats. He informed the committee, that he was ordered by Admiral Graves to destroy their town, without giving them the least warning; but offered to spare the village till he heard from the Admiral, if the small arms and ammunition, with four pieces of cannon, should be delivered to him the next day. The town not having complied with these terms, about nine on the following morning he set fire to some buildings, and lay before the village the whole day, throwing into the most compact part, cannon-balls, carcasses, shells, hot shot, and even bullets from small arms, till it was nearly destroyed. St. Paul's church, the new court-house, the town-house, the public library, with about a hundred and thirty dwelling-houses, and two hundred and fifty stores and warehouses, were reduced to ashes. Two vessels only escaped the flames, and these were carried away by the enemy. One hundred and sixty families, that were in comfortable circumstances the day before, were reduced to beggary.

Mowatt, by this glorious achievement, demonstrated his ability to war successfully against women and children; but fearing the return of the two companies, and probably having a recollection of the punishment affixed to the crime of arson, he departed suddenly from the harbor, leaving a hundred of the poorer houses, and one meeting-house standing, though much injured. Many worthy citizens, having lost the ordinary means of obtaining a livelihood, became most excellent soldiers. In fact, the crime of Mowatt was needless; and, instead of destroying the means of resistance, had the contrary effect. We cannot refrain from making one observation in this connexion, with regard to the reiterated threats of burning our maritime cities, in the event of another war. Without discussing the policy or propriety of agitating such a subject at this time, the possibility of carrying any of these menaces into execution, or the probability of retaliation, we would merely remark, that the destruction of our sea-ports (like that of Fal-

mouth) would be of no service to the enemy, but would drive more than a hundred thousand desperate men into the service of their country, and cover the ocean with swarms of privateers.

Soon after the burning of Falmouth, a rumor was prevalent, that the British troops were landing in various places, killing the people, and burning their habitations. Slight fortifications were consequently thrown up about the eastern harbors. But before those at Falmouth were completed, Captain Symonds, of the royal navy, appeared in a ship of war of greater force than the whole of those that had destroyed the town. He found the inhabitants, with some volunteers from the neighboring places, building a small battery, and preparing to mount two six-pounders. Symonds, in a threatening manner, ordered them to desist. Finding the rebels rather disobedient, and withal desirous of cultivating a closer acquaintance with him than he desired, he hoisted sail, and hastily retreated; following the example of his predecessor and coadjutor, Mowatt.

A little before this time, April 19th, the battle at Lexington was fought. The news of the fight arrived in York on the evening of the same day. Early the next morning, the people assembled, and enlisted a company, which, before night, was fifteen miles on its way to Cambridge. The next day, a company was despatched from Falmouth; and shortly after, a regiment marched under Colonel Scammon of Biddeford. But Maine, except the destruction of Falmouth, experienced few of the evils of the war of the Revolution. It had suffered, perhaps, more from Indian hostilities than any other portion of America; but the natives were now friendly, and there was little to allure a conquering enemy. Few warlike enterprises were undertaken in that region; Col. Arnold, however, traversed the western part of it in his expedition to Quebec, and an attack was made by the English ship Rainbow, two frigates, and a brig, upon a military station at Machias, which was effectually repulsed.

But the most important military transactions took place on the Penobscot. The English commanders had long been sensible, that a military post on that river would be of great service in checking the American privateers and cruisers. The excellent ship-timber in the neighboring forests was looked upon with a longing eye. Early in June, 1779, General Mc-

Lane sailed from Halifax with nine hundred men, and landed at Bagaduce. He commenced a fortification at that place, and with the assistance of three sloops of war, under the command of Mowatt the incendiary, held possession of the Penobscot and the neighboring waters.

It was instantly determined in Massachusetts to dislodge the invaders; and in the course of a month after the landing of McLane, a fleet of nineteen armed vessels, carrying three hundred and forty-four guns, commanded by Commodore Saltonstall, with twenty-four transports, having on board three hundred marines, and a thousand militia under General Lovell, arrived near Bagaduce. About two hundred militia, and as many marines, effected a landing on the western part of the peninsula, after a severe conflict, and with the loss of a hundred of their number. It was now proposed to summon the garrison to surrender on honorable terms, or to storm the fort. But Saltonstall was opposed to the first measure, and obstinately refused to assist in the second, or allow another marine to disembark. General Lovell did all that was in his power; but as he was not seconded by Saltonstall, the expedition came to nothing. After spending a fortnight before the place, as they were preparing for an assault, an English fleet of seven large vessels, carrying two hundred guns, and fifteen hundred men, was discovered standing in towards the peninsula. A retreat was immediately ordered. During the night the troops embarked in the transports, and proceeded up the river. In the morning Saltonstall made a show of resistance, in order to give the troops in the transports time to effect a landing. But Sir George Collier, the English commander, knowing his superiority, instantly advanced, and fired upon the American fleet with decisive effect. Four of the smaller armed vessels were taken by the British fleet; the rest, with the transports, were blown up by the Americans at various places in the river. A few ascended as high as the mouth of the Kenduskeag: and some of our readers, no doubt, have seen their wrecks at low tide in the harbor of Bangor. The officers and men landed at various places on the west side of the river, whence they proceeded in detached parties, guided by the Indians, to the settlements on the Kennebec. When the troops returned, an investigation of the conduct of the officers of the expedition was made, and Saltonstall was cashiered.

Soon after this unsuccessful enterprise, a new constitution for Massachusetts was formed and ratified. But the eastern section was very desirous of a separate government; and shortly after the peace, that subject was canvassed in popular assemblies. To promote a separation, a paper called the Falmouth Gazette, (the earliest newspaper in Maine), was commenced, on the first of January, 1788. The Governor, in a speech to the General Court, commented on the evil tendency of the proceedings in Maine. His observations met with a hearty response, and the offer of any legislative assistance to guard the social compact. But the eastern people determined to express their opinions at all hazards; and it having been ascertained that three-fourths of the towns and plantations were in favor of a separation, a respectful petition on the subject was presented to the General Court. That body passed several popular and necessary acts, relating to the eastern country, and effectually quieted and lulled asleep the desire of independence.

There was no interruption of the prosperity of Maine for more than thirty years after the Revolution. The population increased during this period from 57,000 to about 229,000, and commerce, agriculture, and wealth, in about the same ratio. During the late war, on account of the thin population in the eastern parts, the enemy were enabled to cause great distress. There was but one instance,—the incursion up the Penobscot,—in which it was possible to oppose them with advantage; and then, from the utter imbecility of one Blake, who attempted to command, nothing was effected. The British troops wantonly destroyed a vast amount of property during their short stay; and Castine was held by them during the remainder of the war.

For several years after the conclusion of peace, a spirit of emigration to the western country, called the 'Ohio fever,' prevailed to a great extent. Provisions and other necessaries were dear; and several cold, unproductive seasons in succession, forcibly reminded the inhabitants of the mild climate and abundant harvests of Ohio and Kentucky. The advantages of their situation were overlooked, and the disadvantages of the new land of promise were unknown. A succession of warm and fruitful seasons, however, soon restored the people to their senses, and many of the emigrants to their former homes.

The connexion between Massachusetts and Maine had now

become extremely irksome to the latter, and was the subject of repeated petitions to the Legislature. An attempt was made in 1816 to obtain a separation, which proved unsuccessful. The subject of separation was, however, continually agitated, and a new act was passed by the General Court in 1819, prescribing the conditions on which Maine should become an independent State. The people decided, by a vote of 17,091 to 7,132, in favor of accepting those terms. A convention of delegates formed a Constitution, which was ratified by the people, and Maine, on the 15th of March, 1820, was admitted into the Union as a State. The new Constitution differs in several important particulars from that of Massachusetts. The classification of towns and plantations makes the representation more equal; though no town or city can have more than seven Representatives. The number of Representatives is limited to two hundred, and that of Senators to thirty-one. Citizens are allowed to vote, or to hold any office, without qualification of property; and difference in *religious* opinions produces no difference in *political* rights. The support of religion is left to the voluntary contributions of individuals.

Since the separation, Maine has increased very rapidly in wealth and general importance. The country has been found far superior to what it was supposed to be twenty or thirty years ago. The inhabitants were then ranged along the coast and the banks of the principal rivers, where the soil is generally poor. But within the last fifteen or twenty years, the settlements have been extended into the interior, on the great swells between the Penobscot and Kennebec, and the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, where the quality of the land is very good. On the St. John, and indeed in the whole northern section embraced in the valley of the St. John, and in the basins of the great rivers Aroostook, Temiscouta, St. François, Allagash, and Walloostook the soil is far superior to any in the other parts of New England, except, perhaps, some portions of comparatively small extent. Unless the present boundary question should have more serious consequences on the prosperity of Maine than is generally apprehended, we may shortly expect to see the whole of the northerly portion of the State inhabited.

The coldness of the climate of the eastern country has often been regarded as a great misfortune; but we may observe in

the first place, that mistakes of some consequence on this subject have been prevalent, even in New England; and secondly; that the severity of the winters appears to have diminished within the last twenty years. Besides, a climate can be regarded as good or bad, only as it has a good or bad effect on important agricultural products, on the health and pleasures of the inhabitants, or on the facility of the intercourse between the various sections. Now all those articles of agriculture that are produced in New England, except some things of little or no consequence, can be successfully cultivated in this State; and wheat,—the most important of all agricultural products,—which can hardly be raised at all in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, is one of the finest crops in Maine. This State is one of the most healthy in the Union, and the cold steady winters, instead of diminishing the ease of communication between the various parts, produce facilities for the traveller, and for the transportation of heavy commodities, that are enjoyed in no other seasons. The vast forests, which are an inexhaustible source of wealth, would not only be valueless, but a great encumbrance, if it were necessary to make a smooth road of earth to every valuable tree. Besides, the conveyance of the agricultural productions to the great market towns, in a country yet unprovided with permanent roads to an extent adequate to its wants, can be performed only during the continuance of the snows. A winter like that of Carolina or even Maryland, would be a heavy calamity to the country; and even the late moderate unsteady winters have been regarded as detrimental. Without discussing the possible or probable effects of the climate on the future prosperity of the State, we may consider it at present as the one best fitted for the wants of the inhabitants.

How long the great lumber trade will be carried on with the same vigor, as at this time, it is impossible to determine; but no one, acquainted with the forests of the country, can have any fear of its decline within the present century. Much of the best timber in the lower parts of the State has, however, been taken away, and many logs, within a few years, have been driven from ports as high as the lakes Caribou and Chesuncook on the Penobscot, and Moosehead on the Kennebec.

Those who form their notions of forests from the southern portion of New England, have but a poor idea of the ap-

pearance of the luxuriant and heavy growth of wood in the vast wilderness in the upper part of Maine. The traveller here is shrouded in perpetual gloom; the sun's rays are hidden by the thick canopy raised far above his head; and he moves in a cool refreshing atmosphere during the most sultry day. His attention is almost constantly attracted by the wild birds and animals, which with an awkward curiosity and surprising tameness watch all his motions. The forests form a very important feature in almost every prospect in this State. Some of the views, on the mountains and broad swells between the large rivers, are extremely beautiful: the ocean at a distance of forty or fifty miles on the one hand, and Katahdin, with the great cluster of mountains in the centre of the State on the other, are plainly visible. During the autumn in the northern parts, the forest assumes the most gorgeous colors; the leaves of the maple and some other trees are then of a bright red or yellow, and, combined with the evergreens, present a most beautiful appearance.

Whether ten thousand square miles of the fine country in the north of the State, are to belong hereafter to the United States, or are to be transferred to Great Britain, is uncertain. That this section is within the limits of the United States cannot be doubted by those, who have paid attention to the subject. But as many of the arguments employed on both sides of the question are rather extended, and difficult to be understood, it may not be improper to give a short view of the subject.

The northern boundary of Maine is described in the treaty of 1783, as running westerly 'from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, to wit, that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix river to the highlands; along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river.' The article then describes the rest of the northern, the western, and southern limits of the United States, and returns to the eastern, which is formed 'by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands, which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic ocean, from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence.'

On reading this description, the first question that occurs is, what is meant by the highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean?* Are they mountains, or does the word 'highlands' signify merely the height of land at the head of the rivers? The commissioners, who formed the treaty, well knew the disastrous effects resulting from uncertain boundaries; they were determined to give a definite description, and put an end to all dispute on that point. They knew of no ranges of mountains in the country. The whole of the middle and northern parts of Maine was at that time unexplored; and but one or two points in that vast region had been seen by civilized men. They knew, from the dictates of common sense, that the heads of the streams that fall into the Atlantic ocean, and those of the streams that fall into the river St. Lawrence, must be separated by highlands; and they evidently used the word 'highlands' in no other sense.

But does the expression, 'highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean,' signify the highlands which directly, or only mediately separate those rivers? The treaty can mean only the highlands, which directly separate the rivers; for at the time when it was made, no one could say that

* We cannot agree with the writer of the article in the opinion, that this is a question which naturally arises, on reading the description of the northern boundary. The ridge of mountains, running along the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and thence stretching easterly to the end of the Bay Des Chaleurs had been for years preceding the conclusion of the treaty laid down in the maps, and described in the official documents and charters of the British Government, under the name of *The Highlands.* The meaning of the phrase in the treaty is as clear and as little questionable as that of Connecticut River. It was never intended, that any such question as, what is meant by the highlands, should be discussed by the Commissioners, appointed under the treaty of 1783 or that of Ghent. They were merely to determine the *point* where a line, drawn due north from the head of the River St. Croix, *strikes* the highlands. It was natural enough for the British to attempt to make a question upon this subject, in order to appropriate to themselves, if possible, the best half of the State of Maine; but our Government committed a great error in allowing it to be discussed and especially to be submitted to the king of the Netherlands. See the whole matter, very fully treated in the Review, Vol. XXXIV. p. 514.—*Ed.*

there were not a hundred different ranges, by which they might be indirectly divided. This last point would be unworthy of notice, if it were not a fact, that the British government claim as far south as a ridge, or rather a cluster of large high mountains, which extends nearly two thirds of the distance across the centre of the State, and which lies thirty or forty miles south of the heads of the rivers that fall into the Atlantic.

Our British friends have brought forward two arguments to prove that these mountains are, or rather may be the true boundary, but we regard them both as wholly destitute of weight. They are substantially the following: first, the river St. John falls into the Bay of Fundy, and not into the Atlantic ocean; so that, by the stipulations of the treaty, we may as well take the mountains south of that river for the boundary, as the highlands at the north;* secondly, the highlands claimed by the Americans as the boundary, do not separate the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic, but only the branches of those rivers. In answer to the first we may observe that the Penobscot river falls into Penobscot Bay, the Kennebec and Androscoggin into the bay of Sagadahoc, and the Connecticut into Long Island Sound; so that, by adopting the British mode of reasoning, there are no rivers which fall into the Atlantic ocean, and of course can be no highlands, separating such rivers from those 'that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence.' But the fact is, that all those rivers, together with the St. John, fall into the Atlantic, although they all pass through bays. The second argument would make the question of boundary depend on the names accidentally given to the brooks, where the rivers commence.

No person, we think, who will give a fair interpretation, or indeed any interpretation at all to the treaty of 1783, can fail to come to the conclusion, that the northern boundary of Maine passes along the highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean.

On the northern bank of the St. John, and within the disputed territory, is found the settlement of Madawaska. This place, containing a population of two or three thousand, has lately attracted considerable attention. The first inhabitants

* The St. John and its great branches in Maine pursue an easterly course.

were some French neutrals, who, in 1755, escaped from the savage cruelty of their civilized enemies, and fled to the wilderness to enjoy their liberty, religion, and lives. But the same power, by which they were once oppressed, is still exerted over them, and they have found their residence in the forests no safeguard against the rod of their former masters. They have generally preserved the French language of the seventeenth century, and the old manners, customs, and fashions of the Gallic colonies.

Near to this singular people, and somewhat connected with them, we find the tribe of St. John Indians. Only three small communities of the aborigines now remain: the St. John's tribe, and those on the Penobscot and at Passamaquoddy, consisting of three or four hundred persons each. These are the miserable remnants of the once powerful race that held the other natives as far south as New York in constant fear of their attacks; and who, with little intermission, waged, for more than fifty years, a war of extermination against the inhabitants of the eastern country. Their incursions caused the destruction of nearly as many of our people, as the last war with Great Britain.

The leading tribe (the Penobscot Indians) reside on some fine islands in the beautiful river which bears their name. Their settlements commence at Old-town island, about twelve miles above Bangor, and are scattered along the islands in the stream, more than forty miles. This part of the river is in general wide, smooth, and glassy, and skirted with the luxuriant flowering maple. The low alluvial islands appear like so many floating gardens on the bosom of the smooth, still stream. These delightful abodes have but few charms for the savage; he rarely attempts to cultivate his lands, but prefers the precarious subsistence of a hunter, and passes his life in alternate want and profusion, stupid indolence, and unnatural exertion. They, as well as the other two tribes, are nominally Catholics, have a church at Old-town, and are usually attended by a priest. Their language is smooth, though guttural, and abounds in long compound words. Some attempts have been made by their priests to teach them to read and write, with limited success. Their intellectual faculties are good, but their schools are not equal to those of their civilized neighbors.

The common schools of Maine are inferior to none in the Union. As soon as the separation had taken place, the atten-

tion of the Legislature was directed to the subject of education, and the laws respecting it underwent a thorough revision. Every town is required, under a large penalty, to raise at least forty cents to each inhabitant, for the support of common schools; and there are few that do not exceed the requisition of the statute. A comparison of the proficiency of the students at common schools in Maine with those in Massachusetts, would be decidedly in favor of the former. In most of the higher institutions, however, the case would be reversed. Bowdoin College, and the medical school attached to it, are exceptions to this observation, and would advantageously compare with institutions of the same nature in any country.

Many persons in this State have believed, that a more practical education than is generally acquired at literary institutions would be of great utility to persons engaged in the active business of life. The Legislature has lately taken measures to investigate the subject, and to determine the propriety of altering the course of studies pursued in those institutions over which it has control. The opinion begins to prevail, that the study of the ancient languages is not attended with so many advantages as formerly, when most scientific works were written in them; and some consider the study of Greek and Latin not only in a great measure useless, but on the whole injurious. What effect an investigation of the subject may have, cannot be foretold, but few will dispute the propriety of having some seminary in Maine, as well as in the other States, where a practical education can be obtained.

The increase of its population has been greater than in the United States generally, and we have no reason to look for a comparative diminution. Some of the new towns increase with much rapidity. The village of Bangor, the great centre of the lumber trade, has nearly doubled in population since 1820; several hundred buildings will be erected during the present season; and there is reason to suppose, that it will contain at least fifteen thousand inhabitants at the next census. At present, the increase of the town hardly keeps pace with that of the country. The trade of more than nine thousand square miles will centre here. A company has already been formed at this place, for the purpose of building a dam entirely across the Penobscot river, a mile above the village. Should this project be carried into effect, Bangor will become one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the United States.

Finally, in whatever light Maine is observed, it is entitled to much attention. It was settled before any other part of New England, and about the same time with Virginia. The natives, assisted by their French auxiliaries, were more powerful than in any other place on the continent, and several times destroyed nearly all the inhabitants. Possessing an excellent soil; with a territory larger than that of Ireland and many European nations; covered with valuable timber; having commercial privileges superior to those of any other State, and a most enterprising population; it must become one of the most important members of our mighty confederacy. In 1825, one eighth of all the tonnage in the United States and one fifth of the tonnage employed in the fisheries were owned by Maine. More than ten thousand seamen were attached to its vessels; and the exports, including the live stock driven into the neighboring States and countries, amounted to more than eight million dollars.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald.*

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, including her Familiar Correspondence with Persons of her Time. To which are added the Plays entitled the Massacre and a Case of Conscience, now first published from her Autograph Copies. Edited by JAMES BOADEN, Esq. 2 vols. London.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the person of the young heir of Avenel, has forcibly delineated the enthusiastic delight with which a man witnesses, for the first time in his life, a dramatic representation. This pleasure is not often reserved for manhood: it is generally in our early days, that we behold for the first time the vast and shadowy green curtain, which shuts out from our view the splendors of a fairy-land. We are no critics then;—the eye roving entranced over gay columns, whose gilded fluting glitters in the lavish light, and a ceiling whence the heathen goddesses shower garlands on the heads of the spectators, receives at a *coup d'œil* the impression of a perfect building. We are then uninitiated in the *arcana* of the decorative art; we are too much dazzled to discover the coarseness

of the canvass or the touches of the pencil, and before we have time to think of commencing an investigation, the music leads our thoughts into another channel. Be it the composition of Rossini or Mozart, of Weber or Beethoven, it is equally celestial; the leader of the orchestra is a Paganini, and the 'concord of sweet sounds' the melody of the spheres. The Eleusinian veil, that covers the mysteries into which we are promised an initiation, rises to a ravishing symphony, and lo! a new world is before us;—various and vague feelings pass rapidly through the brain,—imagination for once beholds her dreams realized, and, at the falling of the curtain, we retire in silent amazement and delight.

Nor do we immediately undertake to analyze. The youthful mind is far from being philosophical, and, without a thought of the tendency of the amusement, or the moral conveyed by it, we give ourselves up to the delightful recollection of the past enjoyment, and the not less delightful anticipation of the future. But this intensity of emotion soon wears off, curiosity is excited with regard to the agents who produce so wonderful an effect, and a new direction is given to inquiry. We are soon like Wilhelm Meister, when a stealthy examination has shown him the personages of his mother's puppet-show lying side by side with motionless limbs, the inactive wires resting beside them. We perceive that there are certain springs which put all this human machinery in action, and we long to learn their principles. Our interest in the performers continues long after the decorations of the theatre have ceased to attract our admiration and attention. These, with their canvass materials and rude daubing, comprising the coarsely-framed scenery, the tin water-falls, the wooden trees, the patent incombustible flames, the wardrobe with its tinsel finery, its glass regalia and harmless weapons, give a shock to the imagination from which it never recovers. Our fairy-land is too palpable a cheat, the enchantments of Prospero are too evidently the contrivance of a carpenter, and the flight of Ariel too plainly depends on the action of a couple of stout cords. But the actors bear a scrutiny and yet remain enigmas,—their Protean power is a riddle,—their delivery a charm.

Thus our early predilections dispose us to regard with peculiar favor the lives of distinguished performers, and dramatic biography possesses, with most readers, a remarkable fascination. It is true that a man of taste and principle is too

often shocked and disgusted with the details presented to his view; very often have actors, meriting the highest praise for histrionic talent, deserved the severest reprehension for their private life; yet we are still willing to investigate, still hope to discover among them some who are worthy to be ranked with the ornaments of other professions. Nor are we always disappointed in these researches. We are not going into a discussion on the possibility of making the drama a school of morality, far less to assert that its effects have been invariably good; that they might have been and may be so, we believe, but there is no occasion for giving our ideas upon this point at length. While the theatre is the cherished resort of the dissolute and thoughtless, while dramatic regulations must permit the vilest to have the most decisive influence in the selection of plays and the engagement of performers, we can regard it with no very favorable eye. But when, on taking a retrospective view of those who have devoted their lives and talents to the stage, we behold an individual pursuing a correct course through innumerable temptations, animated by the best motives and the warmest feelings, we cannot pass over so signal an example unnoticed. Of such the stage has not been utterly devoid. We cannot forget that Shakspeare trod the boards, and that Siddons, Kemble and Talma have flung over the poet's conceptions the light of their own genius.

It is not unimportant to trace the course of any human exertion, and to mark how the determined spirit, in spite of every obstacle, arrives at the summit of its ambition. It is thus that we learn how necessary are courage, perseverance, patience, and study to success; how few spring at once, by the mere force of genius, to the zenith of a lasting fame. Those who have done so have been exceptions to a general rule, and not examples. We do not even know how many trials and failures Shakspeare made before he produced his master-pieces, and have no proof that he was the very unlettered man, he is generally represented to have been: certainly none, in the profusion of his classical allusions and images. We have seen a Kemble (Frances Ann), at once winning all hearts and all applause, but we have seen another of the same family (Mrs. Siddons), painfully toiling in provincial theatres, before her worth was acknowledged. Miss O'Neil, with all her beauty and talent, the fit representative of Juliet, lived many

years in abject poverty, and Edmund Kean was at one time an equestrian, at another, the hero of a booth.

The life of Mrs. Inchbald is as full of variety and incident, as strange and discouraging at its commencement and as successful in the wished-for results, as any which has yet fallen under our notice. With regard to the present Memoirs, we are glad to perceive that her papers and letters have formed the groundwork, and that Mr. Boaden is content with remaining rather in the shade. There existed a manuscript auto-biography, as in the case of Byron, which Mrs. Inchbald, from delicacy to the feelings of the living characters who figured in it, destroyed. So interesting was this memoir considered, that she was offered for it a thousand pounds. The editor has availed himself of Mrs. Inchbald's diary, and of many notes, papers and familiar letters, by the aid of which he has made out two very interesting volumes, possessing the authenticity, if not exactly the charm of an auto-biography. We are told that the lady, in her fits of spleen, would occasionally animadvert pretty severely upon the character of contemporaries, whom she perhaps esteemed at cooler and better moments. Mr. Boaden has judiciously repressed all such ebullitions of excited feeling.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose maiden name was Simpson, was born of respectable parents, at Standingfield, in the county of Suffolk, in 1753. The Simpsons appear to have been substantial and intelligent people, rather popular with their neighbors, and mixing occasionally in high society. Mrs. Inchbald had the misfortune to lose her father at the age of eighteen. This event cast a heavy gloom over the prospects of the family; but her mother struggled on against difficulty, and they contrived to live through their misfortunes. Elizabeth (Mrs. Inchbald), and her sisters, were noted for their uncommon beauty, which was the theme of admiration in whatever company they chanced to enter. But, strange as it may appear, the future heroine of many a drama, was affected with an inarticulateness in her speech, so great and distressing, that it banished her almost altogether from society, those only who had been brought up with her from childhood being able to comprehend her meaning in discourse. In consequence of this impediment, she contracted an ardent love of solitude and of reading, so that the defect, which she at first regarded as an irremediable misfortune, laid the foundation of the fame and emolument of her after life. She was altogether self-taught,

and has remarked in one of her earlier memoranda, that her brother George, who had great advantages of education, could never be taught to spell, while she and her sisters spelled readily and correctly from childhood. We are at liberty to conjecture the nature of her solitary readings. It is not to be supposed that a young girl, left to select her studies without advice, and naturally of a cheerful disposition, could plunge into polemics and political discussion. On the contrary, her companions were romances and volumes of poetry, particularly that of Shakspeare, the favorite of all ages. We are not surprised to find, that in the bosom of retirement she nursed the desire of seeing the world, that is, London. She was not unmindful of the means, while thinking of the end, and resolutely determined to go upon the stage. The girl, whom an impediment of speech had exiled from the companionship of equals, was to appear before the *élite* of the world of fashion in a brilliant theatre, to draw forth tears and admiration as the affectionate Cordelia, to carry all hearts along with her as the gentle Juliet, and to dazzle, electrify and instruct as Lady Townly.

Her desire to see London was communicated to her friends, who attempted to reason her out of it. But the future Rosalind had resolution, and when told that a sight of the 'great world' would only make her glad to return to the point from which she proposed starting, she could reply with Rasselas in his Happy Valley, 'you have given me now something to desire; I shall long to behold the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is so necessary to happiness.' By perseverance, unaided and alone, she went to work to remedy the defect of her utterance, which she felt must be softened or removed, as a first step towards the accomplishment of her plans. She wrote out most of the long words in which she had encountered the greatest difficulty, and continually carried them about with her, frequently practising their pronunciation. She found also, that much of her stammering arose from the hurry and rapidity of conversation, and that stage declamation, being in a raised and artificial tone, and with fuller pauses, permitted a much greater time for enunciation. She accordingly enabled herself by practice, to go smoothly through passages of her favorite dramatic authors, and was encouraged to proceed in the course which she had chosen. Most of these trials must have been in secret, for her friends were opposed to her intention of going to

London and of acting. After having formed her determination and benefited by a little practice, she did not, like the heroine of a novel, immediately jump into a post-chaise, fly to London and throw herself on the protection of some manager, but she resolved to proceed with caution and regularity. In the beginning of the year 1770, we find her residing at Standingfield with her mother, her sister Deborah and her brother George. Four of her sisters were married; Anne and Dorothy to John and James Hunt, another sister to Mr. Huggins and another to Mr. Slender. Mention is made of these persons, in consideration of their agency in some parts of the London life of Mrs. Inchbald. The family appears to have been of a domestic turn, for the London sisters regularly corresponded with those at home. The duties of society, for Standingfield was by no means a mere hamlet, domestic avocations, and the weekly correspondence with the married sisters, prevented the residents at the old homestead from feeling the tedium of idleness. Mrs. Inchbald appears to have been a ready letter-writer, and extremely fond of epistolary communication. Mr. Boaden remarks, that the handwriting of the period of which we speak, was less systematic than it is at present, —individual character had a greater influence on chirography, and an inference could not unfrequently be drawn from the latter, directly at variance with that derived from the expressions of the writer. The observer, in such cases, must have been, we think, uncommonly clear-headed and intelligent. At this period, Miss Simpson applied by letter to Mr. Richard Griffith, manager of the Norwich Theatre, and asked him at once for an engagement, enjoining secresy with regard to her intention of leaving home. His reply, which is more diplomatic than grammatical, we are tempted to subjoin.

'*Tuesday afternoon.* (no date).

'Madam,—I was just favored with yours, the purpose of which, depend upon it, shall be an entire secret. From some treaties which I have now depending with different performers, and some proposals given under my hand, until I have received answers to them, I cannot yet say it is in my power, as much as it is in my inclination to oblige you: if it should, be assured I shall be happy to do it. When you come to town, I should be glad to see and speak with you on this subject. In the meantime, I am, madam, Your very humble servant,

RICHARD GRIFFITH.

The correspondence was carried on to the satisfaction of Mrs. Inchbald, who, inexperienced as she was, appears to have founded great expectations on the conventional civilities and commonplace politeness of the manager's letters. He was a man of the world, politic and polite, ready doubtless to secure a promising *debutante*, but unwilling to commit himself with a lady he had never seen. The demand of an engagement which was made in her first note, argues a tolerable opinion of her own powers, which is farther borne out by her selection of the highest walks of the drama as her legitimate range. We are not disposed severely to scrutinize the early ideas of such a woman as Mrs. Inchbald, beautiful, inexperienced and unadvised, but we cannot help smiling at the common self-sufficiency of juvenile aspirants for dramatic honors. Thomas Holcroft, for example, who was finally an adviser and literary friend of Mrs. Inchbald, and, if we remember rightly, a suitor for her hand at one period of her widowhood, was a beggar, a Newmarket stable-boy, and a cobbler, before he became an actor and an author. We do not make this allusion in the way of reproach, of course, but in proof of the self-confidence so necessary to an actor. Holcroft, with no opportunities of acquiring the manners of decent, not to say the highest society, started from the work-bench to seek employment as the representative of the most exalted characters of the acted drama.

The idea of the Norwich manager had taken a strong hold upon the imagination of Mrs. Inchbald. On a leaf of her pocket-book, she had inscribed his name in large Roman capitals, like an inscription on an antique temple. R·I·C·H·A·R·D G·R·I·F·F·I·T·H. She adds, 'each dear letter of thy name is harmony.' The music of it appears rather equivocal to us, but we dare not question the lady's superior taste. Her brother George used frequently to amuse the family circle with dramatic readings, and, in his style, he daringly imitated the declamation of the Norwich actors. His taste for the stage grew rapidly upon him. After a while he became an actor, and his sister earnestly desired to follow his example. Her solitary hours were now assiduously devoted to the perusal of standard plays, and she wrote out at length the parts of Cordelia, Hermione, and others. Her mother was by no means adverse to the theatre, and accompanied her daughters to Bury, where they constantly attended the rehearsals of the morning and the representations of the evening. The annual

visit to Bury Fair was one of the treasured delights of the Simpson family, and, though but of few days' duration, gave intense pleasure both in anticipation and remembrance. It was to Elizabeth, what the 'annual gala of the race-ball' was to Lady Teazle, before her marriage with Sir Peter. It is not to be imagined that she attended rehearsals without coming into contact with the actors, and accordingly we find among the visiters of the party the names of Wilson, Crandell and others. Wilson was particularly attentive to Miss Simpson, and while Griffith still retained the place in her heart which he had gained by the euphony of his name, she scrupled not to receive a keep-sake from the former, agreed to correspond with him, and received the welcome present of some books. Letters were accordingly exchanged, and Wilson ever after appeared in the light of a respectful and affectionate admirer. We cannot help observing here, that, like most beautiful women, even in her girlish years, she was rather a coquette.

Most of the brief memorials which preceded the work of Mr. Boaden, represented Mrs. Inchbald as flying from home to London in her *sixteenth* year, but it is now proved, that at *eighteen* she was still living with her mother at Standingfield. She then came to London on a visit to her sister Hunt. She determined, however, under cover of this visit to make applications to the director of some theatre, and go upon the stage. She naturally turned her thoughts to Griffith, with whom she had corresponded. During this visit she became acquainted with Mr. Inchbald, who was very attentive during her stay in London, and openly avowed the interest he felt in her. He was an actor of some talent, but apparently possessed of no great firmness or principle. Hypocrisy was not one of his faults; and he spoke with a tone of careless unreserve of the difficulties into which his former imprudent connexions had led him. His future wife seems to have regarded him with favor, but determined to proceed with caution and due deliberation. She was always ready to carry trifling to its utmost verge, but beneath a surface of levity there was a depth of character and a firmness of purpose which inspired respect, and finally insured success. She still meditated an engagement with Griffith, and, taking her sister as a companion, she called at the theatre, and had an interview with the admired manager. She appears to have been pleased

with the man, although the meeting did not lead to any important result. During Mr. Inchbald's absence from London to fulfil a theatrical engagement, she returned to Standingfield. She was not at all disposed to act precipitately with regard to any of her lovers, but continued her dramatic studies and her social visits without infirmity of purpose. Inchbald now wrote seriously to her, and she replied in a letter full of most singular levity and girlish coquetry, in which the substance of five or six pages was, that people were often deceived in marriage, that he himself had told her so, and that she was determined against becoming a wife. In the autumn she went to Bury Fair, and here she again beheld Griffith. About the same time, also, she saw her brother George and his wife act, and now confessed herself *very* unhappy.

In the year 1772, she determined to make an attempt, at all hazards, to go upon the stage. In her diary about this time is a very singular entry, which would provoke a smile from the lips of a Stoic.

Jan. 22d. Saw Mr. Griffith's picture.
28th. Stole it.
29th. Rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald.

On the 10th of April, she packed up what necessaries she determined on taking with her in her flight to London, and wrote the following farewell to her mother, which she left upon her table.

'By the time you receive this, I shall have left Standingfield, and perhaps forever. You are surprised, but do not be uneasy: believe the step I have taken, however indiscreet, is no ways criminal; unless I sin by not acquainting you with it, which was impossible for me to do, though strongly pressed by the desire of giving you a personal farewell. I must now endure every pang,—one not lost to all feeling must,—on thus quitting the tenderest of parents; I would say most beloved too, but cannot prove my affection; yet time may; to that I must submit the hope of gaining your regard.

'The censure of the world I despise, as the most worthy have incurred the reproaches of that: should I ever think you wish to hear from me, I will write.'

She came to London in the stage coach, and immedi-

ately engaged lodgings at the 'Rose and Crown.' On the following day, she went out and bent her steps towards Charing Cross, intending to visit a distant connexion, who, as she was informed, lived opposite to Northumberland house. She however was forced to undergo the disappointment of finding that the family had quitted business entirely, and gone to reside in Wales. This was indeed a severe blow to her. She had counted upon this friendly house as an asylum, and it was the only rock she built upon, for she dared not see her sisters, fearing that they would succeed in preventing her from accomplishing her darling object.

We cannot but feel deep interest in the perplexities of this innocent though imprudent girl, when we find her wandering without a protector in such a metropolis as London, and, under every disadvantage, determined to make applications, which, from the general bad character of the performers, she feared must expose her to injury and insult. Alive to fears and apprehensions which she hardly attempted to define, she often changed her lodgings, and, by the singularity of her conduct, excited the suspicions of those of whom she was afraid. The accredited reports of her adventures, at this juncture, savor somewhat of fiction, but it is certain that her finances were now in a deplorable condition. She had funds enough to pay for the shelter of the room in which she slept, but the deduction of this expense left but a mere trifle to procure the means of supporting life. In fact she lived solely upon a little bread, which she ate stealthily in her room, walking out every day at dinner-time on the pretence of invitations from her friends. Meanwhile her exertions were unremitted; she called upon King, had hopes of an engagement, and while waiting for this welcome event, she wrote a letter to her sister Hunt. Her appearance was well calculated to impress the beholder with

'The might, the majesty of loveliness.'

She was tall, slender and erect; her complexion was pure, and her features exquisitely beautiful; her hair of a golden auburn, glossy and luxuriant; 'her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness; a combination of delicacy, that checked presumption, and of interest that captivated fancy.'

After spending ten or twelve days in London, she called upon her sisters and took up her residence with one of them,

at whose house she met Mr. Inchbald and thence continued an intimacy, in the course of which her future husband became daily more delighted with her. The reception of a packet from Standingfield put her in the best humor, and she then for the first time visited the theatre, which she afterwards regularly attended, employing her time in study, seeking instruction, endeavoring to obtain an engagement, and receiving all the assistance and advice which Mr. Inchbald could afford. She became acquainted with Dodd, with whom she exchanged visits, and for a time was in hopes of procuring an engagement by his agency. His subsequent conduct, however, was treacherous: he aimed at nothing less than her ruin. Escaping from this danger, she continued her negotiations with Griffith, who appears to have been a tolerably well-principled man, although he hesitated not to use equivocation, and to put off her application with promises. Her prospects, however, soon materially altered. Mr. Inchbald pressed her to bestow her hand upon him, and they were married first by a Catholic priest, and the ensuing morning according to the Protestant ceremonial. The duties of a player's life rarely allow him a holiday, and on the evening of his wedding, Inchbald played in the Jealous Wife, (ominous title!) and his bride and her sister attended the representation. The new-married pair departed soon after for Bristol. At a town upon the route they met Dodd,who revenged himself by not wishing them joy of their marriage; a neglect which they easily overlooked. At Bristol, they took lodgings near the College-green. Mrs. Inchbald determined to commence the study of her chosen profession with vigor, and accordingly wrote out the part of Cordelia. Her choice of this character evinced great taste and judgment. She was unwilling to appear first in the inferior parts, and then gradually work her way upwards, because she was conscious that her personal loveliness would secure attention and respect in a higher character, and excuse even a very great deficiency. She had subdued, in a great degree, the impediment in her speech, but the slow enunciation it compelled her to adopt, must always have been irksome to the ear. Accordingly we find that her first appearance was far from being brilliant. By practice, however, and the assistance of her husband, she hit upon a better mode of declamation, than that which she had pursued at first.

After a visit to London and Standingfield, we find her engaged in Digges's company at Glasgow, where she played Cordelia. Her old admirer, Wilson, was a comedian on the same boards, but he appears to have behaved towards her with respect and delicacy. Her range of acting was rather limited, and it is very evident, from the fact of her being frequently compelled to assume the most subordinate characters, that her talents as an actress were not distinguished. Thus, shortly afterwards, at Edinburgh, she played Anne Bullen, Cordelia, and Calista, and, during the same engagement, one of Macheath's ladies and a female Bacchanal in Comus. Her beauty enabled her occasionally to assume the highest line of characters, but not to keep it. During the height of the favorable feeling produced by her youth and beauty, she played Calphurnia, Lady Anne, Lady Percy, Lady Elisabeth Grey in the Earl of Warwick, Fanny in the Clandestine Marriage, Desdemona to her husband's Othello on their benefit night, and Aspasia to his Tamerlane.

With regard to the domestic felicity of Mrs. Inchbald, we must remark that little jars terminated the honey-moon, and the lady, with what reason is unknown, suspected her husband of infidelity. Afterwards, with a determination to punish him, she permitted a Mr. Sterling to pay her frequent visits. Although throughout her life Mrs. Inchbald's honor was unimpeached, yet she frequently exhibited a vein of childish humor and eccentricity, which not seldom degenerated into imprudence. Thus, carried away by a whim, she suffered Inchbald to believe, that she seriously regarded her visiter with a favorable eye. On leaving Edinburgh for Glasgow, she corresponded with Sterling, and matters came to such a point between her and her husband, that on their return they had separate lodgings. In a recess, during which the company opened a theatre at Greenock, Mrs. Inchbald was the leading-star of all. She played Miss Aubrey in Cumberland's Fashionable Lovers, Angelica in the Constant Couple, and Violante in the Wonder. In 1774, she commenced at Aberdeen the study of the French language, as a necessary preparation for composition. Some notes upon her domestic life about this time are very curious. One in particular records, that on the 19th of January, she read 'Sufferings of the Lord,' to console Mr. Inchbald in his sickness, and that on the 20th they quarrelled concerning the partition of their salary.

In 1776, they embarked for France, having left the theatre of Edinburgh on account of a disturbance at the playhouse, in which Mr. Inchbald was concerned. He, at this time, confiding in his supposed skill as a miniature-painter, hoped to get his living in that character. But he does not appear to have possessed talent, and the plan shortly failing, he returned with his wife to England after an absence of about eleven weeks. It now became absolutely necessary to obtain an engagement in some theatrical company. At Brighton their funds ran so low, that they were obliged to go into the fields and eat raw turnips to sustain life. They went finally to London, and in 1777, Mrs. Inchbald began to commit to paper the brief outlines of a novel, which she entitled 'a Simple Story.' Kemble was now, as heretofore, a firm friend to her. His advice was always freely given and cheerfully accepted, and at no period did there exist any thing to disturb the kindly feeling, with which Mrs. Inchbald regarded John Philip and his accomplished sister. During the same year the Inchbalds played at Canterbury, in company, we believe, with Holcroft, who was a literary adviser of Mrs. Inchbald.

In 1779 Mr. Inchbald died, and his widow experienced the pangs of real sorrow. The union could hardly be called a love-match upon her side, and there was much in her husband's character to try her temper; but his weak state of health and heavy misfortunes drew forth the natural affection of his wife. For his sake she bore much ill treatment from a natural son of his, to whom she behaved with a liberality which showed her affection at least, if not her prudence. She called the day of Mr. Inchbald's death, a 'day of horror,' and the week following a 'week of *grief*, *horror*, and almost *despair*.' A long Latin epitaph was written for him by John Kemble.

Mrs. Inchbald had a London engagement during the season of 1780-81, playing some elevated characters, but often compelled to do the 'walking-parts' in pantomime. At the expiration of the season, she paid a visit to her family at Standingfield. She always kept up a kindly intercourse with her relations, and, when circumstances placed it in her power, assisted them liberally with the money she had acquired by labor, and preserved by the strictest and most self-denying economy. In the summer of 1782, she engaged herself to

Colman at a salary of thirty shillings a week. She yet complained of being obliged to support the mute parts of pantomimes. But from all spectacles and dumb shows, the manager would never part with her lovely face and fine commanding figure. At this time she finished a farce, which she sent to Mr. Harris, who readily advanced her £20 for it. Colman purchased her farce of the 'Mogul Tale,' for a hundred guineas. The good prices, and the applause she obtained for her early productions, stimulated her to new labor. Her comedy, 'I'll Tell You What,' brought £300. Mr. Harris was the purchaser of 'Appearance is against Them,' at £100, and the copy-right she sold for £40. She now liberally assisted her family, some individuals of which had become considerably involved. When, after her mother's death, her brother George remitted her the interest on her share of the family property, she at once settled it on one of her relations. While she was assiduously engaged in composition, she supported herself by nightly labor as an actress. For her productions she was well paid. We will instance the Midnight Hour, a mere translation, which she sold for £130, and a farce, Animal Magnetism, for which she obtained the same sum. She wrote, at the desire of Sheridan, a farce for Mrs. Jordan, which she called the Wedding Day. The price demanded for it was £200, and Sheridan not only paid her for it, but did so in advance, a transaction which certainly deserves commemoration. Mrs. Inchbald, in 1792, describes herself as 'cheerful, content, and sometimes rather happy.' Her novel 'Nature and Art' is by no means equal to her 'Simple Story,' which rapidly gained favor with the public. The latter is highly praised by Miss Edgeworth, who became a correspondent and friend of Mrs. Inchbald, met her in London, and induced her on that occasion to quit the retirement to which she had doomed herself, and reappear for a short time in society. Miss Edgeworth introduced her to Madame de Staël, who received her with great attention. They endeavored to persuade Mrs. Inchbald frequently to enter society, but she replied that it would only make her solitude more oppressive, 'for,' said she, 'I have no one to whom I can communicate kindly compliments and praises, such as you have bestowed upon me.' Madame de Staël turned to her daughter and said, 'Alas! she has no child.'

Among the most interesting parts of the work, are several letters from Miss Edgeworth. These are valuable in them-

selves, and throw an agreeable light upon the character and genius of Mrs. Inchbald. The first is as follows, and will serve much better than any remarks that we might make, as a criticism upon her principal work, the Simple Story.

Edgeworth's Town, Jan. 14th, 1808.

'I am going to do a very bold thing. Personally a stranger to Mrs. Inchbald myself, I am going to take the liberty of introducing one of my brothers to her. Your kindness to my brother Lovell will perhaps incline you more in Sneyd's favor than any thing I could urge. If you should be so good as to let him be in your society, I think you will find in him the same affectionate temper and good disposition which characterized his brother, and abilities, of which I will say nothing, lest I say too much.

'I hope you will not suspect me of the common author practice of returning praise for praise, when I tell you that I have just been reading for the third,—I believe for the fourth time,—the "Simple Story." Its effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading. I never read *any* novel,—I except *none*,—I never read any novel which affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the people it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *that's a fine sentiment*,—or, *that is well expressed*, or, *that is well invented*. I believed it all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes if they had passed before my eyes; it is truly and deeply pathetic. I determined, this time of reading, to read it as a critic, or rather, as an author, to try to find out the secret of its peculiar pathos. But I quite forgot my intention in the interest Miss Milner and Dorriforth excited; but *now it is all over*, and that I can coolly exercise my judgment, I am of opinion, that it is by leaving more than most other writers to the imagination, that you succeed so eminently in affecting it. By the force that is necessary to repress feeling, we judge of the intensity of the feeling; and you always contrive to give us, by intelligible and simple means, the measure of this force. Writers of inferior genius waste their words in describing feeling; in making those who pretend to be agitated by passion, describe the effects of that passion and talk of the *rending of their hearts*, &c. A gross blunder, as gross as any Irish blunder, for the heart cannot feel and describe its feelings at the same moment. It is "*being a bird in two places at once.*" What a beautiful stroke is that of the child, who exclaims, when Dorriforth lets go his hands, "*I had like to have been down!*"

'I am glad I have never met with a Dorriforth, for I must in-

evitably have fallen desperately in love with him; and destitute of Miss Milner's power of charming, I might have died in despair. Indeed, I question whether my being free from some of her faults would not have made my chance worse; for I have no doubt that, with all her wisdom and virtue, he loved her the better for keeping him in a continual panic by her coquetry. I am excessively sorry you have made her end *naughtily;* though I believe this makes the story more moral. Your power as a pathetic writer is even more conspicuous in the second volume, however, than in the first: for notwithstanding the prodigious and painful effort you require from the reader to jump over, at the first page, eighteen years, and to behold at once Dorriforth old, and Miss Milner a disgraced and dying mother, with a grown-up daughter beside her; notwithstanding the reluctance we feel at seeing Dorriforth as an implacable tyrant and Sandford degraded to a trembling dependant, yet against our will, and absolutely against our resolution to be unmoved, you *master* our hearts, and kindle a fresh interest, and force again our tears. Nothing can be finer than the scene upon the stairs, where Dorriforth meets his daughter and cannot unclasp her hand, and when he cannot call her by any name but "Miss Milner, dear Miss Milner."

'I wish Rushbrooke had not been a *liar*. It degrades him too much for a hero. I think you sacrificed him too much to the principle of the pyramid. The mixture of the father's character in the daughter is beautiful. As to Miss Worldley, who cannot help loving her, and thinking she is like their best friend, whoever that may be?

'Mrs. Horton is excellent comic. Her moving all the things about in the room to lessen the embarrassment, and her wishing (without being ill-natured) to see a quarrel, that she might have some sensations, is admirable. Did you really draw the characters from life or did you invent them? You excel, I think, peculiarly, in avoiding what is commonly called *fine writing*,—a sort of writing which I detest; which calls the attention away from the *thing* to the *manner*, from the feeling to the language, which sacrifices everything to sound, to the mere rounding of a period; which mistakes *stage effect* for *nature*. All who are at all used to writing, know and detest the *trick of the trade* immediately; and, speaking for myself, I *know* that the writing, which has least the appearance of literary *manufacture*, almost always pleases me the best. It has more originality in the narration of fictitious events, it most surely succeeds in giving the idea of reality, and in making the biographer, for the time, pass for nothing. But there are few, who can in this manner bear the mortification of staying behind the scenes. They peep out, eager for applause, and destroy all

illusion, by crying "*I* said it; *I* wrote, *I* invented it all! Call me on the stage and crown me directly." I don't know whether you have ever met with a little work, called "Circumstances respecting the life of the late Charles Montford, Esq. by *George Harley*, Esq." When you have half an hour's leisure, do me the favor to look at it, for I think, it possesses something of the same kind of merit as the "Simple Story," though it has many faults; and, except now and then, nothing like its pathos. But it resembles it in creating a belief of its being real. I often thought while I was reading it, this might have been better written, but I am glad the circumstances did not fall into the hands of a professed novel-writer, who might perhaps have *made more of them* for common readers, but who must have spoiled them for me by the *manufacture*. It must be true, I thought, and the biographer must be a real friend, because he cares so little about himself and his own writing, so that he does justice to the memory of his friend.

'I have lately been told that it is a mere fiction, and that it was written by a gentleman whose name I forget, a brother of Mrs. French. Perhaps you know the name.

'My father and Mrs. Edgeworth beg to be kindly remembered to you, and wish you would come here and see us, as we cannot go to England at present. Can you? Will you?

'affectionately yours,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.'

The next letter shows an increase of kindly feeling and interest; its sentiments evidently come warm from the heart, and the desire of the fair writer to serve her friend is very manifest.

'My dear Mrs. Inchbald,—Your letters, like your books, are so original, so interesting, and give me so much the idea of truth and reality, that I am more and more desirous to be personally acquainted with you; and in this wish I am most heartily joined by Mrs. Edgeworth, a person whom, though you have not seen her in print, you would, I'll answer for it, like better than any one author or authoress of your acquaintance,—as I do, my father only excepted: for further particulars, enquire of S. E. We rejoice exceedingly that you like him, and are sure that the deeper you go into his character, the better it will suit you. I wish you would try what Edgeworth's Town could do to excite agreeable emotions in your mind. Upon your own principle, the sea would be as good for you as a fire or a high wind. Danger there is none, except in the imagination,—not even enough to create a

sensation. Sea-sickness is over in a few hours, and my father, who is more sea-sick than most people, bid me tell you just now, as he got on horseback, that you are a *goose* if you don't come to us. How dare I write such a word? But I wish you to know my father and all of us, just as we are. If you will oblige us, consult Sneyd, and he will show you how very easily the journey can be arranged.

'There are some authors, whose books are so much the best part of them, that one can think of nothing else in writing to them; but in writing to Mrs. Inchbald, I can at this moment think of nothing but the wish to see *her*, and to enjoy her society.

'Yours sincerely,

'Maria Edgeworth.'

P. S. 'I remember, when I had gone on a *wild-goose* chase to a *friend's* house, who turned out to be a fine lady instead of a friend, I was just in the solitary, melancholy state you describe; and I used to feel relieved and glad when the tea-urn came into the silent room, to give me a "sensation by the sound of its boiling."

The following contains some remarks on the epistolary style of Mrs. Inchbald, as compared with that of Walter Scott.

'The best thanks, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, for your letter, would be to have seen how much pleasure that letter gave to this whole family,—father, mother, brother, sister, author! The strength and originality of your thoughts and expressions distinguish your letters from all we receive; and when we compared it with one from Walter Scott, received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, to determine which we like the best, upon the whole the preference was given, I think, by the whole breakfast-table, (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's. Now I must assure you that, as to quantity of praise, I believe Walter Scott far exceeded you; and as to quality, in elegance none can exceed him,—but still in Mrs. Inchbald's letter there was an undefinable originality, and a carelessness about her own authorship, and such a warm sympathy both for the fictitious characters of which she had been reading, and for that Maria Edgeworth to whom she was writing, as carried away all suffrages. We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault, and say such and such a stale trick was unworthy of us. None but a writer who had herself excelled, could, as you did, feel and allow for the difficulties of composition,—nor could any other so well judge where I was wrong or right in dilating and suppressing. I am glad you trembled lest I should have produced old Reynolds again. Most of those who have mentioned him to me have regretted that they did not see more of him, and have longed to have heard of his meeting with his daughter.

'It is of great use as well as delight to us, to see any thing we write tried upon such a person as you, who will and can do what so few have either the courage or power to attempt,—tell the impressions really made upon their feelings, and point out the causes of these impressions.

'I do not know what you mean by saying that every sensible mother is like Lady Mary Vivian. You are requested to explain. I wish I could find any excuse for begging another letter from you.

'*Perhaps* we shall, as we at present intend, be in London next spring.

'Last night, my father and I were numbering the people we should wish to see. Our list is not very numerous, but Mrs. Inchbald was one of the first persons, we at the same moment eagerly named. Believe me to be, my dear madam,

'your obliged and grateful,

'MARIA EDGEWORTH.'

After having met Mrs. Inchbald in London, on the eve of the production of her novel of 'Patronage,' Miss Edgeworth wrote the following letter.

Edgeworth's Town, Dec. 9, 1813.

'My dear Mrs. Inchbald,—I have desired our publisher to send you 'Patronage' before it is published. I will not tell you of my *fears* or of my hopes in sending it to you. You will understand them all, and I am confident that you will write to me at least as frankly, now you have seen me, as you did *before we met.* I do not say *before we became acquainted* with each other; for in the crowds in which we met, it was impossible to become acquainted, with any degree of rational intimacy.

'We have to thank you, however, and we heartily do thank you, for the effort you made to gratify us, which succeeded completely. My father desires me to say, that *he* cannot help hoping that 'Patronage' will come to a second edition; and he trusts that you know we are glad to profit by good advice, when we can get it, therefore he earnestly *expects* your corrections for a second edition.'

Mrs. Inchbald, pursuant to the author's request, after a perusal of 'Patronage' gave her criticisms upon it, in a letter to which Miss Edgeworth refers in the following.

'*Edgeworth's Town, Feb.* 14, 1814.

'My dear Mrs. Inchbald,—Nobody living but yourself could or would have written the letter I have just received from you. I wish you could have been present when it was read at the breakfast-table, that you might have seen what hearty entertainment

and delight it gave to father, mother, author, aunts, brothers, sisters, all,—to the number of twelve. Loud laughter at your utter detestation of poor Erasmus,—as nauseous as his medicines; and your impatience at all the variety of impertinent characters who distract your attention from Lord Oldborough. Your clinging to him quite satisfied us all; it was in his character that my father placed his dependence; and we all agreed that if you had not liked him, there would have been no hopes for us. We are, in the main, of your opinion, that Erasmus and his letters are tiresome; but then please [to] recollect that we had our moral to work out, to show, to the satisfaction of the reader, how, in various professions, young men may get on without patronage. Wherever we are tiresome, we may be pretty sure of this; and after all, as Madame de Staël says, "Good intentions go for nothing in works of art;" much better in the French, *La bonne intention n'est de rien en fait d'esprit.* You will make me forswear truth altogether; for I find whenever I meddle with the least bit of truth, I can make nothing of it, and it regularly turns out ill for me. The things to which you object are facts, and that which you most abhor is true.

'A nobleman, whom I never saw and whose name I have forgotten, (else I should not have used the anecdote), said the word you thought I could not have written and ought not to have known how to spell. But, pray observe, that the fair authoress does not say this odious word in her own proper person. Why impute to me the characteristic improprieties of my characters? I meant to mark the contrast between his Grace's pride and the coarseness of his expression. I have now changed the word *severe* into *coarse* to mark this to the reader; but I cannot alter without spoiling the *fact.* I tried if *saliva* would do, but it would not: so you must bear it as well as you can, and hate his Grace of Greenwich as much as you will,—but don't hate me. Did you hate Cervantes for drawing Sancho Panza eating behind the door?

'My next fact, you say, is an old story; and may be it belonged to your widow originally; but I can assure you it happened very lately to a gentleman in Ireland, and only the parting with the servant was added. I must admit the story is ill-told and not worth telling; and you must admit that it was natural, or it would not have happened twice.

'The sixpence under the seal is my third fact. This happened in our own family. One of my own grandfather's uncles forged a will, and my grandfather recovered the estate my father now possesses, by the detection of the forgery in a sixpence under the seal. I agree with you that it was quite ill-judged and

awkward to tell that the old man was perjured, before his perjury was detected. I have sent to have that altered. I wish, if it is not too much trouble, you would take the trouble to alter it, and send your correction to Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, to Mr. Miles; for I have not and cannot get the fourth volume, and I have been obliged to write to the corrector of the press, and to trust to his discretion, and he may bungle it. I hope the fourth volume will not be reprinted before this reaches you.

'Thank you, thank you, thank you! for liking the two Clays; but pray don't envelope all the country gentlemen of England in *English Clay*.

'Thank you, thank you, thank you! says my father, for liking Lady Jane Granville. Her ladyship is his favorite; but nobody has mentioned her in their letters but yourself; I cannot believe that you ever resembled that selfish, hollow-hearted Lady Angelica.

'Would you have ever guessed that the character of Rosamond is like ME? All who know me intimately say that it is as like as possible; those who do not know me intimately would never guess it.

'Sneyd is in Dublin with his bride,—a bride no more, but dearer as a wife than bride. She was a Miss Broadhurst, and was called an heiress, because she had a considerable independent property. I draw largely upon your belief in my veracity, when I tell you, that this lady was utterly unknown to me and this family when I wrote "the Absentee," and that I took the name of Broadhurst because it did not belong to any person I knew, and drew the character from pure imagination. Sneyd never thought of her, until after "the Absentee" was published. Afterwards, perhaps, it led them a little towards each other. Is not this a curious coincidence? I hardly dare tell it, it has so much the air of falsehood; she is very amiable,—not handsome, but a *tall*, not a *little plain* girl. He is *happy*, as you know he is capable of being, from having found a wife exactly suited to him, and of whom he is passionately fond.'

Mrs. Inchbald died in 1821. Her success in life was wholly the result of her own exertions. Self-taught and inexperienced, she composed those works to which she owed her fame and little property, at such times as she could snatch from the wearing duties of an arduous profession. In the course of her life, she became acquainted with many individuals of the higher and lower classes, but it does not appear that she made any influential friends: on the con-

trary, she herself negotiated her own affairs and prospered. In private life, her conduct, though tinged with eccentricity, did not lie open to any grave charge, and her benevolence and warmth of heart were great. She was a fond daughter, a kind sister, and a faithful wife. As an actress, she must have claimed attention from her loveliness and correct conception of her author's meaning; but the slowness and monotony of her delivery destroyed her hopes of gaining popular applause. As a dramatist, she is distinguished for a certain ingenuity and vivacity of dialogue; her wit however is infrequent, and the intrigues of her comedies often present the unnatural combinations of farce. Her plays, with few exceptions, still retain the stage. Her talents as a novelist were by no means inferior; and had she devoted her whole attention to this department of literature, she would undoubtedly have produced works of lasting celebrity.

ART. VII.—*Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches.*

Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners. By MISS LESLIE. Philadelphia. 1833.

THIS work is a collection of tales, some of which had appeared before in other forms, and been received by the public with decided and, we think, well-merited approbation. The new ones are not inferior in value to the others. They are all written in a correct, easy and spirited style, and exhibit a very keen and nice observation of the various scenes of domestic life, with a happy talent for working up the results in a narrative form. The fable is in all cases simple, and with perhaps one exception not deficient in probability. The characters, though at times overcharged, are in the main correctly drawn. The conversations, which they hold with each other, are conducted with point and propriety. In this particular, Miss Leslie approaches more nearly to the models furnished by the great masters in the art of novel-writing, than any of her American predecessors. Occasional descriptions of local scenery are introduced with effect. Mrs. Washington Potts is perhaps the best, as it is the longest and most elaborate, of the tales, though Frank Finlay is in

some respects the most agreeable. Uncle Philip and the Escorted Lady are also particularly good. In the latter, we would venture to suggest the omission of the part, which touches on the supposed errors in doctrine and discipline of some of our religious sects. This is too grave a matter to be treated in connexion with the 'airy nothings,' that form the staple of the book. We would also recommend the omission of the poems at the end of the volume. They are the only things in it, that have no pretension whatever to the character of poetry.

If there be any exception to be taken to the work before us, it lies rather against the choice of the subjects than the mode of treating them. Miss Leslie has generally taken sarcastic views of persons and things, and made us acquainted with individuals whom we never wish to hear or think of again. The ambitious pretensions of the apes of fashion,—the folly of those who are imposed upon by vulgar elegance, wherever it is sufficiently assuming,—the results of schools, where the ruffle of education is supplied to those who want the linen,—the respect paid to foreigners, in the fond persuasion that those who are coarse abroad may possibly be genteel at home,—all these things are good subjects for occasional ridicule, provided the satirist does not seem to take them to heart. If he show that these things give him uneasiness, he impairs his own power, or rather shows that he is not a cool and impartial observer. We honor the person who steps gaily on in the journey of life, regardless of that universal inheritance,—the pinching shoe. Instead of stopping by the way-side to raise his molehills of inconvenience into mountains of sorrow, he gives every thing its right value and importance. This good nature implies good sense; it is one of the most powerful charms in the writings of Scott, and is felt by thousands who never ask themselves the reason of this perpetual delight. We would not say that all writers are wanting in good sense, who prefer contemplating and representing the dark side; but it is evident that they cannot cast this shadow, without standing in their own light. They might see in common conversation, that if satire please for a time, the hearers are not quite satisfied with themselves for having listened to it; not that their conscience upbraids them as seriously as perhaps it might; but because there is a feeling, that the malice which they indulge in sport will follow them in retribution.

The habit of looking upon the bright side is not, however, by any means universal among those who labor in the regions of imagination: poets, that is, persons of creative fancy, are notoriously gloomy in their views, and we have found other authors disposed to take unpleasant views even of the friendly touches of criticism, which are meant rather to cheer than to break the head. The imagination is an active and somewhat gossiping power; whenever it engages in the search for evils, it is sure to find enough and to spare; though it is hardly necessary to create: it can employ that transforming alchymy, by which it changes good into evil or evil into good. Nature has made every man his own painter; and every one represents to himself in his own way the scenes about him; but so different is the aspect in which the same scene will appear to two different minds,—all brightness to one and all cloud to the other,—that the only thing, which can be determined by the representation of either, is the state of his own heart.

To some it may seem of very little consequence, whether their views of men and things are bright and cheering, or not; but so far from concerning their own comfort merely, it has a great effect on their moral and intellectual character, and therefore is a matter which popular writers are bound to regard, for others' sake as well as their own. There was a time, in the last century, when certain lovers of paradox maintained the superiority of the savage to the civilized state; and instead of being laughed at for their absurdity, and advised to try the sweets of that condition before they recommended it to others, actually succeeded in convincing many, against the evidence of their senses, of the truth of this fantastic whim, which they had themselves adopted simply by accident, and afterwards persisted in from pride. There were persons even in our community, who learned from them to rail against man's effeminate inventions, and who even gave them up; in which self-denial, they went considerably farther than their masters. All this was done by exaggerating the evils incident to social life, and by showing nothing but its evils:—and it was no wonder, if fraud and falsehood, treachery, death, without a single blessing set over against them, should cover the world with gloom. Men, however, such is their originality in discovering evils where they exist, and creating them where they do not, hardly need the aid of eloquent pens in this enterprise. We are

constantly meeting with those who, by fixing their eyes on some one dark point in the prospect, have lost all perception of its general brightness. Let a man be unpleasantly struck with the evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, which, considering the nature of man, must be found somewhere, and found of course in social life, if found at all; let him forget the happiness and improvement which result from the communion of mind with mind and of heart with heart, and he may easily persuade himself, that it is better to flee into the wilderness, and may even die in this conviction, more especially if he never bring it to the trial. Let any one consider the inconveniences of liberal hospitality, and he may easily convince himself, that the hope of entertaining angels occasionally is more than outweighed by the certainty of receiving way-farers of an opposite description. Let any one think upon the waywardness of children; let his ears tingle with their cries, of every key, from the sullen whimper to the desperate roar, and he may soon destroy all the beautiful associations connected with the morning of our days. He may thus, if he will, cast an eclipsing shadow over every part of human life; and yet will gain nothing but misery for his pains, together with the secret consciousness of deserving it. Whoever undertakes, then, to give sketches of life, whether panoramas or single scenes, must be careful to set these things in their true light, and to allow to each its just proportion, so that the whole impression conveyed by his writings shall be decidedly in favor of benevolence and all that tends to inspire it; and he must take equally resolute care not to leave an impression, that may encourage those lighter degrees of misanthropy, which destroy all social feeling, and break up the confidence which ought to exist between man and man.

The habit of looking upon the dark side is a misfortune to any one, because all his sagacity serves only to destroy his own pleasure. If it is 'folly to be wise' on this subject, it is still greater folly to try to make others wise, for no one will feel the least gratitude for being enlightened; men will feel toward the author, like the Hindoo toward the philosopher who showed him, with his microscope, that he was perpetually violating his Pythagorean principles with respect to animal life; and a writer, whether his writings are addressed to truth or taste, can gain no permanent favor with any readers by the most searching or amusing dissections. For if truth be his professed object, he will be met by a conviction which nature suggests and

religion confirms, that he who judges mankind most charitably is most likely to be correct in his conclusions. Certain it is, that those who have known men most familiarly have felt best disposed towards them, while the hermit is a misanthrope by profession. When Howard began his investigations, which so many were interested to resist, he was warned that he would meet with violent and desperate opposition: he thought otherwise, and has left on record the fact, that he never received a word of insult from prisoners nor from those who kept them. In later days, tender and delicate women have ventured among the most abandoned of the human race, against the earnest remonstrances of those who had been familiar with the abodes of sin; but they knew better; they knew that the ice of the heart could be melted by kindness, even if it had been frozen for years; these, it is true, are strong cases, but they show a truth which holds good though all its gradations. When a writer gives kind representations and inspires kind feelings, we give him the credit of an accurate observer; it proves to us, that he has no disease in his own heart to interfere with his right discernment, or prevent the indulgence of his better feelings; we believe in his right to be a philosophical historian of the universal human heart.

Such writers as depend on popular taste for success, are still more interested to know and regard this law. They are interested to place before their readers scenes, which can be recalled to mind with satisfaction. Satire and satirical views of human character and life are not of this description; however well executed, they have at best but a suspicious attraction, and nothing can renew it when it is once passed away. We can hardly remember any work of the kind which retains a permanent value. Swift's Gulliver is read as a tale, but no one ever thinks of its sarcastic meaning; and those parts in which the satire is most obvious, are almost forgotten. When we speak of works which give a gloomy view of life, we do not include such works as Rasselas, which represent this world as intentionally darkened, in order to set the hopes of Christianity in a brighter light. Mistaken as the theory is, the work is written with thoughtful and benevolent feeling; but we wonder that Johnson did not remember how equally things are balanced in the order of Providence, and what power is given to every one to make the happiness he does not find. There is no asperity in his views of human nature. He elsewhere declares, that in

his long acquaintance with men, he had been surprised to find them so ready to take advantage of him, and at the same time so ready to do him favors,—surprised probably to find, that so kind an interest in others could exist together with such devotion to themselves.

Whoever will consider the points on which satire generally turns, will find that it is provoked by follies rather than vices,—by trifles which interfere with our convenience and wound our vanity, not by serious crimes. So, when the satirist cannonades some small transgression, and pursues the vain pretension with a thirsty vengeance, we no more sympathize in his indignation, than in the wrath of those who grow profane as they listen to the moschetto's vesper hymn. When the British traveller leaves at home a starving peasantry, a desperate aristocracy, and a people, which, after grinding blinded in the mill for ages, are now searching out the pillars on which the house depends, and because, perchance, while travelling in this country, he finds no wash-stand in some country tavern, can see no charm in untaxed comforts, and prosperity universally spread, we marvel at him for considering, as Burke says, 'the brier before his nose greater than the oak a hundred yards off;'—for allowing the accidental inconvenience, however provoking, to make him insensible to all that is worthy of admiration; and the traveller in life, who undertakes to describe the scenes through which he passes and the persons whom he encounters, if he represents all as dull, tasteless and unprofitable, seems to us to make an inaccurate estimate,—to magnify small evils, till they hide substantial blessings.

Miss Mitford's 'Sketches of her Village' furnish a good example of the cheerful spirit we have been describing; they are all bright with that sunshine of the breast, which shines not only within, but all around, and lights up every object on which the eye may chance to fall. This spirit is worth more than fortunes to its possessor; and if he be an author, like Miss Mitford, he gains the benefit of it, not only in personal enjoyment, but in the truth and reality which it gives to his descriptions; he gains too a friend in every reader, who is ready to forgive his faults, and to stand up for his reputation as jealously as for his own. We wish we could say as much of our country-woman; but while her spirit is good, she does not seem to have cultivated the habit of taking cheering views, either of human or material nature; the result is, that there are very few of all the

persons to whom she has introduced us, who leave any but disagreeable recollections: not because they are not drawn with ability, but because, so far as respects their follies, their portraits are too severely true. And in her views of nature, she shows us the fields drowned with rains or panting with heat,—the air sultry and singing with insects,—the sun shorn of his beams with misty exhalations, or going down in the west like a red hot ball. With such images as these, she describes the same world in which Miss Mitford lives. And how is it, that what is the Dismal Swamp to one, is the garden of Eden to the other? The reason is, that one chooses to look upon all that is bright and inspiring; and, with this disposition, always sees a smile upon the face of nature,—a beautiful expression, even where beauty itself is wanting: the other has chosen to take the satirical view, and in that way has sacrificed the best of all attractions. We wish to be understood as censuring only the judgment of the writer; she has so much talent to interest the reader, that we profess ourselves her friends, and therefore wish her to choose a fairer field, and to leave caricature to meaner hands: she will find, that to feel and paint the beautiful, both in nature and in human life, besides being better suited to the graceful and delicate female hand, is the only way to secure that familiar and affectionate interest, which it is the highest glory of a successful author to inspire.

But while we recommend to Miss Leslie to choose different scenes and subjects, or at least to see them in a different light, which we apprehend is, like a painter's, a matter very much under the artist's control, we are fully aware of the truth and humor of her descriptions. The characters are at times overdrawn, as is always the case in satire, but the satire, if not sufficiently playful, is agreeable and amusing. The 'Escorted Lady' gives us the experiences of a young man, who was desired by a stranger to take a lady under his protection, in travelling from Boston to Philadelphia. The objection, which ought to be made to this story, is that which was once made to Beresford's Miseries of Human Life, that they were actual miseries, and of course no subjects of mirth; and we hardly know what moral should be drawn from it; the young man could not well decline paying the desired attention, nor could he possibly have anticipated, that a young lady would turn out to be a cross-grained fool. Once fairly embarked in the steamboat, even though it were 'rigged with curses dark,'

the passengers must keep out; and, though an opportunity for escape was offered in New York, the scrupulous good nature of the young man, who had not sufficient decision to leave his charge in the street, ought hardly in poetical justice to have been visited with so severe a retribution. Nor can we say that we are satisfied with the general maxim, which is offered as a reason for his persevering civility;—'It is much the fashion among gentlemen to persuade themselves that all silly young girls must be amiable, provided they have pretty faces and white necks.' Though we are long passed the age at which we might have felt interested in this sweeping condemnation, we must bear witness against it, as too severe upon a large and respectable portion of the human race.

The 'Pic-nic at the Sea-shore' has an air of horrible reality about it. Few persons have been so fortunate, as to escape such pages in the history of their lives. We imagine, however, that the attractions of watering-places have but little to do with the comfort or health, which the visitors expect to gain. The variety of persons, with the agreeable or unpleasant qualities which they carry with them, constitute the whole charm of such places, and, without the living letter, they would be dull and spiritless, even had they those comforts in which they are sadly wanting. Miss Leslie says, 'the salt marsh was unanimously declared not to be pleasant. It was, however, some relief to look at the seeming anomalies that were scattered over it, in the form of tall pink flowers of exceeding beauty, and such as I had never seen before.' One good way of enjoying such places is to forget the salt-marsh and to preserve the flowers.

'The Miss Vanlears' is a very good description of two vulgar animals, who are encountered in the North river steamboat by Miss Copeland, a young lady travelling in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore. 'The bridegroom and bride, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore, were in no respect different from other brides and grooms. Therefore Caroline soon discovered, that she was to expect from them only such civilities and attentions as were indispensable. It was in vain to suppose that they could descend from their present state of silent beatitude, to talk or act like people of this world.' If folly and affectation are the rule, it is in vain for the satirist to strive against them: but if they are only the exception, something might possibly be done. Mrs. Wilmore is certainly made to speak, on one occasion, like

people of this world. Her companion, Miss Copeland, having heard much of the fashionable Miss Vanlears, is overjoyed at meeting these ladies of the same name, but of very opposite pretensions. When she discovers her mistake, she is quite unhappy: 'I wish I had never seen them: I wonder I could be so deceived: what must people think, on seeing me so sociable with them?' 'People, I dare say, think nothing about it,' answered Mrs. Wilmore.

The description of the Miss Vanlears of the steamboat is painfully and ridiculously true, as well as the perplexity of Caroline Copeland, who was very much in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield, when he was unpleasantly struck by hearing one of the fashionable ladies confirm her asseveration 'by the living jingo.' She was perplexed to decide, whether the living jingo which covered the Miss Vanlears like a garment, was real vulgarity, or that which occasionally resembles it,—some late refinement of fashion. They, it seems, had escaped together with their deaf old mother during the absence of their father in Boston, and were in the act of taking an excursion to the Catskill mountains. Not dreaming of any mischance, the consternation of the damsels was great, when at the extreme part of the dinner table they discovered the spectacle of their father. 'When they had taken their seats at the dinner table, they happened to look toward the lower end, and Caroline was surprised to find, that both the Miss Vanlears turned pale, and exchanged alarmed and significant glances. They then commenced a sort of half whispering talk across her, and she distinguished the words, "how unlucky! let's take no notice, perhaps he wont see us till after dinner, among all this crowd. Who'd have thought of finding him here? What could have put it into his head to come round this way? But don't tell Ma!" Caroline looked toward that end of the table to which their uneasy glances were directed, and she saw a fat vulgar looking man, very vulgarly dressed, who was engaged in a loud talk on politics with those about him. "Let's keep quiet till after dinner," said Eliza Margaretta, "and as we are going to the waterfall, may be, we can slip off without his seeing us; perhaps as he don't know we're here, it's his plan to go to the landing in the afternoon stage, and take the boat for the city." "Oh no!" replied Miss Anna, "we shall never be able to keep him from catching us; there's no such thing as cutting one's Pa!" The old gentleman appears worthy to

be the father of such dutiful and affectionate children. The scene of their meeting at the fall is touching and well described; when they returned to the hotel, they endeavored to get as far as possible from him at the tea-table, but he called to them, 'Here, girls, come over here, and sit by your mother and me. I am not going to lose sight of you again till I have you safe at home. I'm as tired and hungry as if I had been at work all day in the soapery.'

Frank Finlay is a very well-told story, and Frank, the hero, is an exception to the general rule of character in this book. His inattention to the outward man,—his unconscious indifference to the airs of some of his associates,—the careless good-nature with which he aids those who had neglected him, and the ready skill with which he adapts himself to the exigency, are very characteristic of a tall youth in one of the border towns. We extract this tale entire as the most pleasing, and at the same time the shortest of the collection.

'"Aura! dear Aura!" exclaimed Lewis Marshall, "turn round a moment from the looking-glass, and hear the good news I have brought you. We are to have a glorious sleighing-party next Wednesday, and a dance at the new house, to do honor to your fifteenth birth-day. My mother has just told me, and without waiting for particulars, I ran away immediately to let you know."

'"I am much obliged to you," replied Aura, "but, of course, I knew it before you did. The Miss Dawsons first proposed it. Poor girls! they are completely out of their element in this dull country place, and are glad to start any thing by way of variety. My mother wished us to have the party here at home, and it was only this morning that she consented to its taking place at the new house; which is certainly a preferable arrangement, as we can then have the pleasure of sleighing as well as dancing."

Lewis. To be sure; and the sleighing is the best part of the pleasure. The snow is in fine order, and we shall go like streaks of lightning.—Well, the first thing to be done is to invite all the neighbors.

Aura. All!

Lewis. I mean all the boys and girls. I may as well start at once, and go round in the sleigh with the invitations. I like to see the happy faces on such occasions.

Aura. Stay, Lewis, and listen to me. This is *my* birth-day party, and I am determined it shall be select.

Lewis. That is one of the words you have learned at the board-

ing-school. I am tired of it already. We never were select before, and why should we be so now? Come, let us, however, make a beginning with the invitations. Where shall I go first? To Big 'Possum or to Hominy Town?

Aura. As to Big 'Possum, I intend, for the rest of my life, to cut every man, woman, and child, in that whole settlement. And as to the place you call Hominy Town, I won't answer, till you give it its new name of Scienceville. Are there not two Lyceums located there?

Lewis. Lyceums! Fiddlesticks! Two log school-houses, where Increase Frost of Vermont sets up in opposition to Maintain Bones of Connecticut!

Aura. Well, I must own that, after all, the preceptors are nothing more than mere Yankee school-masters. But there is Monsieur Nasillard's French study.

Lewis. Yes, the back room of his wife's barber-shop.

Aura. You need not trouble yourself about the invitations. I shall write notes, and send them by Pompey. The Miss Dawsons would be horrified to receive theirs in any other way, and so would their brother, Mr. Richard Dawson, who reads law.

Lewis. He might as well read Tom Thumb, for all the good his law-books will ever do him. The lawyers that get forward on this side of the Alleghany are made of different stuff from Dick Dawson. Nothing could have started him west, but the prospect of no business in Philadelphia. That's also Frank Finlay's opinion. Now I talk of Frank Finlay, I can certainly go over and give *him* his invitation, without the ceremony of a note.

Aura. Now you talk of Frank Finlay, he shall have no invitation at all.

Lewis. No invitation at all! Aura, you are not in earnest?

Aura. Yes, I am. Frank Finlay *shall not* be of the sleighing-party. Do you think I could live and see him there before the Miss Dawsons, in that vile purple and yellow waistcoat, that he always wears on great occasions?

Lewis. I never knew a girl go so much by waistcoats. A fellow is in or out of favor with you, just according to his waistcoat.

Aura. As to Frank Finlay, his waistcoat is not the worst of him neither. Think of his head!

Lewis. Inside or out?

Aura. I mean the way in which his hair is cut.

Lewis. Why, his hair is well enough. I can prove that it was not done by a pumpkin-shell, as I cut it for him myself the last time it wanted trimming.

Aura. Oh! then, no wonder it is all in scollops!

Lewis. Well, as Frank is a good-natured fellow, I can easily prevail on him to get over his scruples about having his hair cut by a woman, and I'll go with him to Madame Nasillard, and she shall give him a touch of her trade.

Aura. Then, his pantaloons are always too short.

Lewis. That is because he grows so fast. But he got a new pair the other day, with two tucks in them, and if he should grow considerably between this and Wednesday, it is very easy to let out a tuck.

Aura. Altogether his costume is intolerable, and he shall not come to the party. Ungentility makes me nervous, particularly in presence of the Miss Dawsons. Suppose, now, that Frank was to ask one of the Miss Dawsons to dance?

Lewis. No fear of that, as long as they can get other partners, for I can assure you he likes the Dawsons quite as little as I do. —A set of insolent, affected, pretending flirts, whose father, being unable to support their folly and extravagance in Philadelphia, has come to this side of the mountain, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and living cheap. You were just beginning to get a little over the boarding-school, when these Dawsons came into the neighborhood; and, finding our house a convenient visiting-place, they were glad enough to establish an intimacy with you, and they have turned your head all over again.

Aura. Lewis, you may say what you please, but even in a republican country, there are certainly distinctions in society, and it is the duty of genteel people to keep them up.

Lewis. I heard Dick Dawson say those very words last Friday.

Aura. You cannot deny, that the Dawson family and ours are the head of society in the neighborhood of Scienceville.

Lewis. I shall still call it Hominy Town.

Aura. Nonsense!—And is there an estate in the whole country, that can vie with my father's plantation?

Lewis. Farm, farm!

Aura. No such thing! Nobody shall call me a farmer's daughter. Is not my father in the Assembly, in the State Legislature?

Lewis. Well, and so might Frank Finlay's father have been, only he would not run for candidate when they asked him, as he knew himself to be not clever at making speeches, (as *my* father is,) and he did not wish to be out-talked by the lawyer-members, whenever he felt himself to be in the right. And as to the value of the Finlay farm and ours, there is not the toss of a copper between them. You'll see what Frank will make of that tract of hickory, when he gets it into his own hands, and also the dogwood bottom.

Aura. As to that, he will be more likely to go farther west than to stay on his father's land.

Lewis. And, though Frank has not had a city education, there is not a smarter fellow to be found on this side of the Alleghany, or any that is more acute at reading, writing, and cyphering.

Aura. That is all he can boast of.

Lewis. No, it is not all. He reads five or six newspapers every day, besides other things. He can also tell you as much about the revolutionary war, as if he had fought in it.

Aura. Ah! he got all that information from his two grandfathers and his five old uncles, who *did* fight in it.

Lewis. Well, and their having done so proves that he is come of good stock. And he has at his finger-ends the life of Dr. Franklin, after whom he was called.

Aura. That's nothing. Almost every child in America has read the life of Dr. Franklin.

Lewis. As to the Constitution of the United States, I believe he knows it by heart. And then, when there are none present but boys, you would be amazed to hear how he can talk about rail-roads and canals, and steamboats, and manufactures, and coal, and other things of the highest importance to the nation. But above all, he knows the whole history of Buonaparte.

Aura. Still he does not make such a figure as Richard Dawson.

Lewis. So much the better.

Aura. There is no elegance whatever about Frank Finlay.

Lewis. Nonsense! Now I insist on it that Frank is a fine-looking fellow, besides being one of the best shots in the country. Is he not as straight as an Indian, and has he not red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright black eyes?

Aura. But still, as the Miss Dawsons say, he wants *manner*. Think, how they must be struck with the difference between Frank Finlay and their brother!

Lewis. Yes. There is indeed a difference. Do you remember the story of the backwoods-man that went to a gunsmith to buy a new rifle, and the gunsmith asked him if he would have a gun that, when discharged, made a spitter-spitter-spattering, or one that went je-bunk? Do you see the moral? Frank Finlay always goes je-bunk, and is of course far preferable to Dick Dawson, with his spitter-spitter-spattering.

Aura. I suppose you mean that he has the most energy.

Lewis. Come now, Aura, do be good! Away with all this folly, and let poor Frank join the party.

Aura. Upon farther consideration,—

Lewis. (Patting her shoulder)—Ah! that's right! I knew you would at last listen to reason.

Aura. On farther consideration, his dancing is sufficient to exclude him from society. I cannot tolerate his jumps and shuffles.

Lewis. I acknowledge the jumps, but I deny the shuffles. Why, you could not say worse of him if he danced like a Kentucky boatman, with his hat on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

Aura. Say no more about him. On account of the Miss Dawsons, and their brother, who is reading law,—

Lewis. The puppy!

Aura. My party *must* be select.

Lewis. Don't say that again.

Aura. I will tell you whom I intend to invite,—

Lewis. I'll not hear,—I'll not listen,—I'm angry, and sorry, and affronted at you.

Aura. Now, Lewis, be pacified.

Lewis. I will not.

Aura. Do, now! And consider that it is *my* birth-day party. Surely every one ought to be happy on their own birth-day, and I shall not be happy if Frank Finlay is before my eyes all the time. If *he* is present, my pleasure will be entirely destroyed, and I am sure my brother Lewis would be sorry if that were the case *(taking his hand).*

Lewis. Well, as it is your own party, I suppose you must have your own way. But you had better not inform my mother, that Frank Finlay is to be left out. You know, when my father first came to this settlement, (long before you and I were born) he had some difficulty about paying Government for the land (for it was bought from the United States;) but Mr. Finlay lent him money, and helped him out, and made all easy. Though my father is now a rich man, and needs no assistance from any one, still his gratitude and friendship for the Finlay family are as warm as ever.

Aura. My mother need not know whether or not Frank is invited,—unless *you* tell her.

Lewis. I have too much honor in me to tell tales of a girl, however bad she may be. Aura, sister Aura, I wish I could see you once more the innocent, good-humored, pleasant little thing, that gladdened all our hearts, before you went to the boarding-school, and before you knew the Dawsons; when you loved every body and every one loved you; when you were happy to mix with the other farmers' children, and to do as they did; when you had no accomplishments, and no airs, and when you

delighted in reading the Arabian Nights. Do not you think you were much happier in those days? I too had a year's schooling in Philadelphia, but it did not make a fool of me. Boys are certainly much more sensible than girls.

Aura. Well, comfort yourself with that, and leave me to write my notes in peace.

Lewis. I shall be sixteen next June, and when *my* birth-day comes, what a barbacue I'll have! Frank Finlay shall be president of the feast, and not any of the name of Dawson shall show their faces at it.

'Mr. Marshall, the father of Lewis and Aura, was now at the seat of the State Government, attending to his duty in the Legislature. He had built a large house on some land that he had recently purchased and improved, about seven miles from his present residence. To this place he proposed removing with his family in the spring, and here the birth-day party, now in agitation, was to be celebrated, as the new house afforded the accommodation of a very large room for dancing, and another for eating; and in going thither and returning, they could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride.

'Being vexed and mortified at the exclusion of his friend Frank, and therefore unwilling to see him, Lewis volunteered to go to the new house three days before the party, and make it ready for the reception of the company, while Aura remained at home and assisted in preparing the feast. Lewis took with him their servant-man Pompey, and his wife Violet, two old but faithful and active negroes.

'Frank was much hurt at receiving no invitation, and of course paid no visit to the Marshall family in the interval, though, in general, he and Lewis were together some part of every day; their fathers' farms being contiguous to each other.

'At length the day of the party arrived. The company, having breakfasted early at their own homes, set out in their sleighs for Mr. Marshall's new house. Those that came from the immediate neighborhood of Scienceville (amongst whom were the Dawsons) had to pass the present dwelling of the Marshall family, and consequently all stopped there for a short time, and took what they called a fresh start. Lewis (who had returned from the new house the night before) drove a sleigh in which were half a dozen fine little girls, and was preceded by the one that contained the Miss Dawsons, Mrs. Marshall, and Aura, and which was driven by Dick. Many articles for the feast had been sent to the new house the day before, and others were put into the sleigh occupied (besides the driver) by two servant-women and the two musicians,—a black man who played on the violin, and a mulatto boy with a tambourine.

'It was one of those clear, unclouded, brilliant mornings, so characteristic of an American winter. Never was the atmosphere more pure, the sky more blue, or the sun more resplendent. The snow sparkled and crackled under the feet of the horses, while they seemed almost to fly over its surface of dazzling whiteness. The bells rang merrily round the necks of the exhilarated animals as they bounded along, and the well-stowed sleighs looked gay and comfortable, with the coverlets of various colors that floated over their backs, and the bear-skin and buffalo-robes that gave warmth to their interior.

'As soon as the cavalcade had started, the musicians struck up the popular Virginia reel of "Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run!" at which Dick Dawson dropped the reins to stop his ears, his sisters uttered something between a scream and a laugh, and Aura recollected with shame that it was not genteel to play along the road. As soon as Dick recovered, he called to the musicians to cease, much to the vexation of the unfashionable portion of the party, and greatly to the discomfiture of the sable minstrel and his assistant, neither of whom, however, could refrain, as the sleigh wafted them along, from giving an occasional scrape on the fiddle, or a thump on the tambourine.

'As they passed the residence of the Finlays, they found all the family at the windows, and Lewis turned away his head that he might not meet the eyes of his slighted friend, who, however, did not happen to be there.

'About two miles further on, as they proceeded through the woods, they had a glimpse of Frank Finlay among the trees, with his dog and gun, and a pair of pheasants in his hand. The dog came bounding towards the sleigh that Lewis was driving, but Frank called him off and retreated farther into the woods.

'The first impulse of Lewis, on seeing his friend, was to jump out of the sleigh, run after Frank, and insist on his joining the party. But a moment's reflection convinced him that such a proceeding would displease Aura and shock her new friends, as Frank was in his shooting dress,—a blanket coat trimmed with squirrel fur, a cap of grey fox-skin, and a pair of Indian moccassons. A boy, who drove the next sleigh, called out to Lewis to proceed, and he gave the horses a touch, saying to himself with a sigh, "never mind the barbacue, next June shall make amends for all."

'Just as they came in sight of the new house, Dick Dawson bestowed such a cut on his horses that, springing suddenly to one side, they overset the sleigh, and it was broken to pieces. Luckily all its occupants fell into a bank of soft snow, and none were hurt; but the dresses of the Miss Dawsons (which were

quite too fin ean d flimsy for the occasion) were much deranged and injured, and Dick's shirt-collar suffered extremely. Fortunately it is unfashionable to lament over disasters that happen to dresses, and therefore the Dawsons bore the accident with great apparent composure, and walked to the house, which was within a quarter of a mile; and they were met in the porch by some of the party, who, coming from a shorter distance, had arrived before them.

'On getting out of the sleigh that brought up the rear, one of the black women advanced to Mrs. Marshall, and displayed to her a pair of fine pheasants.

'"Where did you get these?" inquired Mrs. Marshall.

'"Master Frank Finlay gave them to me," answered the girl. "He proceeded from the woods with his dog and gun, and chucked these two dead pheasants into my lap, and said, "There, Miss Phillis, ax Aura if she'll 'cept these here unworthy birds, and have them cooked, and eat them herself at dinner from me." Them's the very words he spoke, an't they Sylvia?"

'"Something in that way," replied Sylvia; "but (lowering her voice) I'll be qualified he put *Miss* before Aura, and not before Phillis; and he said nothing in 'sparagement of his pheasants neither."

'"And how does it happen," asked Mrs. Marshall, looking at her daughter, "that Frank Finlay is not one of the party? I expected of course to see him amongst us." Aura held down her head, and tied and untied the strings of her cloak; and Lewis looked unutterable things. "I will inquire into this hereafter," added Mrs. Marshall.

'They were met at the door by Pompey and Violet, (both grinning ell-wide with delight, as country negroes generally do at the sight of company,) and ushered into the large front parlor, where an immense fire of hickory logs was blazing in the chimney.

'During the three days he had spent at the new house, Lewis was chiefly employed in making substitutes for furniture. In this undertaking he would have been very glad to have availed himself of the assistance of Frank Finlay, whose ingenuity in every thing relating to the mechanic arts was far superior to his own. With the spare boards that had been left by the carpenters, Lewis contrived some most substantial benches (besides other things of less consequence) and also erected a very large table on something like tressels. But he took the most pride in having decorated the windows, doors, and walls of the parlors with festoons of laurel and cedar branches. The windows, particularly, made a very handsome appearance, each looking like

a green arbor, and being strikingly contrasted with the snow out of doors.

'"How romantic!" said one of the Miss Dawsons.

'"Picturesque, I declare!" said another.

'"Quite theatrical!" said a third.

'"Very fair, upon my honor,—very fair indeed!" said Dick.

'After mulled wine and pound-cake had been handed round, a game of forfeits was proposed; but it was rejected with contempt by the Dawsons, who declared that all such plays were long since exploded, and that dancing was now the order of the day from six years old to sixty. The musicians, to their great joy, were put in requisition, and the dancing would have commenced with great spirit, only that the Miss Dawsons insisted on the newest cotillons, and undertook to teach them to the company. Luckily for the musicians, as these new figures were nearly all the same, they could be performed to almost any cotillon tune. Dick Dawson danced one set with Aura, during which he merely walked through the cotillon, saying that gentlemen now never attempted any thing like dancing-steps; and, when it was over, he protested that he must beg leave to decline all further exertion, as the fatigue of driving the sleigh had been really too much for him. Lewis having done his duty, and gratified his sister by taking out the three Miss Dawsons one after the other, selected for his next partner a pretty little girl as unlike them as possible, and the dancing continued till the dining hour.

'The plan of the sleighing-party was to stay at the new house till evening, and then go home by moon-light. Before dinner, however, the sky had clouded, the wind had changed to the north-east, and there was every appearance of bad weather. Mrs. Marshall took her son and daughter aside, and suggested to them the expediency of all returning home immediately, in case of more snow; proposing that they should take a short repast of such things as were then ready, and depart at once, instead of waiting for dinner at two o'clock. To this prudent proposition Lewis and Aura were unwilling to consent, alleging that, after they had invited their friends, and brought them so far, it would have a most inhospitable look to take them away almost immediately, and without their dinner, and remarking that, as we have generally indications of a snow-storm a whole day before it commences, they could not believe there was any immediate danger. They begged of their mother to allow them to remain till towards evening, and not to make their friends uneasy by prognosticating bad weather.

'About one o'clock it slowly began to snow; Lewis and Aura watched the clouds, imagined that they saw them breaking, and

prophesied that the snow would soon cease. The clouds, however, gradually lost their distinct forms, and were blended into one monotonous mass of dark gray, that covered the whole sky.

'Precisely at two o'clock, old Pompey threw open the door, and with a bow, consisting of three motions, flourished his hand, scraped his foot, waved his head, and announced to the company that "he was proud to reform them as dinner waited."

'The dining-room, or back parlor, was also properly ornamented with cedar and laurel, and thoroughly warmed by an enormous fire. The table-furniture had been sent the day before, and also many of the viands. The ample board was set out with turkeys, wild and tame, ducks of both descriptions, and also pigeons; hams, fowls, venison, dressed in various ways; pies, puddings, cakes, sweetmeats, &c.,—all in that lavish abundance generally found on American tables.

'Just after the dinner had commenced, Phillis brought in the pair of pheasants, and significantly placed them before Aura, who desired her to remove them to the other end. Lewis sat there, and he mischievously sent his sister a plate with a portion of one of the birds, which Aura then determined to eat with as much indifference as she could assume. But as soon as she had tasted it, and found how nice it was, her conscience smote her for the first time; so often does it happen that our feelings are excited by trifles, when things of more consequence have failed to awaken them. Aura now thought with compunction of Frank Finlay,—of his good-nature, his spirit, and his vivacity,—and of the animation he would have infused into the party. She looked over the boys whom she had invited as considering them more elegant than Frank, and she found that, after all, they were quite as unlike Dick Dawson as he was, and looked no better in their holiday clothes than he did; that several of the waistcoats now present were uglier even than his; and most of the heads in a worse style decidedly.

'The secret cause of Aura so pertinaciously insisting on the exclusion of Frank Finlay was, that she had frequently heard him ridiculed by Dick Dawson and his sisters; Dick having discovered that he did not stand high in Frank's estimation. In consequence of the sneers of the Dawsons, Aura regarded Frank in a less favorable light than she had formerly done; but she was afraid to cite *them* as authority for her change of opinion, lest Lewis should take immediate vengeance on Dick.

'By the time dinner was over, the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow had increased so rapidly that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with its feathery flakes. There was no possibility of encountering so violent a storm in such vehicles as

open sleighs. The only alternative was to remain all night in the new house. It was true they had no beds, but there was plenty of provisions for supper and breakfast; the inconvenience of sleeping uncomfortably would be for one night only, and they had no doubt of a fine day on the morrow.

'Having made up their minds to this new plan, cheerfulness was restored, and after dinner, blindman's-buff was pursued with great alacrity by all but the Dawsons, who declined participating in it as quite too boisterous, and said they preferred remaining in the back parlor, where poor Aura, though longing to join in the play, thought it incumbent on her to stay with her city friends. The young ladies talked of the various elegant sleighing-parties they had "attended" in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and Dick leaned against the chimney-piece and fell asleep.

'During the short afternoon, Mrs. Marshall, assisted by the servants, busied herself in preparing for the exigencies of the night. The supper consisted of the provisions that had been left at dinner, with the addition of tea and coffee, which they had brought with them for the purpose. When it was over, the company drew round the fire, and amused themselves with telling riddles and singing songs, having no desire to retire early to their sleeping-places. The stock of candles was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to content themselves with the light of the fire. Pompey, however, triumphantly brought in, on a waiter, some substitutes of his own contrivance,—saucers filled with melted fat, and having a twisted paper lighted and stuck up in the middle of each. He was arranging these uncouth lamps at regular distances on the mantel-piece, but the giggling of the Miss Dawsons, and the disguised face of Dick, induced Aura to make a sign to the poor fellow to take them away immediately.

'At last bed-time came, weariness gradually stole over them, and the whole company "addressed themselves to sleep." The back parlor was appropriated to the ladies, the front to the gentlemen. The cloaks, coverlets, and furs, served as bedding for the females, and the boys moved the benches near the fire and lay down on them, covered with their great-coats. All, except Dick, slept tolerably well; but he complained and murmured nearly the whole time. The girls passed an uncomfortable and restless night, as they lay spread about the floor, and were frequently startled by noises from the adjoining room, when the boys in their sleep tumbled off the benches.

'The wind raved all night with a fury that seemed to shake even the strong stone house to its foundation, and the snow drifted against the windows of the front parlor, till it obscured even the upper panes. It did not, as usual, abate at the approach of

dawn, but, when morning came the storm increased in violence. The country all round looked like a vast white desert. The snow had been driven by the wind into enormous hills or ridges, which entirely blocked up the roads, and rendered them impassable; the fences, being buried above the top-rails, were no longer to be seen; and the only landmarks now visible were the trees, bending heavily before the blast. The cold was intense, and the gloomy aspect of the heavens was still as unpromising as it had been the preceding evening.

'When Pompey came in to set the breakfast-table, he brought with him an armful of wood to replenish the fires, and announced, with a face of dismay, that "May-be it would be the last wood the gentlemen and ladies would ever have." On being required to explain, he made many apologies for the unexpected badness of the weather, and stated that the unusual quantity that had been consumed during the last twenty-four hours had entirely exhausted the stock of fuel that had been provided for the occasion, and that there was barely enough in the kitchen to suffice for cooking the breakfast. He concluded his harangue by saying, "And so, gentlemen and ladies, my 'pinion is firm and fixed, that nothing on yearth can stop us from all freezing stiff in less than no time."

'This intelligence was heard with great consternation. The Miss Dawsons talked of going into hysterics, Dick nearly fainted, many of the girls cried, and all the boys looked serious.

'The forest was not far from the house, but the storm still raged so violently that it was impossible for any one to go thither to cut wood. What was now to be done? After the fires had burned down, the rooms, in such severe weather, would immediately become cold; the stock of provisions had greatly diminished, and, in case the storm continued all day and night, how were they to remain in the empty house, without fuel, and with but a scanty supply of food?

'The boards left by the carpenters had all been used in making the table and benches, and these it was now judged expedient to split up with an axe, as the most feasible means of replenishing the fire. Lewis, in a few minutes, demolished the furniniture that he had taken so much pains in making, reserving only two benches as seats for the females. The boys sat on the floor. The heat afforded by these boards was not great; and the girls first wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and afterwards added the coverlets and furs.

'It was determined that, as soon as the storm began to abate, they should all set out for home. But Pompey came in with another face of alarm, and proclaimed, that "the feed that was

brung for the hosses had guv out the night afore, and that thereby the creaturs would never be able for dragging the sleighs through sich roads, and that there was nothing more to be done but stay and perish." This news was heard with almost screams by the female part of the company, and several of the younger boys turned pale. The hysterics of the Miss Dawsons now came on; but such was the general consternation, that they were little attended to, except by Aura.

'Lewis now proposed digging away the snow from the nearest fence, and procuring the rails for fuel. In this enterprise the other boys instantly volunteered to assist; and, tying on their hats with handkerchiefs, they immediately set to work; being much impeded, however, by the violence of the wind, which at times nearly overset them, and by the blinding snow that whirled against their faces.

'While engaged in this employment, they heard a loud halloo resounding from a distance, and were presently hailed by the voice of Frank Finlay, who came "flouncing through the drifted heaps" upon a jumper,—a rude sort of sleigh, hastily constructed for emergencies. The body of this vehicle is generally made of rough boards nailed together so as to resemble a box, planks are laid across for seats, the bottom is filled with straw, and the runners are formed of two crooked saplings, their curves turning up in front.

'Lewis flew to Frank, and shook him heartily by the hand; as did also the other boys, as well as that privileged person, old Pompey. "Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Lewis, "how glad I am to see you! How could you think of turning out in such a storm? I am sure you have brought us good news, and that all our troubles are now over."

'"I have brought a bag of corn for the horses," replied Frank, "as I supposed it to be the thing most wanted. I lay awake and thought of you all, nearly the whole of last night; and particularly of the horses, for I never can sleep well when I know that horses or dogs are suffering. There is a man behind who will be up presently with still more corn, and I hope there will be enough to allow them all a good feed before you set off. Here, Pompey, take charge of this bag of corn, and give some to the horses immediately. But what are you all doing out here in the snow?"

'Lewis explained, and Frank instantly set to work and helped them, refusing to go into the house till their task was accomplished. "We talked of you at our house all last evening," said he, "and I determined to start at daylight and come off to see how you were. The Wilsons had borrowed our sleigh to go to your party,

and there was not another to be had in the neighborhood, all being in requisition for the same purpose. So I set to work and made a jumper, out in the wood-house, and finished it before bed-time. As the storm did not abate, we knew the snow would be very deep before morning, and my father said he would raise the neighbors to clear the road for you to come home. But, as that is not the work of a moment, I could not wait; so at daylight I started with my jumper to come and enquire into the state of affairs. When the horses have eaten their corn, they will be able to draw the sleighs; for, as my father and the neighbors will turn out as soon as the storm allows them, it will not be long before the road is passable."

'As fast as the elder boys dug away the snow, and pulled down the fence, the younger ones carried in the rails to replenish the fires. At length the wind fell, the snow came down more slowly, the sky grew lighter, and the boys went into the house with the joyful news, that the company might now prepare for departing.

'Lewis, seizing Frank by both hands, drew him towards Aura, exclaiming, "There now,—see there!" Frank smiled and blushed, and Aura cast down her eyes and burst into tears. The Miss Dawsons whispered each other, and Dick tittered, and said, "Quite a scene!" upon which Lewis immediately knocked him down.

'Dick, however, was but slightly hurt; and seeing that no one came to his assistance (all the company having gathered round Frank Finlay,) he managed to scramble up again, and contented himself with saying, after he had regained his feet, "Upon my word, there is no knowing how to take these bush-whackers.* But I shall prosecute,—I rather think I shall prosecute."

'The snow soon ceased; but the road immediately before the house was impassable, and it was necessary to clear it before the cavalcade could set out. Frank, having found a few more boards in a corner of the stable, proposed making of them some large wooden spades; and with these they managed to shovel away the snow with great execution.

'In the afternoon Frank's father arrived in another jumper, and reported that the neighbors had cleared all the worst parts of the road, and that they might now venture to start. These were joyful tidings.

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* 'In the Western States, the word *bush* is often used to signify a forest; "to live in the bush," means to live in the woods. Thus new settlers are called "bush-whackers" because they whack down the trees, and the term is frequently applied to backwoodsmen in general.'

'One of the sleighs having been overset and broken (as before related,) room was made in others for Mrs. Marshall and the Dawsons; and Aura rode home in Frank's jumper, with him and her brother.

'In conclusion, we have only to say, that, early in the spring, Mr. Dawson obtained an office which obliged him to remove to Washington, to the great joy of his children, and the manifest delight of Lewis Marshall. Aura, no longer under the influence of this family (whom she never liked so well after the sleighing-party), resumed her natural feelings and habits, and became once more as amiable, as before she had known the boarding-school and the Dawsons. Frank left off his purple and yellow waistcoat, lengthened his pantaloons, had his hair cut by Madame Nasillard, and, at the age of eighteen, Aura Marshall became the junior Mrs. Finlay.'

'Sociable Visiting' has a moral, which is, that no condition was ever inserted or implied in the social contract, ensuring a welcome to those who visit others without giving warning of their coming. It strikes us, however, that the heroine's misfortunes arose in part, at least, from her attempting sociable visits in places where she was not on sociable terms. The act of such visiting implies considerable familiarity; and in this case the difficulty evidently was, that her hosts were embarrassed by circumstances which they were not intimate enough with her to explain. Moreover, there is in some persons what Mr. Balwhidder calls 'a far-seeing discernment of the spirit reaching beyond the scope of the incarnate senses,' by which a lady might discover, without direct inquiry, whether her presence would be desirable at certain places and times.

In the 'Travelling Tinman,' we must complain of a want of verisimilitude in the account of the pedler. We cannot persuade ourselves, that the Yankee nation universal could afford a specimen of one of those persons, who would not as soon think of stealing a young wolf, as a young negro. But we pass to 'Mrs. Washington Potts'; which is an excellent satire on the ambition of some families, in other respects amiable and worthy, to gain the notice of those who, if their own account may be trusted, are leaders in fashionable life. All the resources and all the peace of the household are sacrificed to a single object,—and they gain the notice for which they pay so dearly, in the shape of insult and scorn. Mrs. Washington Potts,—but we will let Miss Leslie announce her.

'Is it possible you have not heard of her?' exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "Indeed, I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I assure you the name of Mrs. Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean." "She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having just visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, *though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking.* You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call; which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had sat up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days; that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us.'

'"Not at all," said Cheston, "I should not have expected that she would have treated you rudely."

'"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before the visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses: so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day, she has always sent to us when she wants flowers."

'"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

'"You cannot imagine," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps, and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing, where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple, which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of Katy's oven."'

Mrs. W. Potts, however, was not the only person who had cast a spell upon the Marsdens. The Montagues were associated with her, an English family, travelling in America, the sire of which was a being, evidently intended by nature to go on four feet, though he had disappointed his destiny by proceeding upon two: he, with his cubs and their dam, make their

appearance at the momentous party. Aunt Quimby, who is introduced by way of contrast to the fashionable part of the company, is exceedingly happy.

'At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but Aunt Quimby, in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on? The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled and nodded all around to the company, and said,—"How do you do, good people; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I *must* come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking."

'Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led Aunt Quimby to a chair between two matrons, who were among "the unavoidably invited," and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought "she could see more of the party," if she frequently changed her place; and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

'"Dear mother," said Albina in an under-voice, "what can be the reason that every one, in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside as if it was not fit to eat? I am sure there is every thing in it that ought to be."

'"And something more than ought to be," replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonful,—"the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon's carelessness) and it is *not* fit to eat."

'"And now," said Albina, starting, "I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look,—there sits Aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts."

'"How in the world did she get there?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I dare say she walked up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away."

'As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across Aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House.—"Just at that moment," said he, "I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm (unquestionably the finest woman in England) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington."

'"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Quimby, "as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsy Dempsey's husband?"

'"I have not the honor of being acquainted with that person," replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

'"Well, that's strange," pursued Aunt Quimby, "considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years,—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May-be seventeen and a half. Well, it's best to be on the safe side, so I'll say seventeen. Betsy Dempsey's mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsy. But he never sent for her at all; and for a very good reason; which was, that he had another wife in England, as most of them have,—no disparagement to you, Sir."

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts, in a whisper, that the good old lady beside her was a distant relation or rather connexion of *Mr.* Marsden's, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden's proposal, that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room, next to her old friend Mrs. Willis, Aunt Quimby replied nothing but, "Thank you, I'm doing very well here."

'Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument, whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not.

'"To my certain knowledge," said Miss Montague, "his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else."

'"I'll lay you two to one," said Mrs. Montague, "that he is married to her before we return to England."

'"No," replied the daughter, "like all others of his sex, he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense."

'"What you say, Miss, is very true," said Aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn across Mr. Montague, "and considering how young you are you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them. There's my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago the 23d of last April. He's as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself; and sometimes I can't help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlor with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of the year) Billy Fairfowl came home, carrying in his hand a good sized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. At dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still avoided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I'd let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him: so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don't know the price of that shad."

From what we have said, it will be seen that we think highly of Miss Leslie's powers; an opinion declared not merely by our approbation in so many words, but in the regret which we have expressed at her choosing subjects which may be amusing, when so well described, but can have no lasting attraction. There is something unpleasant in accounts of well meaning persons imposed upon by vulgar pretension; neither does any one take pleasure in being reminded of the sorrows of country lodgings and picnic parties,—things which in remembrance are never sweet, though they may be sometimes mournful to the soul. The rigid fidelity of Crabbe would hardly be tolerated, were it not for strong virtue and strong passions, and the stern gravity with which he describes them. We shall be happy to meet Miss Leslie as a painter of scenes and subjects, which would give pleasanter impressions of American society to those who do not know our country, and bring back pleasanter recollections to those who do. Vulgarity, foolishness and affecta-

tion are the growth of every soil: human nature, there is much reason to believe, is very much the same on this as on the other side of the globe: it is not well to follow the example of the man, described by Johnson, who, after going out to enjoy the country, could remember only that the swains were coarse, and that the briers had torn his ancles,—inconveniences, which he might have foreseen without a prophet's eye.

ART. VIII.—*Lotteries.*

A Lecture before the Boston Young Men's Society, on the Subject of Lotteries. By GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON. Boston. 1833.

THE young men of some of our largest cities and seaport towns have, during the past year, formed themselves into associations by the name of *Young Men's Societies.* They appear to have no sinister or doubtful objects in view, but to aim simply at mutual improvement. They are not sectarian, but include in their ranks persons of all sects and denominations, nor do they seek to secure the elevation of any one to office, because he belongs to this or to that political school. On this subject, they have acted according to their individual opinions,—and one great benefit of their association will be, to make them feel their obligation to act conscientiously in the selection of their rulers.

It cannot be supposed that, during the short period since these societies were established, they can have ascertained all the means, or even the best means, for effecting their objects. They have, however, established libraries and reading-rooms, which are opened in the evening, as an inducement to young men to turn aside from temptation and idleness, and improve their minds while they are amused and interested. They give their countenance and patronage to public houses conducted on the principle of *temperance.* They have addressed circulars to clergymen of the various denominations, asking their cooperation in this work of humanity,—and they favor lectures on this account, as well as for the reasons just assigned.

We do not perceive that any danger can reasonably be apprehended from these associations, and their general result must we think be useful. They encourage young men to activity and independence, they inculcate fearlessness in the discharge of duty,—and the public are their censors and their judges. If they do not accomplish all that they propose, they will at least produce the conviction that their motives are good, their principles sound, and their objects laudable. One of the results of these associations is the work before us.

The Boston Young Men's Society, finding public attention aroused and directed to the evils of lotteries, determined to do all in their power to shed light upon the subject,—and to diffuse the information upon it, now in possession of but few, among the mass of the community. For this purpose they invited Mr. Gordon to deliver publicly, and afterwards to repeat, a Lecture on Lotteries; and they have now published it, from a belief that the reasoning which it contains, supported, as it is, by abundant and satisfactory evidence, will do much towards extending into other States the reformation, which is so favorably commenced in our own. This lecture was not hastily prepared; it bears marks of much research; and, were we sure that it would be as extensively read as the importance of its subject demands, we might well spare our readers any farther remarks.

The writer commences with a history of lotteries in this and in foreign countries; tracing them back as early as the distribution of gifts among the Roman soldiers.

In closing his notice of English lotteries, he makes the following remark, which commends itself to our consideration as a community, at a time when self-destruction has unfortunately become so frequent.

'There is, however, one fact connected with English lotteries that we cannot withhold: it should ever be remembered in the annals of self-destruction. A short time previous to the abolition of lotteries in Great Britain, a scheme was formed at London, containing several magnificent prizes of 20, 50, and even 100,000 pounds each. The display of this scheme induced many extensive adventurers, and the night following the drawing was signalized by *fifty suicides*.'

Mr. Gordon candidly examines the ground often taken, that lotteries are not properly gaming; and shows conclusively, that

they are not only gaming, but of the worst and most extensive character.

'The principle upon which all gaming proceeds, and which is the root of all the misery and distress attendant upon it, is this:—the transferring of property from one to another without receiving an equivalent. The truth of this position is too evident to need illustration.

'Another constituent of gaming is the placing of property at the disposition of hazard. And in no case, actual or supposed, can it be more completely subjected to the control of chance, than in the lottery wheel. It matters not, whether all the parties, interested in the hazard, are actively engaged in bringing about the result. Are the gamesters upon the turf less interested, because they do not ride their own horses? Every ticket-holder is a partner in the lottery game, and the managers are his deputed agents to play it.

'Whatever has a tendency to create an excessive thirst for gain, or to excite irregular appetites and desires, must make men vicious, and is injurious to the public morals. This proposition alone is sufficient to determine the dangerous influence of lotteries.'

But we are told that, if lotteries are gaming, so are assurances,—and why are they not equally innocent? Why is not a lottery broker making a livelihood in a manner equally honest with an underwriter? This reasoning may at first appear rather specious, though a moment's consideration will satisfy any one that the two cases are widely different,—indeed, that they are founded upon opposite principles; as fully appears from our author's reply.

'Assurances are undoubtedly matters of chance. But if they are *therefore* instances of gaming, the merchant's adventure, the physician's efforts to save the sick, and, in fact, all the affairs of life, must equally fall under the same imputation, since their final success or miscarriage is alike unknown, before the result makes it manifest. But there is a marked difference of character between these chances. Policies of Assurance are intended to guard against loss, or to prevent distress by diffusing a loss among many persons; while lotteries are matters of chance, intended to allure to loss by fallacious hopes of gain. Policies of Assurance hold out no allurements of gain. No man can enrich himself by lawful assurance. Neither can one man be impoverished by the assurance of another, but on the other hand they furnish protection against poverty.

'In the collection and distribution of money, lotteries and assurances are totally unlike. In the one case, the money is collected from the many, to be given to the few, without any regard to circumstances, or to the merit of those who receive it. While in the other case, it is collected from those who have property at risk, and who are, perhaps, unable to take the hazard of its safety,—and is distributed to those who are so *unfortunate* as to be losers.

'The premiums, gained by an Assurance Company, are a reward in consideration of the capital employed and placed at risk, for the benefit of those who take out policies. While in the lottery there is no capital whatever employed; not a farthing is deposited for the benefit of the adventurers, but what is by them contributed; and yet immense profits arise for the benefit of the managers. And that such immense profits should be realized without the employment of any capital, seems irreconcilable with all the principles that regulate commercial transactions.

'Besides, in the case of assurance, both parties are interested that the event should be determined in the same manner;—that is, that there should be no loss; and thus all the heart-burning, envy and jealousy, which exists among ticket-holders on account of the opposition of their interests, has no place under a policy of assurance.

'Nor does a policy of assurance afford a mere chance of gratification, (which is all a lottery ticket gives,) but a present substantial benefit, in that peace of mind which the security of property is calculated to afford. Nor does the advantage stop with the person assured, for the process that guaranties security to him, is beneficial to the whole community in all its relations with that individual;—and hence, assurances form a main pillar in the structure of commercial integrity.'

Having examined some principles, by which we are to judge how far lotteries are ever useful to the community, let us next proceed to matters of fact, and treat of lotteries as they are. We have the scheme of a New York lottery before us, and we learn from it two things: 1. What the purchasers of tickets are permitted to know of the lotteries in which they adventure; and 2. What they are *not* permitted to know.

It is a matter of general notoriety, that brokers uniformly deduct fifteen per cent. from all prizes for themselves. It is not generally known, that they also gain twenty-five per cent. in addition, by the difference between the *scheme* price and the *retail* price. It appears from the scheme, that

'The whole number of tickets, which represents the number of adventurers, is 45,760; from this deduct the number of prizes, 18,040, which represent the chances of gain, and the result shows, that the former are to the latter nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2. In other words, there are only two prizes to be distributed among every five ticket-holders; so that three out of the five must draw blanks, and lose all their money. Thus, out of 45,760 adventurers, three fifths, or 27,720, must be losers, and their loss, at $5 each, the price of the ticket, will amount to $138,600. With what feelings would the laborer go forth to his daily task, with the expectation of losing the wages of three days out of every five, or of $60 out of every $100 he might earn?'

There is another point, on which there is much misunderstanding and blindness. Not only are the adventurers ignorant of the fact that *three fifths* must be losers, but they keep out of mind another important fact, that the chance of securing a high prize is very inconsiderable, and diminishes in value as you approach the highest prize; 'for (as our author says) the adventurer's object is not to obtain a small prize, and thus barely save himself from loss,—it is to secure a fortune.' Mr. Gordon gives an application of the doctrine of chances (according to Dr. Brewster's Encyclopædia), to this scheme,—from which it appears that

'The chance of drawing simply a $100 prize in this scheme, is as *one* to 381,—and should an adventurer purchase 381 tickets, paying $5 each, or $1905 for them, it would be more probable that 264 of them would draw blanks, or be entitled only to smaller prizes, than that even *one* would draw a prize as large as $100.

'And the chance of drawing a $500 prize, which in fact would be but $425, 15 per cent. being always deducted, would be as *one* to 915; and should a person purchase 915 tickets, paying $4575 for them, it would be more probable that 640 of them would draw blanks, or smaller prizes, than that even *one* would draw a prize of $500.'

The principle of *excitement* operates very strongly on mankind in reference to almost every subject, be it good or bad. If our feelings are engaged we become warm, zealous, and ready to make any sacrifices which are demanded, in order to secure our object, and there are few subjects, on which persons are so easily or so strangely excited, as on lotteries.

The young adventurer, after drawing his first blank, tries a second time; and when each successive drawing adds to his disappointment, he is still eager in pursuit of the phantom which decoys him, but ever eludes his grasp. Often when he has spent his lawful earnings in the purchase of tickets, he is so earnest and determined that nothing can oppose him in his course, and that honor, honesty and integrity all forsake him.

On the other hand, the man who calls himself 'the favorite of fortune,' and wins the highest prize, is scarcely ever satisfied. We hardly hear of an individual, thus obtaining the object of his ambition, who does not dip again, and deeply, into these exciting waters. We are furnished with many facts in refer- to those who thus continue to purchase without winning, even when they are driven to unlawful means of acquiring money, and to those who are ruined by drawing high prizes; who, being induced not only to continue gaming, but also to neglect their regular employment, contract idle, and too often vicious habits, and finally involve themselves and families in disgrace and ruin.

Another striking view of the folly of lotteries is presented in this lecture, to which we desire especially to call the reader's attention. We have been examining the comparative chances of gain or loss; we are now invited to examine the *real value* of a lottery chance.

'In fair dealing, no man is willing to pay more for a mere expectation of profit than it is worth,—and the rule for determining the value of this expectation, is to multiply the benefit expected by the fraction which represents the probability of obtaining it. But we may make some advances towards a true estimate by supposing, in each case, that there are no prizes of any other denomination than the one, the expectation of gaining which is the subject of calculation. Under this view, and deducting fifteen per cent. from all prizes, we arrive at the following results: The

chance for a	$50	prize being	1 to 817,	is worth	5 3–16 cts.
"	1,250	"	1 to 22880,	"	4 5–8 "
"	20,000	"	1 to 45759,	"	37 1–2 "

'In each case, in this estimate, the worth of the chance is the price, which, upon a fair calculation, a person ought to pay for a ticket; by which it will be perceived, that a lottery office is a dear market for fortunate chances.'

There is a disposition on all hands to rest on authority, and to cite great names with satisfaction, when they have

been ranged on that side of a question which we espouse. This is, however, extremely dangerous; and if followed out, lays the axe at the root of all improvement, civil, political or religious. Where would have been the model of republican government and of free institutions which our country now presents, had we always acted on these principles? Because the evils resulting from lotteries were not fully known, and were often entirely unobserved by the great and the good of past times, must we sustain them still, when evidence accumulates, day by day, proving conclusively that they do *no good*, but are rather productive of positive evil, even when managed with perfect integrity? On this subject we extract the following passage:

'Contemplate the slave trade. Century after century rolled away, before a question was raised in regard to the lawfulness of that traffic. The slave traders invoked the blessings of Heaven upon their enterprise; and, when returning from their depredations upon the shores of Africa, thanked God for that mercy which had protected them from harm, and blessed their undertaking. And these men were, no doubt, oftentimes sincere, and perhaps pious. Even in Great Britain, where slavery is now unknown, it was not until after an arduous struggle of twenty years' duration, that Parliament could be persuaded to abolish it. And shall lotteries be sanctioned in this age, because other ages have done so? Will this community support an error, nay, a demoralizing evil, because other nations, or other communities in our own nation, continue to do so? We trust not.'

There prevails a misapprehension on the subject of lotteries. It consists in supposing, that the sum proposed to be raised for a given object is the extent of the tax levied upon the community, to carry on the proposed lottery; and the question is often asked, with an air of triumph, Is the sum (say ten or twelve hundred dollars) a very great one? Are we not continually called upon to supply much larger sums? We are: but what then? If the managers of a lottery would engage to raise the sum proposed without reserving a large sum for their own emolument and expenses, and without stripping those who can ill afford to part with a shilling,—there might be some force in these interrogations. But facts abundantly prove that this is not the case. Examinations made by the English Parliament, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and by individuals, give a very different result. The error lies in

supposing, that the individual adventurers are not taxed in a lottery which is established to raise a given sum for the community. But when we consider how disproportionate is the sum paid by ticket purchasers to their ability and to the value of a chance, we shall be satisfied that the community will be less impoverished and straitened by a direct tax of $500, than by a lottery to raise $60 or $70.

There is, probably, no subject on which the community are so little informed and so credulous as on lotteries. They are often much incensed by taxation, and consider a small excise oppressive; but they will cheerfully give $5, that the government may receive fifty cents, if they have any, even the most remote chance, of winning a prize.

We find several facts in this lecture, proving conclusively that there are multitudes of fictitious lotteries, by purchasing tickets in which, no benefit accrues to any one but the *seller*. This is a species of swindling, to which those, who can ill sustain the loss are especially exposed by their ignorance. And yet, after all the facts which have been made public, on the evils, both necessary and incidental, of lotteries,—they still exist, and have the sanction of the law to sustain them in several States of the Union. It is impracticable to ascertain the amount of pecuniary evil and loss which is thus occasioned annually to the community; and the amount of moral evil is far greater, in the loss of character and influence, in the formation of intemperate habits, and in the destruction of domestic peace and comfort.

It appears, from good authority, that in nine States of the Union, there were four hundred and twenty classes sold in 1832,—amounting, at scheme prices, to $53,136,930; and, with the addition of brokers' commissions, to $66,420,162.

It is devoutly to be hoped, that the eyes of the people may be speedily opened to the alarming and increasing extent of this evil; that we shall not, as in times past, find it arresting the attention of a few separate States only, but that all the States, viewing it in a proper manner, will resolve to exterminate it from the land.

ART. IX.—*Woodbridge's Annals of Education.*
American Annals of Education and Instruction. Edited by WILLIAM C. WOODBRIDGE. Vol. I.—III. Boston. 1831—3.

ALTHOUGH it is, perhaps, not strictly within the province of a Review to pass judgment upon the merits of other works of a similar kind, we have been for some time past intending to recommend particularly to the notice and favor of our readers, the very valuable monthly journal, which is published in this city by Mr. Woodbridge, under the title of *American Annals of Education and Instruction.* It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the importance of the subjects to which the work is devoted: that there is no question in the public mind upon that point, is sufficiently shown by the extraordinary efforts that are making in all quarters for improvement in education. It is equally apparent, that one or more journals, exclusively devoted to this subject, if properly conducted, must serve a most valuable purpose; and are, in fact, almost indispensable auxiliaries to any system of vigorous, enlightened, and concentrated action. We find accordingly, that in Germany, where the theory of education has been more scientifically studied, and more successfully reduced to practice than in any other part of the world, journals of this kind are very numerous. They are constantly published in all the ordinary forms of periodical literature, annual, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and even daily. They are also common in England, and most other parts of civilized Europe.

The work before us is, we believe, the only one of the kind that is published in this country, and we regret to learn that the patronage which it has hitherto received is not sufficient to justify its continuance. We sincerely hope, that efforts will immediately be made, with all the necessary vigor and spirit, by the friends of education throughout the country, for placing it upon a better footing. We consider it entitled, not less by the manner in which it is conducted, than by the nature of the subject, to the support and encouragement of all who are really interested in the cause. Few persons in the United States unite so many qualifications for carrying on such a work as Mr. Woodbridge; and no one could

employ them with a truer and more disinterested zeal for the object. After devoting several years to the business of practical education at home, and making himself known to the public by elementary works of acknowledged value and great popularity, Mr. Woodbridge travelled extensively in Europe, examined on the spot the most approved and celebrated institutions for education;—became acquainted with their directors, and made himself familiar with the literature of the subject. On his return, he brought with him a large collection of the most valuable books and journals, that treat of it, mostly in the German language, and wholly unknown to the public, both here and in England. Provided with this rich stock of materials, and wishing to turn them to the best possible account for the good of the cause, he determined to publish them in a periodical form; and became the proprietor and editor of the *Journal of Education*, which had just before been established in this city, and to which, in order to mark the commencement of a new series, he gave the title of *American Annals of Education and Instruction.* In this form the work has been continued for nearly three years; and in the value and variety of its contents has fully realized the highest expectations that had been formed of it. We should regard its discontinuance as a serious public misfortune.

Among the numerous articles of interest and value that have appeared in this journal, we would particularly refer our readers to a series of letters, in which the editor gives an account of the Institution of Fellenberg at Hofwyl, in Switzerland. Mr. Woodbridge passed several months at this place, and examined it with the attention due to its celebrity. Since his return, he has been in constant correspondence with Fellenberg. His account of the establishment is very complete; and, if detached from the Annals, would form of itself a very valuable work. It is well known, that the leading feature of the Institution at Hofwyl is the combination of manual, and particularly agricultural labor, with study. The practicability and expediency of education upon this plan, are daily becoming more and more objects of attention and inquiry in this country, and a satisfactory account of the Institution, which has been the great model of all others of the kind, is now wanted as a book of common reference. We know of none at all to be compared with this of Mr. Woodbridge.

The series of letters, by the editor, upon the Infant School of

Geneva, is also of particular interest. In these, he distinctly points out, and illustrates by the practice of that Institution, the advantages that may really be made to result from such schools, as well as the serious dangers that attend them, if injudiciously conducted. The papers on the introduction of vocal music, as a branch of common education, are exceedingly curious and important. We are glad to learn that the labors of Mr. Woodbridge upon this subject have already produced very important practical results in this city, where we have now an academy of music, and several well-frequented musical schools. The articles on the necessity of attention to physical and moral, in connexion with intellectual development, and upon the advantages of bathing and swimming, may also be mentioned as worthy of particular notice. There is, in short, hardly a number of the work, which does not contain, in addition to a large mass of information on the common topics connected with the subject, one or more essays of a novel, curious and important character.

We are aware that any journal of this kind must work itself gradually into the public favor: but we are still surprised, that the Annals have not yet obtained a larger share. We copy from the last number the following *Notice to Subscribers*, exhibiting the present state of the work; and earnestly repeat our wish and hope, that the friends of education in this neighborhood and throughout the country will immediately make the exertion necessary to ensure its continuance.

'Repeated attempts have been made to establish a periodical on Education, but with little success. This work is the only one of a general character, which now exists in the United States, so far as we are informed. Since its origin, as the "Journal of Education," it has never been profitable to the editor, nor to its early publishers, except as a medium of advertising. Its first editor was compelled to abandon it; and for some time after, no one was found willing to assume its responsibilities permanently. The present editor returned, after several years spent in examining the state of education in Europe, charged by the friends of this cause abroad to make known the improvements which they had found so valuable. He believed it essential to the improvement of education among us, to have some periodical devoted to the investigation of our own wants, and the publication of our own plans and experiments, which should serve as the medium of communication among the friends of the cause, at home and abroad.

'In order to secure a publication of this kind, so far as possible, from all influence, or suspicion of influence, he purchased the property of the "Journal," and subsequently of the "Education Reporter," and has conducted it for three years, at a very considerable expense. His great object was to place the work on such a basis, that it might assume *a permanent and national character*, and he did not take the charge of it himself, until he had endeavored in vain to enlist others, in his view, more competent, by an offer of all its proceeds, and regular contributions. In order to make it known more extensively, to interest the friends of education, and to circulate the information he had received, about 500 volumes and 5,000 extra numbers have been sent out, without any payment, to public institutions, missionary schools, individuals engaged in education, and the editors of newspapers.

'The ardent interest expressed in the subject, throughout our country, the general approbation of the work itself, and the gradual increase of subscriptions, seemed to justify him in proceeding, even without immediate returns; and in publishing a larger number of copies than were immediately demanded. He believed it safe to assume that in a country, containing 10,000,000 of freemen "better educated than those of any European community," and where the subject of education excites so much attention, at least 1,500 persons would be found anxious to obtain all the light of modern improvement on this important subject, and ready to sustain a publication devoted to it. Yet the event has proved, that *less than nine hundred* can be found to support a work, which, for three years, has received warm expressions of approbation from parents, and teachers, and the public press. Notwithstanding all the expenses incurred, he has never received a dollar from the publication, either as editor or proprietor. On the contrary, the accounts for the two first years show a large amount, in addition to all the receipts, *still due* for printing and paper, for which he is responsible.

'During three years, a large stock of materials, already prepared, and the aid of able contributors, enabled him to conduct the work without giving up other employments. The friends of education, he finds, are generally too much engaged in active effort to continue this aid; and the increased labors of editing, and especially the examination of books, now require so much of his time, as to allow little efficient effort of any other kind. The future proceeds, with the present number of subscribers, will afford no return for his labors, or those of contributors; much less any means of paying past arrearages. Could the subscription be increased, it would indeed provide for the future, and for this only. Could the volumes now on hand be disposed of by

those inclined to favor the object, without deduction for the commission of agents, the sum now due could be paid. If this cannot be effected, he can see no other alternative, but to abandon the work at the close of the present year, and resort to other means to provide for expenditures, which many believe have contributed to benefit the public, by the diffusion of valuable information.

'He has come to this conclusion with great reluctance, and it will give him pain to bid farewell to a large number of his subscribers, whose personal interest in the work has been fully expressed. He has not made known these circumstances earlier, because he had hoped to sustain its losses himself: but he feels more and more satisfied, that its permanency cannot be insured, unless the friends of education will unite in supporting it, by subscriptions, and by contributing to its pages. Could each subscriber consider himself an agent for life, we believe this could be accomplished. If *men of education* will not sustain it, the *ignorant* certainly will not do it. It has *no party character* or *popular attractions* to recommend it. Nor can it furnish the mass of matter, merely copied by the printer from foreign works, or present the attractive engravings, which give such wide circulation to some of our periodicals. It depends for its existence, on that number, comparatively small, who know how to prize solid and useful information. If they refuse their aid, it must expire.'

ART. X.—*Dante.*

L'Ottimo Commento della Divina Commedia, Testo Indito d'un Contemporaneo di Dante. Citato degli Accademici della Crusca. Pisa. 1827.

A Commentary on the Divina Commedia of Dante, by one of his Contemporaries: now first published, and the same that is quoted by the Academy Della Crusca, under the title of L'Ottimo Commento, or the best Commentary.

HOMER created poetry from chaos:—Dante, from corruption. Both were animated by a divine spirit. The power, which restores freshness to the forest when the gloom

of winter has passed away, must be as mighty, as that which first calls it into being.

The imagination of Homer was exalted by the false, but splendid images of mythology. Every hill and every fountain had its poetic legend. From the sacred Olympus to the humblest rivulet that trickled through the Grecian plains, they were all hallowed by some mystic and divine association. The elements of poetry existed; at the touch of genius, they awoke to life.

Very different was the period when Dante conceived his immortal work. Twenty-two centuries had elapsed. At the head of the ancient poets, Homer stood alone;—in Grecian antiquity unrivalled, and in Latin antiquity with one noble imitator, who infused into his great work the richness and beauty of his model.

A long night of darkness had overspread the world. Europe was plunged into barbarism, wilder and more ferocious than that of the earliest ages of Greece. No heroic periods had intervened, to fill the soul of genius with poetic fire. The past was blank;—the future enveloped in clouds;—the present agitated by political strife,—by petty quarrels between priests and monarchs,—by civil discord between contending factions,—by fanatical disputes and useless controversies upon trifling subjects. No period could be less favorable to genius, whether we consider the condition of Italy in reference to religion, politics or literature.

The slaves attached to the soil, who peopled Europe during the middle ages, did not tremble before their masters more, than these feudal lords quailed before the power of the church. The Pope and the priesthood wielded the thunderbolts, which were believed to come from Heaven, and which, like those of Jupiter, were framed on earth. Even monarchs bowed before the Vicegerent of God,—and threw their jewelled diadems at the foot of the cross. The first talisman, projected by Gregory the Seventh for exalting the dominion of the Papal See, was excommunication; the second, the celibacy of the priesthood; the third, and that which rendered Rome the centre of influence, was the Holy Wars. Then earthly greatness was trampled in the dust;—and the most powerful sovereigns of Christendom fought as subalterns, in the hope of obtaining an imperishable crown.

Meanwhile, the cities of Italy improved in wealth and pow-

er. The courage of every class was nerved by danger, and flourishing republics rose from amongst confusion. In the midst of civil discord, the Popes called in the aid of foreign conquerors; and in the life-time of Dante, a French Prince entered Italy, preaching concord to the republics, and holding out promises of liberty, in order to enslave them. The popular party was attached to the church and to France,—the aristocracy favored the descendants of the Cæsars.

But although the eyes of mankind began to be opened to the corruption and exorbitant ambition of the Roman Church, religion still maintained its influence. The poetic fictions of mythology had passed away ;—the sun of paganism had set;—but the pure light of Christianity, which in after ages inspired Milton with his most sublime and affecting images, was darkened by the gloomy dreams of an abstract belief. With the utmost heretical license were mingled the grossest abuses of superstition. Astrologers were burned by the inquisition. The Jesuits amused the credulity of the public, by the revelation of innumerable visions with which they professed to be favored. A belief arose, that the last day was at hand ;—and for nearly a century after the death of Dante, the dread of an approaching general judgment continued to agitate the whole of Christendom. When the Pope, at the end of the twelfth century, proclaimed a plenary indulgence to all who should perform a pilgrimage to Rome, it was calculated that, for several weeks, two hundred thousand foreigners succeeded each other daily at the gate of the Eternal City.

Literature had taken a scholastic turn. In the preceding century, St. Francis and St. Dominic had turned all the energy of their ardent minds towards the mysteries of religion. By their example, their preaching, their persecution, they had re-awakened the religious zeal, which for some time past had slumbered. The present was the age of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose writings had rendered the study of scholastic theology so universally prevalent. Intricate and useless disquisitions became the leading object of education. The passion for verbal subtlety, which distinguished the revival of letters in Italy, seems indeed to be one of the characteristics, which mark the first stage of the improvement of a nation. It prevailed, for instance, to a great extent, among the young men of Greece, in the days of the sophists. 'Their facts,' says a writer, 'were

few, but their disputes were long; if they could not convince, they could at least reason; one absurdity led them to another, but every absurdity gave rise to a conflict of words,—and words, even without ideas, were as the breath of life to the loquacious Athenians.'

In the time of Dante, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise were forever present to the eyes of all good Christians, under a material form. The nature of the punishments prepared for the condemned in another world, was the constant subject of long and learned discussion. It was this state of public opinion and feeling, which no doubt suggested to Dante the plan of his work.

The poets who preceded him, imitating the Provençal bards, sought by far-fetched expressions to conceal their want of true feeling. Their language was rude and harsh,—an uncouth mixture of different tongues. A few love-songs, addressed to an imaginary beauty; a few madrigals full of cold conceits and labored harmony,—these are now of little value in our eyes, except as proving the low state of poetry and the poverty of the language, before the appearance of the great Florentine. The names of Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Sicilian, Lucio Drusi of Pisa, Guido Guinicelli, Guido Cavalcante, Pierre de la Vigne and others, remind us of a train of ill-equipped attendants, announcing the approach of a mighty conqueror. The mysticism, then in fashion, was borrowed from the Academy. Poetry was a strange mixture of Mythology, Platonism, and Christianity; a puerile combination of rhymes and rhythms, strung together to express a far-fetched compliment, conveyed in an allegory.

In the midst, then, of political dissensions in which he took an active part,—of a corrupt religion, productive either of gross superstition or of besotted atheism,—under the disadvantages of an infant literature and an unformed and semi-barbarous dialect, Dante arose like a giant amongst a generation of pigmies, and constructed that noble monument of genius, which, after a lapse of five centuries, remains without an equal, as it was without a model. The small lights, which faintly glimmered in the poetic horizon, were extinguished on the appearance of the great luminary. The poetry of Europe became impressed with a new character, and the beautiful language of Italy assumed a new being.

Dante was born in the year of our Lord, 1265; and his vis-

ionary journey through the realms of eternal sorrow, purification and bliss, is placed in the Holy Week of the year 1300; when the poet had attained his thirty-fifth year. He probably chose this year for the date of his poem, because it was the period of the jubilee, when multitudes of pilgrims thronged to Rome, to kneel before the holy relics; when the streets and the churches were crowded with persons of all ranks and ages, and presented a scene well calculated to impress the imagination of the poet. The time when he actually began to write his poem is uncertain.

He had not passed his life in seeing visions, or in dreaming dreams. His earthly pilgrimage was one of difficulty and struggle. The unclouded fortune which smiled upon his early years was speedily obscured, and the astrological predictions, which foretold his glory, seemed far from their fulfilment. In his youth, he devoted himself to the study of philosophy and speculative theology, and found relaxation from his severer pursuits in the exercise of his talents for music and painting. Naturally enthusiastic in the pursuit of knowledge, of a stern and contemplative disposition, the condition of his country prevented him from giving himself up to the one, or from indulging in the other. The tumults of the camp interfered with the repose of his private life; and such was his reputation as a statesman,* that he is said to have been employed in no less than fourteen embassies to foreign courts. He was also eminently distinguished for his personal courage; and at the battle of Campeldino was severely wounded, while fighting valiantly in the front rank of the Guelf cavalry.

After having been elevated to the chief dignities of the State,† and having been accustomed to the homage which was paid to his talents, wealth and official greatness, Dante at length found himself, by a political revolution, exiled from his native city, 'driven about,'—to use his own pathetic words,—'by the cold wind that springs out of sad poverty,' and compelled to taste 'how bitter is another's bread,—how hard it is to mount and to descend another's stairs.' He wandered from city to city, trusting to the capricious favor of princes for a

* Boccaccio relates that Dante, when he was appointed Ambassador to Pope Boniface, broke out into this exclamation, 'If I go, who is there to stay? If I stay, who is there to go?'

† In the year 1300, he was chosen chief of the Priors, who at that time held the principal authority in the republic.

temporary hospitality ; finding or fancying signs of coolness in the demeanor of his patrons ; unable to restrain his freedom of speech, or to model his haughty deportment to the lowly seeming, which became an exile and a dependent on the bounty of strangers.

If his public career was unfortunate, his private situation was not less so. It would seem, indeed, that misfortune is the best school for genius, which withers in the sunshine, but grows more vigorous in the storm. The favor of princes renders it cold and courtly ; domestic happiness frequently lulls it to sleep ;—but when the cords which bind it to earth are severed, it takes its natural flight towards a higher sphere. Thus Milton, bred in the midst of political factions and religious fanaticism, produced his immortal work when the external world was forever shut out from his sight. In his own recollections he found the model of those fierce passions which he represented ; and by investing them with a veil of sublimity, rendered them fitting attributes for his fallen spirits.

The most exquisite passages in the poem of Dante are produced by his eternal regret for the death of one, whom he loved with that pure and intense feeling which characterized him. The recollection of his youthful affection runs like a golden thread through the gloomy tissue of his thoughts, and illuminates, as with a stream of holy light, the mournful sublimity of his poem. Never was so noble a tribute of homage paid by a poet to the object of his adoration. He has made the name of Beatrice immortal as his own. His laurels bind her brows, and wherever the fame of Dante has reached, the memory of the wise and beautiful *Mona Bice* will be held in reverence.

He does not describe her character, nor, after the fashion of modern poets, dwell upon her beauty. He gives us a glimpse of her perfections in a few masterly touches. He places her in Paradise, and represents her, out of pity for him, as leaving her lofty abode, and imploring Virgil to rescue him from perdition, and guide him on his arduous journey. When his courage begins to fail, the magic name of Beatrice restores his fainting spirit ; and as he advances, she still watches his progress from her high station in the Empyrean. At length we meet her in her mystic chariot,—floating in clouds, and surrounded by angels,—clothed in brilliant colors,—her pure brow encircled by a crown of unfading olive,

—the brightness of those eyes, which mortal could not gaze upon, shaded by a veil of resplendent whiteness. Soft music announces her approach; but in the midst of her triumph, she addresses her lover in a tone of gentle sadness. We see her, wise and severe, moving him by just reproof to repentance and tears, yet feeling the interest of a sister in his welfare, instructing him in heavenly mysteries, guiding him from sphere to sphere through the regions of bliss, while the stars grow brighter at her presence,—and becoming more radiant herself as she approaches the source of Eternal Light. Nor is there perhaps a more charming picture in the Commedia than that, which represents her as resuming her station on a throne of light amongst saints and angels;—shining with new splendor,—encircled by divine rays,—yet casting from an infinite distance a sweet and beaming smile upon her lover.

This is the last impression we receive of her;—but her image never deserts the poet, and the prayer, which is offered up in his favor by Saint Bernard to the Holy Virgin, is in the name of the divine *Beatrice.**

The allegorical attributes which the Poet ascribes to her, are in accordance with the taste of the age;—but, while other poets fell in love that they might sing their griefs, Dante sung because he loved.

——— 'Io mi son un, che quando
Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo
Ch'ei detta dentro, vo significando.'

——— 'Count of me but as one,
Who am the scribe of love; that, when he breathes,
Take up my pen, and as he dictates, write.'

It is true that, after the death of Beatrice, and while he yet brooded in melancholy over a loss which seems to have admitted of no consolation, he was persuaded by his friends to marry a lady of high birth and fortune,—Gemma de Manetta de'Donati. As might have been expected, he, who had vowed to devote his genius to immortalize the memory of his first love, enjoyed little happiness in such a union. His

* The fortunate discovery of the portrait of Beatrice by Signor Melchior Messerini, must now silence all the doubts which have been thrown upon her actual existence. She is represented as young and beautiful;—her appearance and dress corresponding to the description given of both by the poet. The picture is supposed to be the work of Giotto or Oderigi.—*Vid. Com. di Messerini.—Firenze*, 1832.

biographers and commentators have represented this lady as a modern Xantippe. At all events, her kinsmen were devoted to the opposite political party; and when the troubles of the republic drove the poet into exile, he was alone in his wanderings.

He found at length a permanent friend and benefactor, and one capable of appreciating a mind like his, in the Prince Guido Novello de' Polentani, the father of that unfortunate Francesca da Rimini, whose beautiful episode has excited the sympathy of succeeding ages, and inspired the genius of modern poets. But the unhappy fortune of Dante again pursued him. Being sent by Prince Guido to negotiate a peace with the Venetians, the citizens of that republic were so decidedly opposed to an accommodation with Ravenna, that they would not even admit the ambassador to an audience. Dante returned to the court of his patron;—but an unconquerable sadness preyed ever after upon his spirit; and in September, 1321, he died, in the 57th year of his age.

To enlighten the age in which he lived,—to show men the fate which awaited them in another sphere,—to make known his bold opinions on the subjects which then agitated all Christendom,—to evince his horror at the corruption of religion, and at the vices of his countrymen,—to hold up to the execration of posterity the most eminent men, who by their crimes had disgraced their high station,—and lastly, to leave an eternal record of his gratitude to the few and faithful friends who had cheered him in the hour of adversity,—such were the chief objects which Dante had in view, when he conceived the idea of his Commedia.

He appealed to the people in their native idiom,—and by selecting his words from the different Italian dialects,—by borrowing from the Latin, the Greek and the Provençal tongues, he infused new vigor and originality into his native language, and made known the wonderful harmony and energy of which the Italian is susceptible.

It has been said, that Dante also desired to gratify his private feelings of revenge. It would not seem so, from the impartiality with which he has consigned his friends and foes to a region of torture; among the former, particularly, Francesca, the daughter of his patron, his master, Brunetto Latini, together with Guidoguerra, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, and Giacopo Rusticucci.

The author of the Commedia must have possessed a fund of knowledge beyond that of ordinary men. He is at once a moralist, a theologian, and an astronomer,—familiar with the study of ancient and profane classics,—the learned narrator of interesting events,—the energetic painter of the character and manners of his age. His astronomical knowledge is displayed in the mechanical construction of his spiritual world,—his theological lore and philosophical science in the various punishments allotted to the different personages who play their part on that vast theatre, and while the whole afforded ample scope for the exercise of his poetic genius, it also enabled him to illustrate those great moral lessons, which form the ostensible basis of his work.

The poem is a succession of pictures ;—representing scenes for the most part tragic, and consisting sometimes of a group, and sometimes of a single figure, a full length, a profile, or a sketch,—beheld by a dim, lurid light, imperfectly visible, and with an aspect dark, grim and terrible ; the features distorted by anguish, or severe in scorn, or serene in lofty dignity. The master stands like a powerful enchanter,—he waves his wand,—he traces the mysterious circle,—and evokes a succession of shades, which pass, like the spectral monarchs in Macbeth, in dim review before us. The past, the present, the future are shadowed forth, and our minds become oppressed with terror. Sometimes a form of light and loveliness is reflected to our view ;—we would make the fair vision stay,—and it is gone.

To enumerate the principal beauties, or to point out the most splendid scenes of the Commedia, would be a work of time and labor. To remark on the different symbolical meanings and allegories, which commentators have attached even to the first cantos of the Inferno, would be to enter into a nearly interminable discussion. We can only mention a very few of the most striking passages in this wonderful poem.

The translation by Cary seems to be the only English one, which conveys even a remote idea of the beauty of the original. He has followed his author with wonderful fidelity and exactness ; his style is as severe and devoid of ornament as that of Dante himself. He has wisely emancipated himself from the fetters of rhyme, and has walked along by the side of his great original with grave and measured

steps. The incalculable difficulties which a foreigner has to encounter, in appreciating the merits of a poem which the Italians themselves find difficulty in comprehending, render this work a valuable addition to English literature. Perhaps had a similar translation in the French language been practicable, Voltaire might have repented of his hasty judgment,—'*Le Dante pourra entrer dans les bibliothèques des curieux, mais il ne sera jamais lu.*'

The first scene of the poem is decidedly allegorical, and has given rise to an infinity of explanations and commentaries. In the midst of the journey of life, the poet finds that he has wandered from the direct path, and is alone in a dark and wild forest. He knows not how he entered it, having been overwhelmed with sleep. He arrives at the foot of a hill, whose summit is gilded by the rays of the morning sun. He begins to ascend the hill, but his progress is opposed by a spotted panther,—a fierce lion,—and a hungry wolf. He draws back in terror, and perceives a human figure. It is the shade of Virgil, who had always been the object of his admiration. Virgil explains to him that, by the desire of Beatrice, he has left the place of his repose, and descended to earth for the purpose of guiding him in the direct path. Then the fear of the poet vanishes, and he expresses his renewal of courage in the beautiful simile,—

> 'Quale i fioretti, dal notturno gelo
> Chinati e chiusi, poi che'l sol gl'imbianca,
> Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo;
> Tal mi fec'io di mia virtute stanca.'

> 'As flowerets by the frosty air of night,
> Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
> Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
> So was my fainting vigor new restored.'

The expounders of Dante have expended great labor in their explanation of this first and principal allegory. Most of the ancient commentators were of opinion, that 'the dark and wild forest in the midst of life's journey,' referred to the innumerable vices and depraved passions of Dante,—that 'the goodly mount' signified virtue,—the leopard, lion and wolf, luxury, ambition and avarice,—Virgil, moral philosophy,—and Beatrice, theology. Again, some modern commentators, among many arguments against the correctness of this interpretation,

having observed that Virgil, in explaining to Dante the reasons of Charon's refusal to ferry him over in his bark, says,—

'Quinci non passa mai anima buona,'

'Hence ne'er hath past good spirit,'

justly remark that this expression could not be applied to one sunk in vice; and have therefore supposed the dark forest to allude to the vices and passions, not of Dante, but of mankind in general.

A modern writer * has probably arrived at a more just interpretation of the text. He brings many ingenious arguments to prove, that *the wild and deserted forest* signifies the misery of Dante, deprived by exile of all that he most valued,—the *goodly mountain* the peace and consolation for which he longed,—his *passage from the forest to the mountain* the increase of hope in his soul;—*the light of the new day* the consolation which he derived from hope,—the *leopard*, beautiful and cruel, Florence,—the *lion* France,—the *wolf* the church of Rome;—the apparition of *Virgil, sent by Beatrice*, an alleviation to his sorrows by study; the *way by which Virgil promised to draw him from that valley*, his admirable poem, which might induce his country to free him from exile,—and *the guidance of Virgil* the necessary virtue, which he derived from meditating on the works of the Altissimo Poeta.

The opening scene of the third canto is magnificent. The poet and his guide stand before the everlasting gates of the infernal regions, and read their terrible inscription.

'Per me si va nella città dolente:
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore
Fecemi la divina potestate
La somma sapienza, e'l primo amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro;
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.'

'Through me you pass into the city of woe,
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;
To rear me was the task of Power divine,

* Giovanni Marchetti.

Supremest Wisdom, and primeval Love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon,—ye who enter here.'

Although the Divine Comedy must completely baffle the rules of French criticism, we cannot but be astonished, on reading M. Sismondi's translation of various passages of Dante, at the want, either of attention or knowledge of the language, displayed by that celebrated writer on various occasions; and on none more than in his translation of this very passage. Dante, who is always a theologian even in the midst of the most poetical ideas, by

——— 'Power Divine,
Supremest Wisdom and Primeval Love,'

evidently refers to the three persons of the Trinity. M. Sismondi overlooks this intention, and thereby entirely alters the sense of the passage, which he renders thus;

'Pour moi s'unit à la haute puissance,
Le sage Amour du divin Créateur.'

While the terrible inscription appears traced in obscure characters upon Hell's portal,—sighs, groans and lamentations, mingled with hoarse and angry voices, are heard from within. Virgil explains to his pupil, that this is the abode of those indifferent men who on earth did neither good nor evil; who hid their talent in the ground. They are mingled with the angels who were neither rebellious nor true to their Maker. Neither heaven, nor hell will receive them. The shade of the Mantuan mentions them with unutterable scorn.

'Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa;
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.'

——— 'Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers, mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by.'

The spirits are ferried over the Acheron by Charon, with eyes of 'burning coal;' for Dante has no scruple in mingling the ancient mythological belief with the new,—the poetic coloring of Greek mythology with the terrors of catholicism. He boldly dips his pencil into the declining rays of the gorgeous heathen sun-set, and blends them with the fantastic clouds which obscured the new Aurora.

'Caron demonio con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque si adagia.'

———'Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beck'ning; and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes.'

Michel-Angelo, in his Last Judgment, has designed the ideas of Dante, with the exactness of a faithful translator. He has been especially true to his original in the figure of Charon in his bark, striking the lingering spirits with his oar. It is a matter of eternal regret to the admirers both of the poet and the artist, that a copy of Landino's Commentary of Dante, which was enriched with designs by Michel-Angelo of all the figures mentioned in the poem, in every variety of action and attitude,—was lost in a sea-voyage.

Minos, the Judge of Ancient Hell, is introduced by Dante as a modern Demon. Here Buonarotti again follows the ideas of Dante, and with something of the satiric genius of the Poet, has revenged himself on one Biagio da Cesena, who displeased him by some criticisms on his works,—by painting him to the life under the figure of the Infernal Judge.*

It is in the circle over which Minos presides, that the horrors of the Infernal regions commence. Until then, we meet only those whose sole crime was ignorance of the truths of Christianity;—they are sad, but suffer no torture.

'Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado con voci soavi.'

'There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority: they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.'

And now begins a series of the most appalling pictures, that the human imagination has ever conceived; different gradations of horror and degrees of torture, represented in such vivid

* It is said that Messer Biagio having complained to the Pope of the liberty which the painter had taken with his features, his Holiness asked him, in what part of the picture Michel-Angelo had placed him, and Biagio having replied that he was painted in Hell, 'Had he placed you in Purgatory,' said the Pope, 'there would have been some remedy;—but in hell, *nulla est redemptio.*'

colors, that we can scarcely smile at the popular belief that Dante actually descended into Hell;—'and that his sallow complexion and crisp beard were owing to his having ventured too near the fire.'*

'Christianity,' says M. Ginguené, 'attributes to Hell but two kinds of punishment;—fire and eternal damnation; that is to say, the eternal deprivation of the sovereign good. Dante borrowed from the hell of the ancients the idea of a variety of torments, suited to the diversity of crimes;—and this idea, which saved him from a fatiguing uniformity, furnished him with numerous pictures, contrasts and gradations of terror. Wind, rain, hail, devouring and gnawing insects, kindled tombs, burning sands, monstrous serpents, flames, frozen plains, and at length an ocean of transparent ice, under which the damned suffer, and keep eternal silence,—such are the terrible resources which he found in this fruitful idea.'

Terror and pity are the chief emotions which agitate us, as we read these vivid descriptions. The mind reposes with a more mournful interest and one of a gentler nature, upon some passages;—as for instance on the affecting episode of Francesca da Rimini, so well-known, so universally admired, and which can never lose its charm, so long as one human heart beats with human feeling. Truly this episode is as a trembling moon-beam amidst the dark storm,—soft, gentle and melancholy,—yet deepening by contrast the surrounding gloom. There is one touch in it which evinces the poet's intimate knowledge of human nature. It is that where Francesca, while her lover stands sighing by her side, silent and sunk in grief, exclaims with a kind of desperate joy;

'Questi, che mai da me non sia diviso;'

'He who ne'er from me shall separate.'

The contrast between the feelings of the lovers is finely imagined.

The chief reason of our intense interest in this poem is the dim, uncertain light by which the various scenes are beheld. Something always remains through which we cannot penetrate; some object, to discover which we strain our eyes in the obscurity. This love of mystery is inherent in the human mind. It is the aspiring of the immortal soul after that knowledge, which cannot be acquired on this side the grave.

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* Giovanni Boccaccio.

Like Dante, we find ourselves in the midst of life's journey. We know not whence we came, nor whither we go; and we shall seek to penetrate the darkness, and to elucidate the mysterious truths, which revelation has dimly shadowed forth, till eternal light shall be poured upon the obscurity. Then, like the poet, when he drank of the pure waters of Paradise, and was admitted to a view of the Eternal City, we shall quench our thirst at the Everlasting Fountain, and our eyes being opened, we shall find how trifling is the sum of all human knowledge.

The horror of the words which commence the seventh canto, consists in their obscurity. Commentators have sought in vain to expound their meaning;—they remain the hoarse, unintelligible roar of a Demon.

'Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe,'

here even the genius of Buonarotti would be limited; he might give us the figure of Pluto, but the terror lies chiefly in the mystic sound of the verse.

Cary's translation,

'Ah me! O Satan! Satan!'

does not convey the same impression. The words continue to startle us, as the miraculous writing on the wall appalled Belshazzar; but there is no Daniel to give the interpretation.

The description of the City of Dis, with its burning towers, guarded by innumerable demons, who furiously oppose the entrance of a living man, is sublime in horror; and the angry angel, traversing the Styx with unwet feet, announced by a 'loud-crashing' and terrible sound that made either shore tremble, is a grand and fearful picture.

There is something inexpressibly dreary and horrible in the description of the vast plains, covered with open sepulchres, and separated by flames which burn forever, without consuming their victims. A voice issues from the midst, and the proud Farinata, who scorns even the torments of hell, lifts his head from his tomb, on hearing the language of his native land. He disdainfully inquires who were the poet's ancestors, and recognising in him a political adversary, proudly recounts his exploits.

Yet even here there is a beautiful touch of simple and gentle feeling. Cavalcante, the father of Guido, rises from his tomb, and eagerly inquires for his son,—then thinking from the

hesitation of Dante that the prince is no more, he falls back supinely into his sepulchre, forgetting his own fate in sorrow for that of his son, deprived forever of 'the blessed day-light.'

In proportion as the crimes of the lost souls have been more atrocious, the horrors of their torments increase. We pass into the abyss guarded by the Minotaur and the Centaurs,—we cross the river of boiling blood, in which are plunged the souls of tyrants,—we follow the poet, in his dreary journey through the dark forest, whose trees bear thorns and poison, and in whose rough and knotted trunks dwell the imprisoned souls of suicides, to the plain of burning sand, on which descends an eternal rain of fiery flakes,—till at length the imagination, nearly fatigued with all these horrors, gladly reposes upon a more gentle picture.

In the midst of the burning sands, one of the pale and trembling phantoms recognises Dante. It is the shade of his master, Brunetto Latini. The poet approaches, in an attitude of profound reverence and pity, and, with words full of tenderness, expresses his unchanging gratitude for the care which Brunetto had taken of him in his youth.

The winged monster Geryon, wheeling his downward flight through the darkness, with his trembling rider, is an image at once grotesque and sublime. He swims slowly through the void, where no sound is heard, but the roar of the torrent descending to the gulf. 'This extraordinary descent,' says M. Ginguené, 'is painted with frightful reality. We partake the terrors of the poet, thus suspended over the abyss, and we almost feel our head grow giddy as we see him descend.'

We feel increasing wonder at the genius of the poet, when the same pencil, which produced these images of horror, traces with equal spirit a picture of the simple cares and comforts of the villager.

'In quella parte del giovinetto anno,
Che' l sole i crin sotto l'Aquario tempra,
E gia le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno:
Quando la brina in su la terra assempra
L'imagine di sua sorella bianca,
Ma poco dura alla sua penna tempra;
Lo villanello, a cui la roba manca,
Si leva, e guarda, e vede la campagna
Biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batte l'anca:

Ritorna a casa, e qua e là si lagna,
Come 'l tapin, che non sa che si faccia:
Poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,
Veggendo 'l mondo aver cangiata faccia
In poco d'ora, e prende suo vincastro,
E fuor le pecorelle a pascer caccia.

'In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede,
When, as the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whitened: whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning in,
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
As a discomfited and helpless man;
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook,
And forth to pasture drives his little flock.

Perhaps none but those who are banished forever from their native land, can fully appreciate the natural beauty of those lines, where a condemned soul, tormented by devouring thirst, recalls to his mind the clear streams and shady groves of Italy. The remembrance of its blue skies and balmy air is of itself sufficient torture.

'Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli
Del Casentin, discendon giuso in Arno,
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
Che l' immagine lor via più m'asciuga,
Che 'l male ond'io nel volto mi discarno.'

'The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivelled cheeks.'

The gloom and sublimity are less broken in upon by gentle images, as we descend lower into the regions of despair. We

arrive at the central pit, guided by that false light, which was 'less than the night and less than the day;'—where the blast of the horn resounds among the gigantic forms, which are ranged like towers on the brink of the abyss. In the last circle with its frozen lake, where the assassins are plunged in 'thick-ribbed ice,' we arrive at the magnificent episode of Ugolino.

As the Francesca da Rimini moves us with pity, so here our tears are congealed with horror;—and yet, as the wretched father himself says;—

> 'Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
> Pensando ciò, ch'al mio cuor s'annunziava:
> E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?'
>
> ———'Right cruel art thou, if no pang
> Thou feel'st at thinking what my heart foretold;
> And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?'

It is the simplicity, the pathos, with which is recorded the dreadful fact of a father and his children shut up in a lone tower overlooking the Arno, and left there to perish with hunger, that freezes our blood as we read. They hear the gates locked, the key is thrown into the river. The children, who in their sleep wept, and asked for bread, awaken. The father looks at them, and sheds no tear. They weep,—and his little Anselm says

> 'Tu guardi sì, padre; che hai?'
>
> 'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?'

Days pass on.—One by one the children die. Humanity shudders at the rest. It seems as if a word more, a word less, would mar the terrible simplicity of the picture.

Lucifer, 'that Emperor, who sways the realm of sorrow,'—surrounded by eternal ice, solitude, and silence, is the last gigantic picture of the Inferno.

We feel as if we breathed a new atmosphere; as if, like the poet himself, we washed from our faces the smoke of the infernal braziers; when we arrive at the opening canto of Purgatory. The style suddenly becomes serene and brilliant, like a song of triumph after a funeral chant. The poet stands by the sea, at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory, and rejoices in his passage from obscurity to light. Nearly the first picture which we behold is a bark, floating rapidly over the waters, filled with souls on their way to the region of purification, con-

ducted by an angel with white and luminous wings, which strike the air, and guide the boat. Sounds of holy melody are heard. The shades are chanting the hymn, which was sung by the Israelites on leaving Egypt.

Among the spirits, Dante meets with his friend and musical instructer, Casella. The living man would embrace the shade, and finds nothing but empty air. Then Dante prays Casella to sing, if death has not made him lose the remembrance of his art; and the musician sings one of the canzones of the poet, with so melodious and touching a voice, that the shades crowd round to listen, and stand enraptured. The music of Italy,—the melody of other days, sung by the sea-shore of another world,—forms a beautiful scene, and fills the mind with a pleasing sadness.

Alone, and apart from a crowd of shades, the poet observes the proud Italian bard, Sordello of Mantua, famed for the harmony of his verses; the favorite poet of the people in the days of chivalry; who united the glory of military renown to his poetic talent; one of those troubadour-chevaliers, 'who could only breathe their harmonious sighs at the feet of a princess.' He does not answer when Virgil speaks to him,

——— 'Lasciava *lo* gir, solo guardando
A guisa di leon quando si posa.

——— 'But let *him* onward pass,
Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.'

But when he hears that Virgil is a native of Mantua, he rises and embraces him;—and on learning that he is none other than the 'Glory of Latium,' he falls at his feet.

The approach of evening is announced in these beautiful and affecting lines.

'Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio
A' naviganti e' ntenerisce 'l cuore,
Lo dì, che han detto a'dolci amici, a Dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.'

'Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love

Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.'

Though Purgatory is a region of pain and sorrow, it is sorrow illuminated by hope. The terror which weighed down our spirits in the regions of despair ceases; the pictures assume a brighter character; their coloring becomes more brilliant. The poem is now enriched with glowing descriptions, mingled with natural and pathetic ideas. The soft and holy music, the angels with their brilliant robes, golden hair and snow-white wings,—the meeting between friends who had on earth known and loved one another, and who continue to take a deep interest in the affairs of a world which remains vivid in the memories of those, who have not yet tasted of the joys of Paradise,—the whole is mingled with thoughts so just and philosophical, and with so profound a knowledge of human nature, as to justify the epithet of *divine*, which has been bestowed upon the work.

When they have passed from circle to circle, and have arrived at the last which conducted to the terrestrial Paradise, the angel of God appears before them.

'E cantava: *Beati mundo corde*,
In voce assai più che la nostra viva,
Poscia: più non si va, se pria non morde,
Anime sante, il fuoco: entrate in esso,
Ed al cantar di là non siate sorde.'

———'"Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang, then near him as we came,
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in: and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."'

When the poet hesitates to enter into the flames through which he must pass before reaching Paradise, Virgil says

——— 'or vedi, figlio,
'Fra Beatrice e te é questo muro.'

———'Mark now, my son,'
'From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided.'

At the name of Beatrice, Dante unresistingly follows his guide.

The Terrestrial Paradise is the emblem of primitive innocence, or, according to some theologians, the type of the

church. The description of the young and beautiful Matilda, singing and gathering flowers by the side of the limpid waters, under the shadows of the eternal trees,—her sweet laugh, brilliant eyes, and melodious song,—is a beautiful picture, whatever be its allegorical meaning.

The approach of Beatrice is announced with pomp and splendor. The whole forest becomes brilliantly illuminated, and a soft melody is heard through the air. The symbolic procession which follows is taken from the sacred images in the Old Testament; and the hymns, partly from the Psalms of David, and partly from the writings of Virgil.

The mysterious chariot, which contains the object of the poet's deathless adoration, is surrounded by saints and angels who sing 'in holy chant,'—and shower around them 'unwithering lilies.'

'Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno,
La parte oriental tutta rosata,
E l'altro ciel di bel sereno adorno,
E la faccia del Sol nascere ombrata
Sì che per temperanza di vapori
L'occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata;
Cosi dentro una nuvola di fiori,
Che dalle mani angeliche saliva
E ricadeva giù dentro e di fuori,
Sovra candida vel, cinta d'oliva,
Donna m'apparve, sotto verde manto,
Vestita di color di fiamma viva.
E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
Tempo era stato con la sua presenza,
Non era di stupor, tremando, affranto.
Senza degli occhi aver pir conoscenza,
Per occulta virtù, che da lei mosse,
D' antico amor senti 'la gran potenza.'

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day
The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempered at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight; thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame,

And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.'

He turns towards Virgil, to express his awe and rapture; but Virgil, his guide and 'best-loved father,' has left him;—and in a transport of mingled feeling, he weeps. Then, for the first time, Beatrice speaks,

'Dante, perchè Virgilio se ne vada,
Non piangere anche, non piangere ancora,
Che pianger ti convien per altra spada.'

'Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge
Of other sword, and thou shalt weep for that.'

The only human interest, which we feel after entering Paradise, is in the poet himself. We cannot sympathize in the perfect happiness of those glorious beings, who feel neither hope nor fear. The whole becomes a scene of splendor and beauty, music and light; and in the midst of all this ethereal glory are theological discussions and metaphysical disquisitions, making of Paradise an academic school, surrounded by the most brilliant and magic coloring.

As they advance in their aërial journey, Beatrice fixes her eagle gaze on the sun, and the poet looks in her eyes, until their brightness grows too dazzling. They hear the harmony of the spheres, and the astronomical system is explained by Beatrice. They visit Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter,—they ascend to Saturn on a golden ladder covered with stars; and having entered the constellation Gemini, the poet turns his glance towards the earth, and smiles at its 'pitiful semblance.'

Each planet is inhabited by myriads of happy souls; and as they ascend higher, the beauty of Beatrice becomes more radiant; until it is as difficult to gaze upon her, as upon the stars themselves.

They visit the garden, where, among innumerable flowers of a thousand dyes, blooms the mystic Rose, in which the Word became flesh. This is the figure, under which the Catholic Poets have always delighted to speak of the Holy Virgin. She is surrounded by 'legions of splendors,' amidst melody to which the sweetest earthly music sounds as 'a rent cloud,

when it grates the thunder.' The whole description is gorgeous in design and coloring, and the scene terminates by the holy legions chanting the '*Regina Cœli*,'

'So sweetly, the delight hath left me never.'

The splendor grows fatiguing. The emblematical meaning, contained in the descriptions, can alone give interest to the enumeration of the nine choirs of angels, burning eternally with Divine Love,—of the Seraphim and Cherubim,—the Dominions, Virtues and Powers,—the Principalities and Archangels. Another source of interest, to the men of that period, consisted in the scholastic discussions on the divine essence and nature of angels; in the discourse of St. Peter, in which he inveighs against the corruption of the church of Rome, and in the satirical reflections upon priests and priestcraft, which seem unworthy of souls in a state of holiness and bliss.

In the ninth circle, all is light, and love, and joy. A river of light flows through the centre, bordered with flowers of incredible beauty. From the river issued brilliant sparkles, which flew amongst the flowers, where they seemed like 'rubies chased in gold.' By the desire of Beatrice, Dante drinks of this water, and his eyes being opened, he sees that the sparks are angels, and the flowers, mortals. He beholds in a vast circle of light more than a million of thrones, disposed like the leaves of a rose, where sit angels and the souls of just men made perfect. An innumerable host of celestial beings, with faces of flame and wings of gold, float over the Eternal City. Here Beatrice leaves him, and resumes her throne of light, 'in the third circle from the highest.'

The poet's next guide is the venerable Saint Bernard, who, in a beautiful and solemn prayer, supplicates the Virgin Mary that Dante may be enabled to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty. The prayer is heard. He receives a glimpse of the Great Mystery; and declares his inability to describe what he beheld.

Here terminates this wonderful poem,—*unique* in its beauties, and even in its faults. The age was answerable for the latter; the merit of the former belongs to the poet. 'There is more to be learned,' says Alfieri, 'from the faults of Dante, than from the beauties of any other writer.'

If posthumous glory can soothe the shade of departed genius, the stern spirit of Dante may repose in peace. The

first tribute paid to his memory was by Guido; and the voice of friendship pronounced his funeral oration. Ravenna, which received the stranger in exile, first mourned his loss, and hallowed his remains.

But death is a fire, which purifies the true gold from the extraneous dross. Florence mourned, when too late, her ingratitude towards the noblest of her sons. His fellow-citizens humbled themselves before the memory of the illustrious dead. From hatred they passed to admiration,—from admiration, to awe and reverence. Like the barbarians, among whom Saint Paul sought shelter at Melita, after denouncing him as a criminal, they were now ready to worship him as a God.

Already was accomplished the prediction, which the poet puts into the mouth of Ser Brunetto.

> 'La tua fortuna tanto onor ti serba,
> Che l'una parte, e l'altra avranno fame
> Di te.'
>
> 'Thy fortune hath such honor in reserve,
> That thou by either party shalt be craved
> With hunger keen.'

Embassies were sent to Ravenna to implore the restoration of the poet's ashes to his birth-place, but the request was refused. Michel-Angelo,—whose genius so closely resembled that of the '*gran padre Alighier*,' that his sculpture is like the poetry of Dante in marble,—Michel-Angelo himself in after ages repeated the prayer in vain. Even the authoritative demand of the Pope was unheeded; and Florence remains exposed to the reproach of the traveller, who vainly searches among her illustrious dead for the tomb of the Father of Italian poetry.*

> 'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
> Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
> Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
> Proscribed the bard, whose name for evermore
> Their children's children would in vain adore
> With the remorse of ages:'

* A magnificent tribute has, however, been paid by Florence to the memory of Dante. In the church of Santa Croce, which contains the ashes of Galileo, of Alfieri, and of Michel-Angelo, a splendid mausoleum has been erected in honor of the great poet. It is the workmanship of Stefano Ricci, a Florentine sculptor, and was completed in the year 1829.

In ancient days, he would have been deified. In a Christian country, though altars did not blaze, statues were raised and medals coined in his honor. Besides the profound and subtle allegory which the poem contained, and the bold strain of prophetic denunciation which it assumed, it had a yet stronger hold on the curiosity of the age in which it was written. A strong personal interest was felt in discovering the key to the various characters therein represented. The most illustrious families beheld their kinsmen and acquaintance, their friends and foes, registered in this undying record,—as in the enjoyment of perpetual bliss, or consigned to eternal infamy. A line, a word frequently designated them; their place of abode, their heraldic insignia, the catastrophe of their death, sometimes the one crime which had blotted their escutcheon.

Homer retraced the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, those of ancient Italy; Milton, in later times, chose for his theme the history and fate of the original parents of mankind. His characters were angels of light and darkness; or man in his primitive state, but a little lower than the angels themselves. These poets were travellers in unknown and distant regions, who were enabled to display to their fellow-men the marvellous treasures, which they had brought from an unexplored land. They exhibited to their countrymen those great names which are hallowed by the lapse of ages,—heroes, whose mighty deeds raised them to the rank of gods; or mortals, coeval with creation's dawn, with whom the celestial spirits deigned to hold communion.

It was not so with the great Florentine. His characters were those of his own period, with whose history the public were acquainted, and whose families and descendants were alive, and frequently in the enjoyment of wealth and power. But the position in which he placed them, threw an interest round their story, stronger than could have been produced by the adventures of any individual, however illustrious, of a more remote date. The terror and pity, and in some cases the vengeance of the Italians was awakened, when the shadowy forms of their contemporaries were made to pass in review before them, stripped of those external advantages which while living had rendered them respected, and had cast a veil over their crimes. The cruel husband shrunk from the picture of his murdered wife, herself condemned to perdition, yet prophesying that for him was destined the lowest pit in hell.

The son beheld his father plunged in eternal wo, yet continuing to feel a tender interest in his welfare. The treacherous assassin, who still occupied his place among the nobles of the land, trembled at seeing himself represented as in hell, while, according to the bold supposition of the poet, a demon animated his body. The 'mighty mantle' itself was no protection to the wearer. Pope Nicholas III., plunged head foremost in the flames, was represented as waiting there for the arrival of his guilty successors. The effect was indescribable. Some, unable to endure the contempt of their countrymen, condemned themselves to voluntary exile; some, struck with terror and despair, died broken-hearted; and others fell victims to the private vengeance of the poet's friends.*

The two sons of Dante, together with another anonymous writer, were the first commentators on the Commedia. In 1350, the Archbishop of Milan, Giovanni Visconti, assigned this office to six learned men, two theologians, two philosophers, and two *literati*. At Florence, a public chair was instituted for the sole purpose of illustrating the mysteries of the Poem of Dante. Each verse was read and expounded in the churches, like a text from Holy Writ. The first who filled the office, was the eloquent Boccaccio; and when death put a period to his labors, his successors were chosen from the most learned men of the age. Among them were Antonio Piovano, and Filippo Villani.

The example of Florence was followed by Bologna, Pisa, Placenza and Venice. At Bologna, the office of lecturer on Dante was sustained, for ten years, by Benvenuto da Imola.

The four chief commentators on the Commedia were Cristoforo Landino, Alessandro Velutello, the Jesuit Venturi, and the Padre Lombardi. The first, who lived at the time of the invention of printing, when the criticism of words formed a study apart from all others, is sometimes unnecessarily prolix, and sometimes more visionary than his text; but he had at least the advantage of living but a century after Dante, while Florence yet retained some of her ancient simplicity. Velutello, in the next century, did little or nothing towards illustrating the poetical beauties of Dante, though he may be regarded as a steady and useful guide. Both these commen-

* Biagioli, pref., p. IV., Note 2.

tators are in some danger of meeting with the fate, which Voltaire predicted of the Commedia itself.

In the nineteenth century, when the Jesuits had become the sole directors of the education of youth, and when their great object was to decry the merits of a poem from whose authority Protestant authors admitted of no appeal, Venturi, one of their order, biassed by his principles, endeavored by every means in his power to exaggerate the faults, and to throw discredit on the religious opinions displayed in the poem.

Tiraboschi, usually so diligent a critic, passed over the Commedia with the mention of a few dates, and some critical notices of no value. Sperone Speroni, then reckoned an oracle of literature, ventured, however, in defiance of the power and hostility of the Jesuits, to express his admiration of the Commedia.

Soon after the fall of the Jesuits, Lombardi, a Franciscan, disgusted with their malignity and false taste, wrote his Commentary on Dante,—the most useful historical criticism of the work, which has yet appeared. Having examined an old edition, called the *Nidobeatina*, he inserted in his comment the various readings which are to be found in each page, and which sometimes illustrate, and sometimes embellish the verses. But his partiality for this edition rendered him disingenuous and partial in his representation of the others. Above all, he openly attacked the Florentine edition, which bears the date of 1595, and has always been held in reverence by the learned.

The *literati* were roused by this attack. The chief antagonist of Lombardi was Monsignor Dionisi of Verona, who made war not only on the *Nidobeatina*, but on all other editions, ancient and modern, without excepting the Florentine. The commentary of Lombardi was published in 1791. Five years afterwards, Dionisi's edition was splendidly printed at the *Bodoni* press, but was found to contain the most striking errors of the numerous copyists, whom the editor had examined. Lombardi, although he published his commentary, did not dare to put his name to the work. His initials alone were given, with a picture of Dante, and an obscure inscription, intimating the danger he was in from the power which had trampled upon kings and emperors.

In the nineteenth century, Cionacci, a noble Florentine, projected an edition of the Divina Commedia in one hundred vol-

umes, of which one was to be appropriated to each canto, together with a Latin translation from the Strozzi library. This translation, which has never been printed, is now in the Vatican. It was made by Giovanni di Serravalle, Prince Bishop of Fermo. He executed the work at the particular request of two English prelates, who were among the clergy of the Council of Constance;—Nicholas, Bishop of Bath, and Robert, Bishop of Salisbury. Cionacci published a catalogue of four hundred and fifty-two editions of Dante, existing in his day!

Yet notwithstanding the numerous commentators and learned critics, who for five centuries have exercised their ingenuity, and sometimes the patience of their readers, in illustrating the obscurities of the Commedia,—notwithstanding the new light thrown upon these by Biagioli,—Foscolo,—Monti,—Perticari and others,—the poem yet remains an inexhaustible mine, from which fresh treasures may be extracted. Time cannot abate the enthusiasm of its admirers; fashion and novelty have no influence over its ever-during truths.

Volumes might be written concerning the various works which, for the last three centuries, have thrown light on the words and phrases of Dante. Some are in the perishable form of pamphlets; others, in the shape of folio volumes, are buried in the libraries. Yet one of the chief duties of an editor,—that of illustrating the obscure allusions of his author,—has hitherto been executed, in the case of the Commedia, with more attention than success.

'All the other great poems in the world,' says Foscolo, united together, do not perhaps contain so many allusions, as the Divine Comedy alone. The poem of Dante comprehends the whole history of his age,—all that was then known of arts, letters and sciences;—the manners, the customs, the principles of his period, and their origin in preceding ages, as well as the theological opinions and their great ascendancy over the minds and actions of men. His allusions are rapid, various, and succeed each other with the rapidity of lightning.' Anecdotes are related,—manners are mentioned,—crimes are recorded, of which no contemporary writer has taken notice.

It is chiefly in this point of view that the publication, which is placed at the head of this article, must be hailed with pleasure by every admirer of Dante, even while regretting that so valuable a commentary should not have appeared

during the life-time of some of the most learned critics of the Commedia. It was published but a few years since, at Pisa, and is one of those from which the first compilers of the *Vocabulario* took upwards of fifteen hundred words; entitling it sometimes '*il Buono*,'—sometimes '*l'Ottimo*,' and sometimes '*l'Antico Comento*.' It is recommended to the attention of the learned, in the preface by the Signor Alessandro Torri, in these words:

'Publishing at length, after three years of continued study and labor, "l'Ottimo Comento' on the Divina Commedia, we do not think it necessary by pompous and flowery language to increase its importance, or to boast of its utility. This is one of the few books which recommend themselves; and instead of pointing out the reasons which have induced us to publish it, we ought rather to make known the various causes, which, to the detriment of human learning, have, until this day, prevented or retarded its publication.'

The author of this very ancient and curious commentary is not yet discovered. That it is a genuine copy, and above all, that it was written by a contemporary of Dante, seems clearly proved. It was commended by the *Deputati* of 1573, 'for language, for doctrine, and as taking notice of many peculiarities of the age.' It was said by them, that 'Benvenuto da Imola drew many things, and copied much from it.' The celebrated Leonardo Salviati praised it for its simple eloquence and correct language, and thought it a profitable addition to the Italian language.

No pains have been spared by the Italian *literati*, to increase its claim to attention. The copy which served for the present edition, was executed 'con somma pazienza' by the late Signor Bartolomeo Follini, brother of the learned academician, now librarian of the *Magliabecchiana*. It was compared with the most scrupulous exactness by the Signor Bencini, Vice-librarian of the Laurentian academy. Some parts of the manuscript were nearly illegible;—these were supplied according to the judgment of the *literati*; some slight errors in names were corrected, and all grammatical faults were rectified. 'Nor do we doubt,' says Signor Torri in conclusion, 'that we shall deserve the gratitude of all those who study the language, since they will here see what was, in the time of Dante, the science of those who called themselves learned in Italy.'

The publication of this commentary will no doubt give

rise to fresh discussion amongst the learned, especially at Florence, where the works of the ancient interpreters of Dante are so numerous; and where, by a comparison between this and the other primitive commentaries, it is probable that a new light may be thrown upon many doubtful passages. The wonderful diligence, learning, perseverance, and ingenuity displayed by the commentators both ancient and modern on the Commedia, in their search after the obscure allusions, the hidden meanings, the allegorical mysteries and the historical facts alluded to by the poet, must no doubt have had a favorable influence on the rapid progress of learning in Italy.

The poets contemporary with Dante have left but little worthy of notice. Whatever may be their intrinsic value, they move in a sphere too near to him, and are eclipsed by his brightness. We hear of Jacopone da Todi, who composed religious hymns, full of a mystic enthusiasm; of Cecco d'Ascoli, the author of *l'Acervo*, who was burnt alive at Florence as a sorcerer, at the age of seventy; of Cino da Pistoia, imitated in some degree by Petrarca himself; but until the fourteenth century, there is no name which can be mentioned even as secondary to that of Dante.

In tenderness, delicacy and beauty, Petrarca equalled, but never surpassed his great predecessor,—in sublimity he never even approached him. In comparing the two poets, each should be judged by his own peculiar style of excellence. 'The Air of Vaucluse,' says a modern biographer of Petrarca, 'seems fanning us as we read, and the murmur of its fountains, the song of its birds, its laurel shades, and the sighs of the poet, steal pleasantly over the imagination.'

Dante is like a gallant ship, which has made its way through the world of waters, without moon, or stars, or compass,—surrounded by storms and darkness; a brief flash of lightning alone illuminating the shades of night. Petrarca is the light and beautiful bark, which the morning's dawn sees following in its track, under a blue sky and impelled by favoring gales. *His* true glory consisted in his enthusiasm for all that is great and beautiful in antiquity, a taste which he communicated not to Italy alone, but to Europe.

A crowd of illustrious names succeed in Italian literature, yet Dante remains—'the Master of the sapient throng.'* Thus

* The enthusiasm for the father of poetry which still exists amongst

poetry sprung at once from infancy to manhood;—from the first rude dawn of invention, to its meridian height. Science advances by slow degrees, but never attains to maturity, and the modern *Savant* can smile in scorn at the natural philosophy of his ancestors. Art, on the contrary, has ever risen with a giant stride to perfection. That which depends on genius or feeling, very soon becomes stationary, or in process of time, degenerates. The fathers of poetry had the advantage of working on original materials, before fashion had moulded society on one uniform model.

In proportion as knowledge is more generally diffused, the imagination becomes less susceptible, and it would seem that as science advances art recedes. Homer in ancient, Dante in modern times, cannot be eclipsed by their illustrious successors; on the contrary, the longer the vista of ages through which we behold them, the more we become impressed with a sense of their pre-eminence.

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the learned in Italy, may be inferred from a simple but affecting circumstance, recorded in the memoirs of Silvio Pellico. When, in consequence of a rash effort of patriotism, he was doomed to linger for years in an unwholesome dungeon, his two sources of consolation were the *Bible* and *La Divina Commedia.*

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NOTE.

In a note on the 296th page of the present number of the Review, it is stated that Professor Robinson of Andover is now absent on a voyage to Europe, for the improvement of his health. We understand that this statement is incorrect.

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